





S. M. H. G.

92

A PRETTY CREATURE.



# CHINESE GOLD.

BY ROGER POCOCK.

**I**F I 'ain't been having a roaring time I'll smile no more! Of course you want to know why I didn't get hitched up with the widow. Well, I'll say this: that she and I don't make no team in this Vale of Tears—No, sir! To begin at the widow's boarding-house right down here in San Francisco. I'd been green enough to let her see me pay attentions to her companion, a pretty creature; and the old woman was green with jealousy. Once when I brought little Kitty home at three o'clock in the morning from a church social, we found the old girl sitting up for us. She said she hoped she was a patient Christian woman, and then went on awful at Kitty. At that I got mad, and the next thing I knew I was alone in the cold world, and without a home.

After that I felt I couldn't get far enough away from the widow, so I sold the two corner lots and went north. At Buncombe City I fetched up to outfit for a prospecting trip in the mountains; but I'd only enough left to buy a horse, so my watch had to be traded off for the fixings. I got a saddle for it, together with an old blanket, one spur, a plug hat, and fifty dollars, which, considering that it wouldn't keep time, was good enough. I laid in a supply of chawing tobacco, a rope and a pair of hobbles, and traded the plug hat with a cowboy for a sombrero and the usual drinks. By noon I was ready to start, but I sort of hated to leave my old stamping ground, considering the fun I used to have there during the Boom; and my emotions gave rise to so many drinks, that I didn't get beyond the last saloon that night.

From Buncombe it's the deuce of a long way into the mines, and it was noon of

the fourth day before I struck Desolation City. The place is a played-out placer camp, with plenty of gold in the bars, but no capital for hydraulic mining. Loafing is the principal industry; and I found a total population of five, and a woman, the other thirty being out cutting a new trail, and the children at school or lost in the bush, as the case might be. While I was at dinner I told the landlord how, meandering down Desolation Gulch, I'd happened upon a dead Chinaman, and rolled him into the creek. He said that the City Waterworks was right there, and mentioned casually that the Sanitary Committee consisted of the blacksmith, and had a gun. I concluded that if I



I SORT OF HATED TO LEAVE.



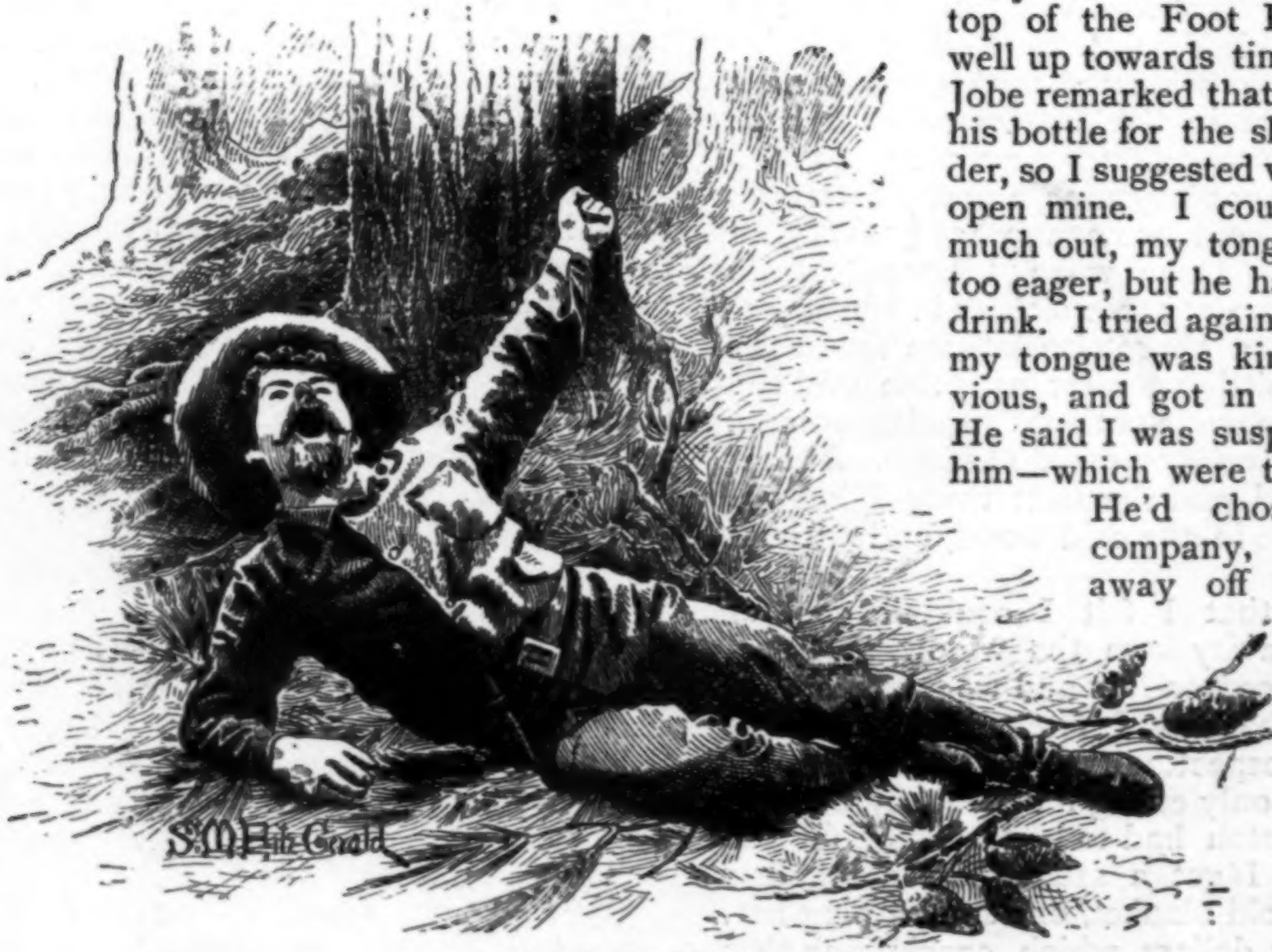
didn't go and hand out that Chinaman, I was liable to be plugged full of holes. We had some little discussion on Desolation whiskey, which is composed of copperas, and its flavour corrected with drugs. The landlord says that it gives a man a copper lining which laughs at all diseases, and is a great improvement on nature.

Well, to return to the Chinaman, which I did after dinner: I hadn't gone far, before I met a man, who told me that the body had been hoisted out of the creek by its friends, and that they wanted to carve me up for getting the lamented

going my way, so I allowed we'd start. Riding through town, he stopped to buy a bottle of liquor; and, though I'd only a dollar left, I got one too, for I wasn't going to let a stranger do all the treating. Jobe, for that was the name of the critter, was bound, he said, for his second camp; then on to number three, which was near my destination on Blue Devil Mountain. Some found the trail, he allowed, and some didn't. The last man had been out five days, with nothing to eat but a pair of mitts that had been used for greasing machinery. The one before was chawed up by a bear.

By this time we were on top of the Foot Hills and well up towards timber line. Jobe remarked that he'd got his bottle for the sheep herder, so I suggested we should open mine. I couldn't get much out, my tongue being too eager, but he had a long drink. I tried again, but still my tongue was kinder previous, and got in the way. He said I was suspicious of him—which were the truth.

He'd chosen my company, got me away off into the bush, and now was trying to lay me low. For all he could tell, I might have lots



I WAS LYING ON A STEEP SLOPE.

remains wet, contrary to their religion. As they'd already buried the critter under a willow on the bank, there was no need to go further and get carved, so I made out I'd just report to the Sanitary Committee.

This chap who told me looked wild and tough, and had long hair, which is a bad sign in a man, indicating either that he's shot somebody or else writes poetry. He was only a sheep man, camp-tender he called himself, and had three herders out, each with two thousand head. As he appeared to be pining for a drink, I gave him a taste of the Desolation whiskey; and on that he said he was

of wealth; and altogether, with his long hair, and lean, thirsty-looking face, I concluded that he'd the makings of a first-class stranger. To be sure of his intentions, I mentioned incidentally that I was broke; then took a good long drink to let him know I didn't care.

As his next drink was twice as big as mine, I tried again; and noticed him size up my measure and double it. Then I saw that he was crowing over me, thinking that I'd no head for liquor.

"Reach out that other bottle," sez I; "give me the full one, you take the other, and I'll race you to the bottom."

"Done!" sez he.



Now I didn't intend it; but what with not having taken much lately, and the high altitude, not to mention the Desolation whiskey—that's the last I remember.

When I woke up, I couldn't think who I was, or where I belonged. I was lying on a steep slope among the pines; and the moonlight was just beautiful. Suddenly I noticed a smell of Chinaman, looked round, and saw something sneaking off among the trees. I reached for my revolver—it were gone!

For a moment I thought it was the ghost of the dead Chinaman which I'd rolled into the creek; but no, it couldn't be him, because Chinese don't have any souls, being animile. Then I kinder forgot him, thinking of Jobe—who had probably gone through me and got away with my horse and gun. I'd have followed him up, but that there seemed to be no trail or horse sign around.

I didn't belong anywheres in particular, so there was no use in traveling; and, being too cool for any more emotions, I crawled around, got some pine cones and twigs to an old stump, and soon had a fire, and my pipe lit. The coyotes, cougars and general vermin howling around soothed me down some; and I whispered: "Put me in my little bed," and other Sunday school exercises suitable for the occasion. Gradually my thoughts went back to the widow down in 'Frisco. She'd say I was a lost sheep on the wild mountains cold—and it was cold, you bet—and tell me to get a cheap harp and second-hand wings and be good. I fell asleep.

At daylight I was awoke by a sound of hollering; I looked down the hill, and saw Jobe coming up through the pines. He said that but for being too bad himself, he'd have hobbled my horse and brought me in last night; but the sheep camp was only a mile off, anyway; so while he tracked the runaway brute I'd better go down and get the drink he'd left to fix me up. I thought better of Jobe after that. Even if he had robbed me he was at least civil about it.

I went down to the camp, had the drink, and helped the herder to monkey with the sheep. A cougar had happened along during the night and eaten one or two.

Jobe came back at ten o'clock, naturally without my horse. He'd seen the critter, he said, but couldn't catch it afoot. I let on to take no notice; and when he saw I didn't believe him, he got mad, sinched up his own horse, and rode off. Good riddance, thought I.

Nothing much happened until, towards sun-

down, a Chinaman came along looking kind'er tired; and as the herder was off at pasture with the sheep, I told him to sit down and feed. He did sort of make me think of the one I'd seen sneaking off among the trees; but then that might have been a dream. This Chinaman smelt alive, anyway, poor devil, and his pack was a terror. I wanted to try the heft of it, but he wouldn't let me. "Too muchee heavy," he said; "he killee white-man."

I learnt, at my mother's knee, I guess; never to trust a Chinaman; and always to



JOBE.





"NO FOUR BITTEE, NO LOOKIE SHARP," HE MUMBLED.

make him pay for his meals. He wouldn't save you from dying of hunger, unless you paid according; so, the moment he was through with his supper I ordered him to produce.

"How muchee?" said he.

"Four bits; and look sharp," said I.

"No four bittee, no lookie sharp," he mumbled, and began to cry.

I felt like seeing why his pack was so heavy; but then said I to myself I'd rather have honest John Chinaman around than horse-thief Jobe anyway; so I just kicked the poor brute out of camp, and took up the remains of a newspaper.

Ten minutes after that, in came Jobe, full gallop, whooping and yelling — and my horse in tow. It's just things like that as make a man believe in human nature, particularly as he had another bottle along. He'd been into town, and roped my horse on the way back. From that moment I had an unbelief respecting the Chinaman I'd smelt among the pines. I asked Jobe if he'd happened upon my gun. He laughed, and said "You bet!" Then I knew Jobe had never taken the gun—it had been stolen by the Chinaman.

After supper I was livened up with the whiskey, but Jobe had quieted down a little.

"Say, pardner," said he, "are you ready for a move to the other camp?"

"I guess so," said I, "provided you help hunt down that Chinaman with the pack, and see if he stole my gun."

We started immediately for Blue Devil Mountain—the darnedest ride you ever seed, for we had to keep in the timber, to head off that heathen Chineese. Night was coming on, so that we only saw the creek bottoms when we fell into them. The snags barked our shins, we broke our horses' hearts in the thick brush, then over stumps and logs till we fetched up short in a windrow of deadfall timber, and swamps promiscuous. Straight ahead there was a big spruce with branches sweeping the ground, and since there was nothing else for it Jobe dug his spurs hard and drove into that tree. Inside it was darker'n a blacking brush, full of hanging dead branches; and when Jobe got out the other side he looked like a disused politician. As for me, I was dragged off saddle and all, and landed in two feet of mud—which was not far off'n the "sweet by and bye" of the hymn. As we were now back on the trail and ahead of the Chinaman's tracks, we had time to stay and repair ourselves. Very soon the critter came along, staggering under the weight of that unholy pack. Jobe, who was



natural genius that way, began to purr, and breathe hard like a she-cat awaiting for battle, and the Chinaman came to a halt. One little snarl, and the medicine began to work, for Jobe was producing the arrival of a cougar—not a little one-horse mountain lion, but a he-cat cougar, nine feet long, and thirsting for blood. The Chinaman made as though he'd run, but a growl came up in front, a snarl ran cold down his back, and there was a blood-curdling yell all around such as demons might have screeched, if they'd been rummaging a forsaken world for a few stray sinners, as had been overlooked. At that the Chinaman stood petrified, like a detected Spiritualist at a ghost show. Jobe let out another wild, unearthly howl, while I rustled the bushes to show that the tiger was coming. The man was still game enough to pull his revolver; and almost before I'd time to lie down blazed away right at me till he'd emptied every chamber. Then came a little screech from Jobe which just finished that Chinaman. We saw him sling down his weapon and the pack, and lite out like a migrating tom-tit for parts unknown.

Down I went into the trail, and there sure enough was my lost revolver. So this brute had stole it while I was asleep—him as I'd wasted valuable charity on—a dirty little heathen Chinese thief!

"What makes this pack so heavy?" said Jobe.

We ripped up the sack, and found inside it what's called a nightgown—stole, I guess, from some precious English tenderfoot. Inside we discovered what made that baggage so unnaturally heavy—a great mass of gold!

I don't say it were a nugget, pard—nuggets hardly come that size. No, it was more like a piece of rock out of a ledge, two feet long, one thick, and sixteen inches wide, you could see odd scraps and patches of decomposed quartz, and lots of dirt in the hollows; but the bulk of the thing was native and wire gold, so red that it looked to run at least eighteen dollars an ounce.

We began to discuss who it belonged to. The Chinaman had stolen the gold as sure as he had stolen my gun; and the chances was, that he'd found it working in some mine. Now, as Jobe said, lots of claims around there, both quartz and placer, employ Chinese; but, as the thief would never have got away alive if

his boss had set eyes on such a piece of rock, nobody could possibly identify it except the thief. We could say, therefore, with a clear conscience, that in the Chinaman's absence this treasure belonged to us.

To shorten a long yarn, we rode night and day until we made Buncombe city; and some scraps of the loose gold paid our expenses to San Francisco. For fun I took Jobe to visit the widow; and we let her see what we'd showed to no mortal soul before. I'd forgotten the bill I was owing to her for board—but she remembered.

"Now, boys," she said, "you'd better let me put this away for you in the safe, or it's sure to get stolen." And so she got the gold.

Tom, if ever you're chased by a bull, find a rail fence; but if it's a woman that's after you, provide yourself with a well-fixed, good-looking man friend. It's a sure thing, you bet; for, like the burro which starved to death between two haystacks, she won't know which she likes best—you or the friend.

Probably she'll ultimately go for both, but the delay makes you cool, and ready for anything. Accordingly, just to stave off the widow, while I was getting my breath, I told Jobe she'd plenty of wealth and that she'd said he'd a deuced fine shape for so young a man. The scheme would have worked well enough, but that the silly coon got excited, and let out that I'd been chanting her praises.

That tickled the widow all to pieces, and not another minute could I stave her off. She sent Jobe off to buy meat, and proposed to me in the cable cars. Naturally I jumped the track like a runaway engine, and went for Jobe: but I'm blest if he didn't get up on his ear, and demand that gold. He said straight out that he didn't care a straw for the widow, but that he wanted his share of the treasure to send off to his old mother, who was running a rat and poultry farm down in Arkansaw. Desperate, I went back to the widow and ordered her to unlock that safe. She just went straight off into asterisks, and stayed that way all morning. After dinner I surrendered in despair, and promised to love, honour and obey provided I'd the option on a separate lot in the cemetery, where I could go away quiet from the other graves.

We agreed, the three of us, that that

gold must be properly tested before the marriage, so we put on our best clothes, wrapped up the treasure in a brown paper parcel, and took a covered cab to the assay office. I've attended the funerals of most of the neighbours round our way in Iowa; I buried a partner once who drank cheap and inferior whiskey; and once I put up for the obsequies of a chum who killed himself with his excesses in the way of patent medicine; but that journey to the assay office, with the immediate certainty of wealth and matrimony, was the awfulest cab ride of all. To think I'd come down to make fun of her—and got trapped!

Poverty is bad—jolly bad, but to be hitched up in harness with her and the boarding-house for the term of my natural life! No, rather would I take to the patent medicine habit myself, and that private lot I'd bargained for in the cemetery.

The assayer was just crazy when he saw such a lump of gold, and all the clerks in the Branch Mint came a-running to see the tests. The professor got out his best smile and a clean handkerchief, and we grouped ourselves for the exercises, with the widow squeezing of my arm. How I wished as that

rascally Chinaman had got clean away. Cold sweat stood on my brow; I felt like the broken column on a tomb, or the withered pinetree in a poem.

A sample was cut off for assay, and, by the Great-Black-Hat, you should have seen it. The outside of that nugget was high-grade gold—the *inside was sheet lead!* Whoo-o, just think of it! a hundred and eight pounds of lead piping, pounded up, gilt, and stuck all over with the real stuff, to take in a Jew trader.

The professor yelled for the police; Jobe swore blue streaks; the widow carried on like an enraged fog-horn; and I laughed fit to bust. Free—by the Little-Yellow-god-of-the-White-Men—free!

It's all off. Jobe's back to the sheep range; the widow's heart is busted up once more; and as for me, well—I'm broke, at present.



THE PROFESSOR YELLED FOR THE POLICE.

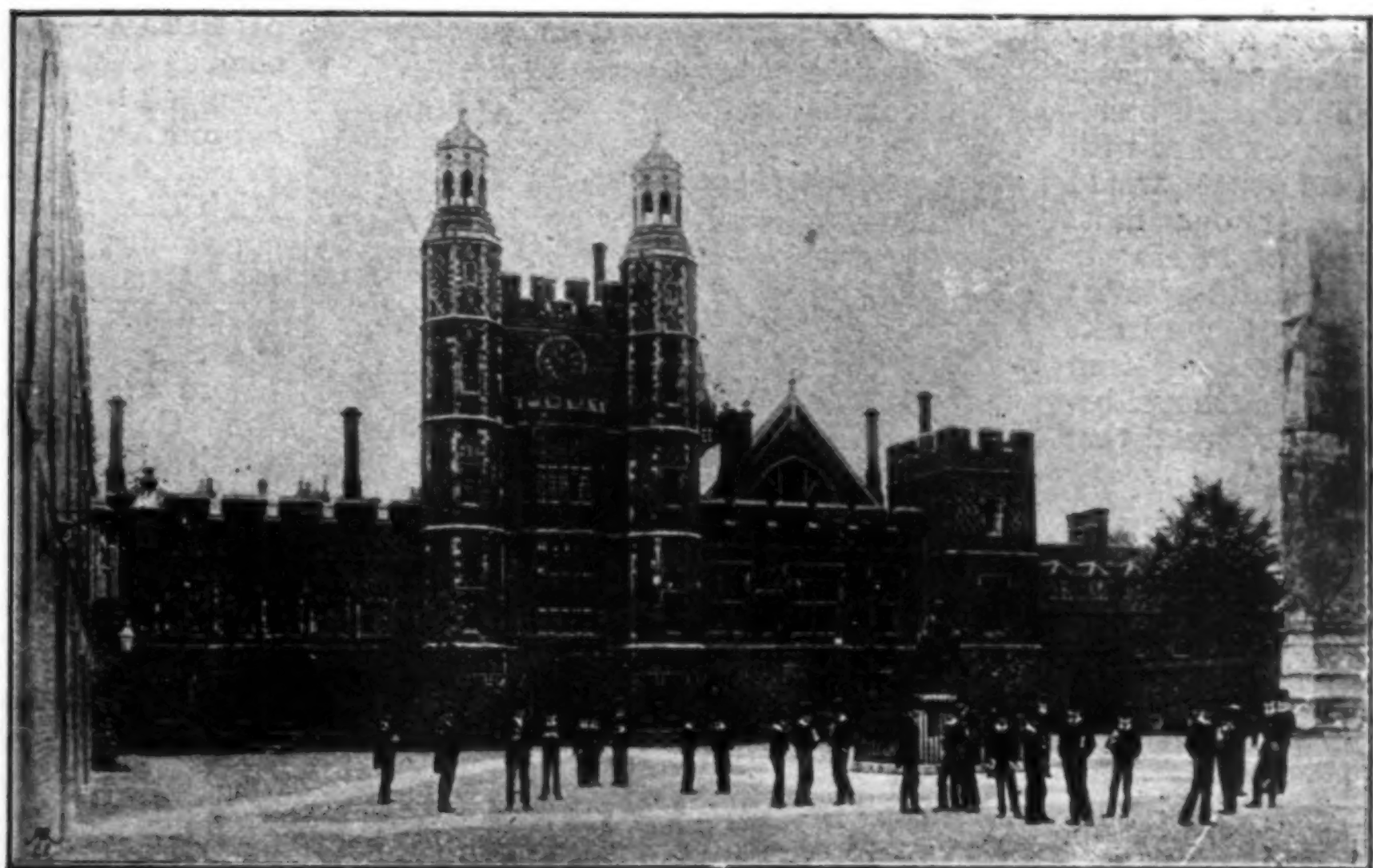


# Young England at School.

*“Greatest of Schools.”*

## ETON COLLEGE.

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THE QUADRANGLE AND STATUE OF KING HENRY VI., THE FOUNDER.

**E**TONIANS and our readers may ask why we have given Harrow and Rugby before Eton College, the greatest public school in the world; but, having contemplated enlarging our magazine, we held over Eton for that number, wherein we could devote the necessary space required to do justice to our subject, abounding as it does with interest of the school life of kings, princes, statesmen, and past masters, and which, for upwards of four hundred years, has been what it is to-day: indissolubly bound up with the life of our country, with no small effect on its destinies, growing with its growth, and strengthened with its strength.

Even now we are forced to divide the article into two parts, as to give perhaps half-a-dozen views would be more apt to mislead than enlighten. Everywhere you turn, each nook and each corner has its reminiscences that call us back to the days of our ancestors, while the bewildered artist is lost to know where to commence and where to finish to obtain subjects of most interest. Having fallen into this dilemma ourselves, we find it is impossible to attempt to do justice in any way whatever in one number, and have, consequently, decided to conclude our review of Eton next month.

From the Windsor Lock on the Thames, the traveller has a view which can

scarcely be surpassed in England. On the left, majestically situated, is the noble Windsor Castle, with its towers and battlements bosomed high in the trees, St. George's Chapel standing out against the sky; while on his right, beyond the weir stream and across a rich pasture-land, rises a line of brick buildings, enriched with tints that would delight our most ardent lovers of brush and palette; while the turrets and arch of Eton College Chapel behind suggest that sense of piety and learning which it was the founder's intention to be fostered, and is still maintained. Up the river, nearly as far as Maidenhead, the



THE REV. DR. EDMOND WARRE, D.D., HEADMASTER.

stream is covered with the boats of Eton boys, and its banks in the vicinity of the College are lined with bathers, enjoying their morning cooler.

Eton College was founded by King Henry VI., who laid the foundation stone on his nineteenth birthday — December 6th, 1441. The College is approached from Windsor—Eton High Street being continuous from the Castle, over Windsor Bridge, to the School. Just before arriving at the College, we reach the bridge that crosses the inlet into the "Barnes Pool,"

upon which our artist halted for the view of the College Chapel and boarding



THE COLLEGE, FROM BARNES POOL BRIDGE.



houses, the first glimpse of the renowned school.

Towering above the quaint gabled houses on the right, will be noticed the pinnacles of the College Chapel, which many of our cities would be pleased to boast of as their cathedral, and about which we shall have more to say in our next number.

On the left begins one continuous line of boarding-houses, where also through an archway is Jourdelay's Place, more familiarly known as Hale's, a name dating

and hold their rejoicings when their representatives have been victorious at inter-school contests, and often here may be seen the old custom of "hoisting," conferred upon successful athletes. About the centre of the wall (which is almost covered with initials and names of past and present Etonians, and on which we understand Mr. Gladstone scribed his name on the coping stone) is a small gateway, which admits to the archway under the Upper School, the main entrance to the College School Yard—



ETON COLLEGE FROM THE THAMES.

back as far as the College itself. The next house, Radcliffe's, comprises the old Christopher Inn, known in those days as "the X," which was cast out of the school precincts owing to the expostulation during Dr. Hawtrey's headmastership.

Inside the archway, leading to the old inn stables, on the right, are the premises of the "Eton Society," better known by the name "Pop," founded in 1811 by Chas. Fox Townshend as a school debating society. On the College side of the road is a long, low wall overhung with tall limes, termed the Long Walk.

On this wall the boys sit and chatter,

"the Quadrangle." In the centre of the Quadrangle the statue of the founder occupies the most conspicuous position, and seems to inspire the life and movement of the whole place. On the right rises the fine Collegiate Church, with its deep-buttressed recesses, a picturesque and magnificent building, occupying the whole of the south side of the square. Our illustration shows but little of this fine edifice. Immediately behind the statue of King Henry VI., is the low arch leading to the cloisters, over which, reminding us of St. John's College, Cambridge, and Hampton Court Palace,

is the clock-tower, with its oriel window, dating back to Henry VIII.—a hundred years after Eton Chapel. The Oriel window gives light to the "Election Chamber," the old with-drawing room of the Provost's lodge; the row of windows on the left denotes the Election Hall, a private dining-room of the Provost of

Eton, one of the few remaining examples of those old-fashioned receptacles of domestic hospitality now left to us. It was in these rooms that the famous Provosts of Eton, Sir Henry Savile and Sir Henry Wotton, resided, and entertained their distinguished guests, and where Lord Bacon spent a few days shortly before his death, and expressed a great desire to spend the last years of his life in the seclusion of these learned Courts.

The rooms of the Provost's lodge are decorated with portraits of past distinguished sons of Eton, including some of our noblest statesmen and dignitaries, with their boyish faces, before the cares of this life has marked the countenance. Opposite the Chapel, to the left of the Quadrangle, is the building which years ago contained the "Long Chamber," the chief dormitory of the seventy Collegers, the original kernel of the School (the Oppidans being merely the private pupils of the head-master). The old Long Chamber has now been divided into rooms and cubicles for the Collegers, whose pride it is to decorate them most tastily. In the passage stands the old round table that has seen strange revelry—a piece of furniture stamped well upon the memories of many Etonians with sweet reminiscences of their school-days.



ENTRANCE TO THE QUADRANGLE—STATUE OF HENRY VI. IN THE QUADRANGLE.

The seventy Collegers (or boys on the Foundation, partially supported on the remnants of the founder's munificence, as the needs of the Provost and Fellows have left untouched) are in many ways a distinct and peculiar body, but who Dr. Goodford described as intellectually the *élite* of the school.

They differ in many ways from their schoolfellows by whom they are surrounded. Their education is supposed to cost them nothing, as they are sons of comparatively poor men; but, as a matter of fact, after paying their tutor ten guineas, and incidental expenses, their education costs about fifty pounds a year, while the average expenses of oppidans at Eton is upwards of two hundred and fifty pounds.

The Collegers are elected by competitive examination, and each vacancy that occurs has about ten candidates. Collegers at schooltime wear a distinctive dress, and live in a separate part of the building, observing rules and observances of their own, while their thick black gowns they are only allowed to lay aside when out of the precincts of the College.

The letters K. S. appear after their names in the school list, in accordance with a wish of George III. that they should be "King's Scholars."

The football match at the Wall, Collegers *v.* Oppidans, on St. Andrew's Day, is a most attractive event of the athletic contests, when the feeling of distinction is keenly felt. It is pleasing, however, to know that, at the present time, both at work and play, both sides blend amicably, though there is still the divid-



ing line—the Collegers being precluded from House Fours and Cricket and Football Cup Competitions.

On Sundays the Collegers wear surplices, and have a separate part of the chapel apportioned to them under the organ, presenting a most impressive spectacle in the ceremony.

Below the Low Chamber, on the ground floor, and entered from the left-hand corner as we pass into the School-yard, is the celebrated Lower School, the original seat of Eton scholarship and learning, built in the early part of the Sixteenth century.

This School was originally one long room; but divided by a simple barrier, that is supposed to have divided the Upper from the Lower Schools in the olden days; but lately a great alteration has been made, by dividing it into three rooms by the erection of two partitions. We therefore give, this month, the first portion, now the School of the Headmaster of the Lower School, and our next issue will contain the second portion, showing the older division mentioned above.

When shown into this old relic, with explanations from the Clerk of the School, the writer felt bound to reverence the stout desks and old seats, worn and hacked into most peculiar shapes. The deep windows, and curious Jacobean pillars, which support the roof (introduced, it is said, by Sir Henry Wotton, to correct the gloomy Gothic character of the place), are covered with the names or initials of many who have in days past obtained scholarships, and gone to King's College, Cambridge.

Behind the Master's seat in this room is a recess, where it is supposed stood the statue of a patron saint, either of the Blessed Virgin or of St. Nicholas.

After scrutinizing nearly every scratch in this room, we passed out into the cloisters, under the Upper School, which form the west side of the quadrangle. These afford the boys shelter in bad weather, and at the right-hand corner we arrive at the great staircase, in itself full of history, leading to the Upper School, which also affords access to the Chapel. The Upper School, which



LOWER SCHOOL (MASTER'S ROOM).

might appear rather long for its width, is in itself a fine and noble room, erected by Provost Godolphin, brother to the noted minister in the reign of Queen Anne.

The walls are panelled with oak, and are completely cut and hacked with the names of men who have, since their days at Eton, made their names stand out before us in every-day life as they do even amongst these old relics. A few dusty busts project from the walls over the panelling, as will be seen in our reproduction.

This Upper School is considered the central point of Eton tradition, and a singularly

rich effect is given to the oak paneling on the walls by the thousands of names deeply cut by past Etonians, in all sizes and shapes, from the large C. I. Fox, below his bust, to the small scratching on the door leading to the headmaster's room, of

W. E. Gladstone, while, after a careful study of the ancient wood-work, it will be found that nearly the whole of the nobility and England's worthies are here represented. Statesmen, orators, poets, generals, and churchmen, have inscribed their names, they meet you on every side, making the panelling appear, at first sight, a mass of designed fretwork. Even these do not mark all the pleasant associations that have in the past been made with these walls, and the time must come when half of these, now so interesting, will be obliterated. Only one place is still left which we have heard appropriated to Shelley, a boy of strange eccentricity when at Eton—ill-treated, he said, by master and boys, and to whom Eton owes a lasting memorial.

Consecrated by the mild dignity of Goodall, the ferociousness of Keate, and the eloquence of Hawtrey, is the great desk ascended by double stairs. From this spot, Keate, day after day instructed a division, sometimes numbering nearly 200 boys. This being so, the boys without private tuition in those days must simply have undergone a series of lectures, as personal inspection of each boy's work and advancement must have been impossible; though a Cambridge lecturer was once known to state that this mode of tuition "taught boys how to work in a noise."

Our readers may have read of the

rebellion which took place in the School, 1768, and how, on one occasion, Keate flogged eighty boys in one night, thereby quelling an incipient insurrection.

Round the Upper Schools are painted the words:—"That there never be lacking fit persons to

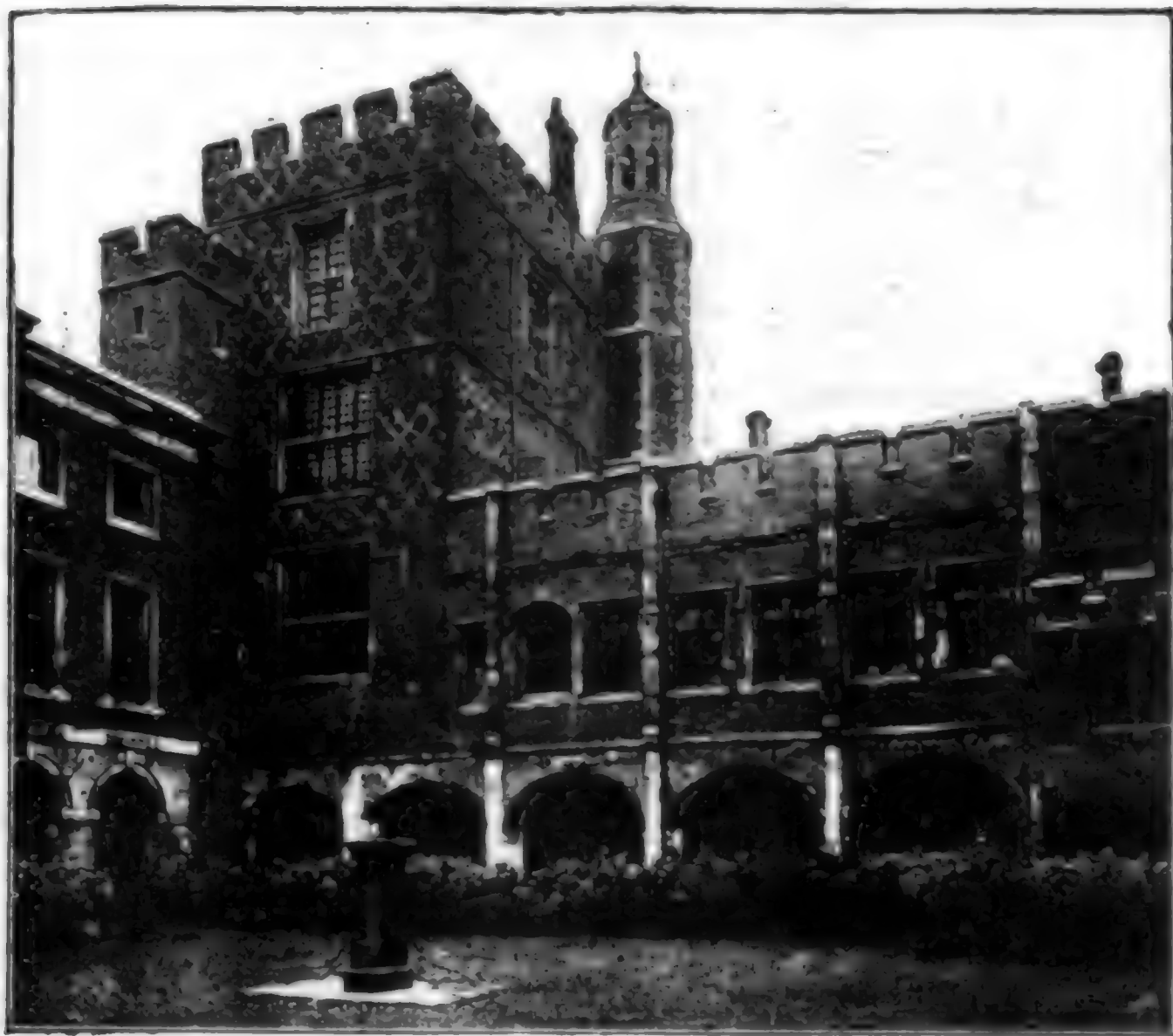
serve God in Church and State." Which remind us of the numerous men from Eton who have rendered faithful services to God, our Sovereign, and our Country.

Talking of rebellions, and conflicts of more recent date, it was only in 1840 that Provost Goodall died, followed by a curious contact between Eton and the Civil power. The Crown claimed the appointment, and was minded to select an ineligible person. The fellows thought it a favourable opportunity to assert their independence, and appointed the Rev. John Lonsdale, afterwards Bishop of Lichfield. Lord Melbourne, however, had meanwhile advised Her Majesty to bestow the post upon Mr. Hodgson, and in due time came a royal mandate, directing that Mr. Hodgson should be elected.



THE UPPER SCHOOL.





THE CLOISTERS.

All houses are not, however, kept by tutors, as some belong to Mathematical Masters, who are not allowed to be tutors.

Those boys who happen to live in a house belonging to either a Mathematical Master or a dame, has a tutor outside his own house, while it is the duty of the tutor, not only to give his pupils additional teaching to that which they receive at School, but also to smooth the way for the Master of the division, by looking over his

The Fellows (a curious and interesting body of men, all having been Masters) took counsel's opinion, and after adjourning to chapel, and supplicating supernatural aid, very wisely elected the Rev. Francis Hodgson. Since this, the Crown's right to issue a *cong  d' lire* the Fellows have not questioned.

Every Eton boy has a tutor, chosen at his entrance into the School by his parents, and never afterwards changed, unless in very exceptional circumstances. Every tutor is a classical master, and every classical master is a tutor, and thus every boy at Eton is brought into simultaneous contact with two Masters—one whose permanent pupil he is, and another to whose class he belongs for the time, unless his tutor and his master in school should happen to be one and the same. If a boy lives in a tutor's house, he must be the pupil of the tutor who owns that house, thus the tutorial grouping and the grouping in houses coincide.

Twenty-seven Masters have at the present time houses, with about forty boys in each. In olden days there were as many dames' as masters' houses, but of these only one remains, kept by Mrs. Evans.

pupils' exercises prior to being shown up, and inducing his younger pupils to construe their lessons before they are taken into School.

Opening out of the Upper School by two doors on each side of the great desk is the room—"The Head's Room"—formerly the Library, which still bears traces of Dr. Hawtrey's cultivated taste in the bas-reliefs and pictures which adorn the room. Here the Sixth Form are taught, and generations of boys have listened to the scholarship of Hawtrey and Goodford.

Upon entering, we face the long list of Newcastle scholars, with the bust of the Scholarship founder presiding over them.

Returning to the Quadrangle, we passed over to the archway under the Provost's lodge, to inspect the cloisters, as it happened to be a half-holiday, and we were just in time to see "Absence" called, from the steps leading to the north porch of the Chapel—an imposing sight, and one that should not be missed by an intending visitor. Our first picture of the Quadrangle represents the boys putting in an appearance for this important ordeal.

The cloisters, entered immediately after passing under the stately archway, is

indeed full of interest. In the opposite corner is the old college pump: though not particularly handsome, its water cannot possibly be surpassed, and is better known as the classic fountain of Etonians. At this spot, the young oarsmen and heated cricketers in the summer months quench their thirst, and so deeply has it become associated with all Etonians, that a dying Provost is said to have sent, when on his deathbed, for a glass of "cloister pump."

The houses round the court are the abode of the Fellows. Mysterious existences to the young Etonians—retired Masters, who, in their old age find here a harbour of rest. Archæologists tell us, in the olden days, the Fellows lived only in one room, and had young scholars lodging with them, and the quiet spot, now so lone and forgotten, was the centre of the life and spirit of the place. A portion of the Cloisters has lately been added to the Provost's house, which is now the finest collegiate house in the kingdom.

Close to the pump is a flight of ancient stone steps, leading to a passage, on the right of which is the main entrance to the Dining Hall.

Leaving this interior for our next issue, we proceeded along the gloomy archway, down another flight of steps, to the old brewhouse yard, situated at the east end of the Chapel.

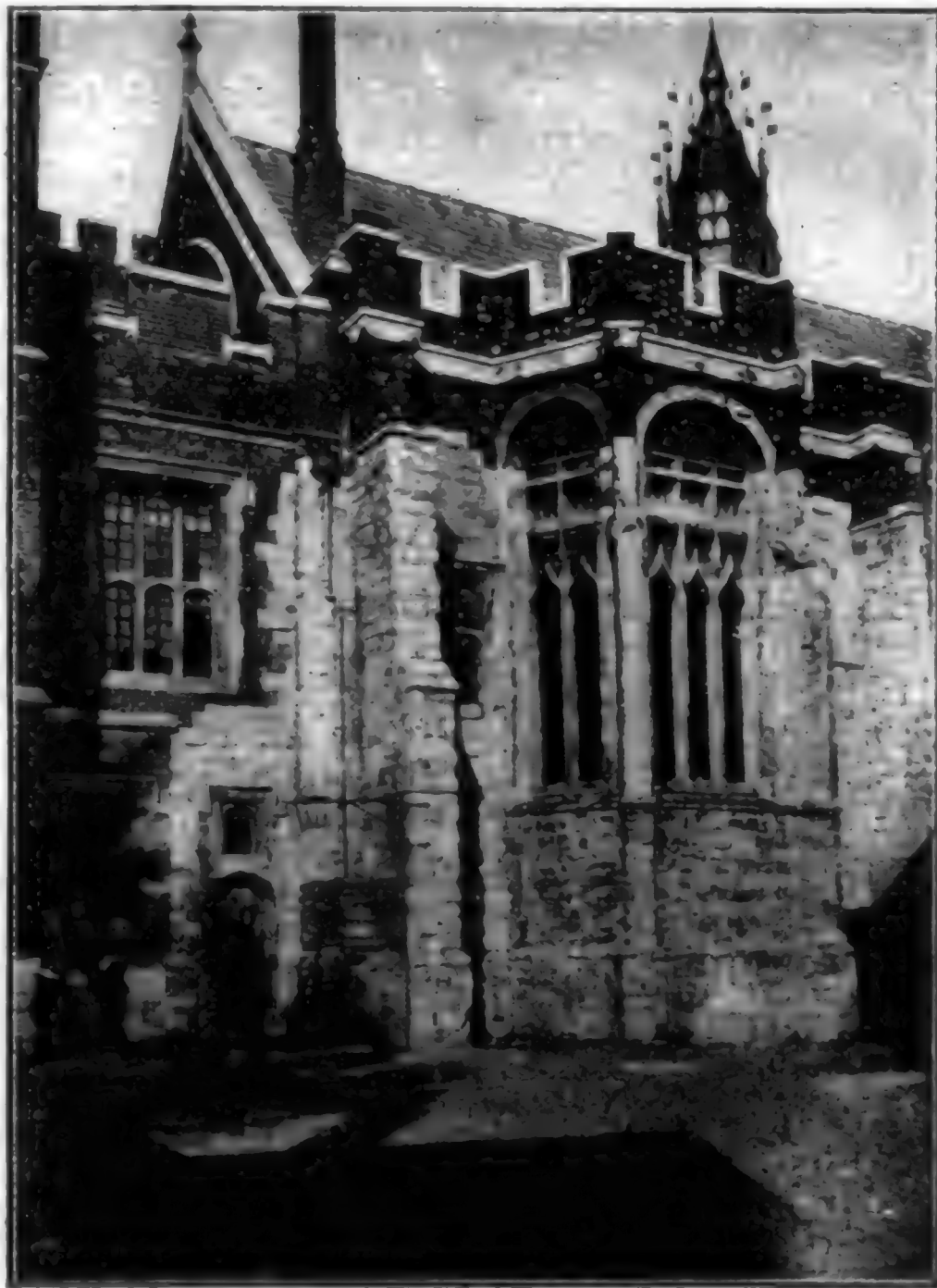
From this yard (which is also entered from a quiet roadway, turning immediately to the left, over Barnspool Bridge, and under the famous Henry VIII. Gate) our artist made his stand for the illustration of the Brewhouse, and exterior of the dining or College Hall,

which gives us a view of the historic completion of the College.

In the olden days most competent brewers were engaged on the staff of the College, who brewed such excellent ales that the kings and nobility of the land made frequent visits, entering by King Henry VIII. Gate, to imbibe of the delicious brew; while even to this day "Eton Ales," is an expression greatly used, and synonymous with the best of beer. The foundations of the Hall are laid in massive stone, and the windows carried up for some distance in excellent perpendicular tracery; but here it will be noticed we have a great change, and by the brickwork which takes the place of the stone, we have a place marked to us, where, for nearly a hundred years, the building mouldered in the air, while a prince of York scorned the idea of completing a design of a Lancaster. From the corner of the Brewhouse yard down a steep flight of steps, we enter the College Kitchen: a fine and noble room, with its huge fireplaces and octagonal lantern, sufficient to cook for a thousand

diners, and where it would be an easy task to roast an ox whole, and as for Christmas pudding, enough could be boiled to satisfy the cravings of a great army.

Leaving the Brewhouse yard by way of King Henry VIII. Gate, one cannot help admiring the picturesque houses along the short road leading to the bridge, some with quaint verandahs covered with creepers, while the merry chatter of the boys from each window, rings merrily on our ears. After reaching



THE BREWHOUSE AND EXTERIOR OF COLLEGE HALL.





KING HENRY VIII. GATE.

again the Barnes Pool Bridge, we direct ourselves once more past the front of the College towards the Slough Road, where, opposite the New Schools, we reach the entrance Gate to the Master's house, the Provost's house and the Long Chamber.

Our illustration shows this Gateway, from the interior, looking into the Slough Road, with a group of Collegers conversing at the doorway used by the Headmaster when entering School; while just inside is to be found his private room, where he transacts all School business, and boys sent before him for misdemeanour, etc., are there dealt with. The opposite corner, just inside the gateway to the right, is the door of the Head-

master's house; this old relic we leave to deal with in our next issue. Preparations are, however, now being made for his leaving this domicile for a more luxurious residence in the main building, facing the Thames, shown in the right-hand corner of our view of the College taken from the river. Amongst the little group at the School-door is Mr. Labouchere, this year's Captain of the School, a post of honour conferred upon the most successful athlete; but, as we have not yet ventured as far as the magnificent playing grounds, we leave all reference to School sport for the present. The doorway on the right of our view of this Yard is the entrance to the Long Chamber, and straight before us is the house of the Provost. Continuing round the front of the Master's house we enter the playing fields.

The Etonian dinners on such days as the fourth of June, the anniversary of the birthday of George III., are very remarkable. They take place all over the world, and are notified to the Headmaster by telegram. With the greatest festivities, these days are celebrated in Burmah, Canada, Indian barrack-rooms, American ranches and even in China, amongst the devout missionaries, when cheer after cheer is given as they sip to "Floreat Etona." Founder's Day, December 6th, and Ascension Day are also important festivals at Eton.



PROVOST'S HOUSE AND ENTRANCE TO LONG CHAMBER.

Etonians are most devoted to their old school, as may be judged from the fact that the present generation of Etonians are mostly sons of either old Etonians or old Harrovians. The Marquis Wellesley's wish to be buried in the vaults of the school chapel, in order that he might listen to the schoolboy feet, denotes the unbounded love he had for the place of his youth.

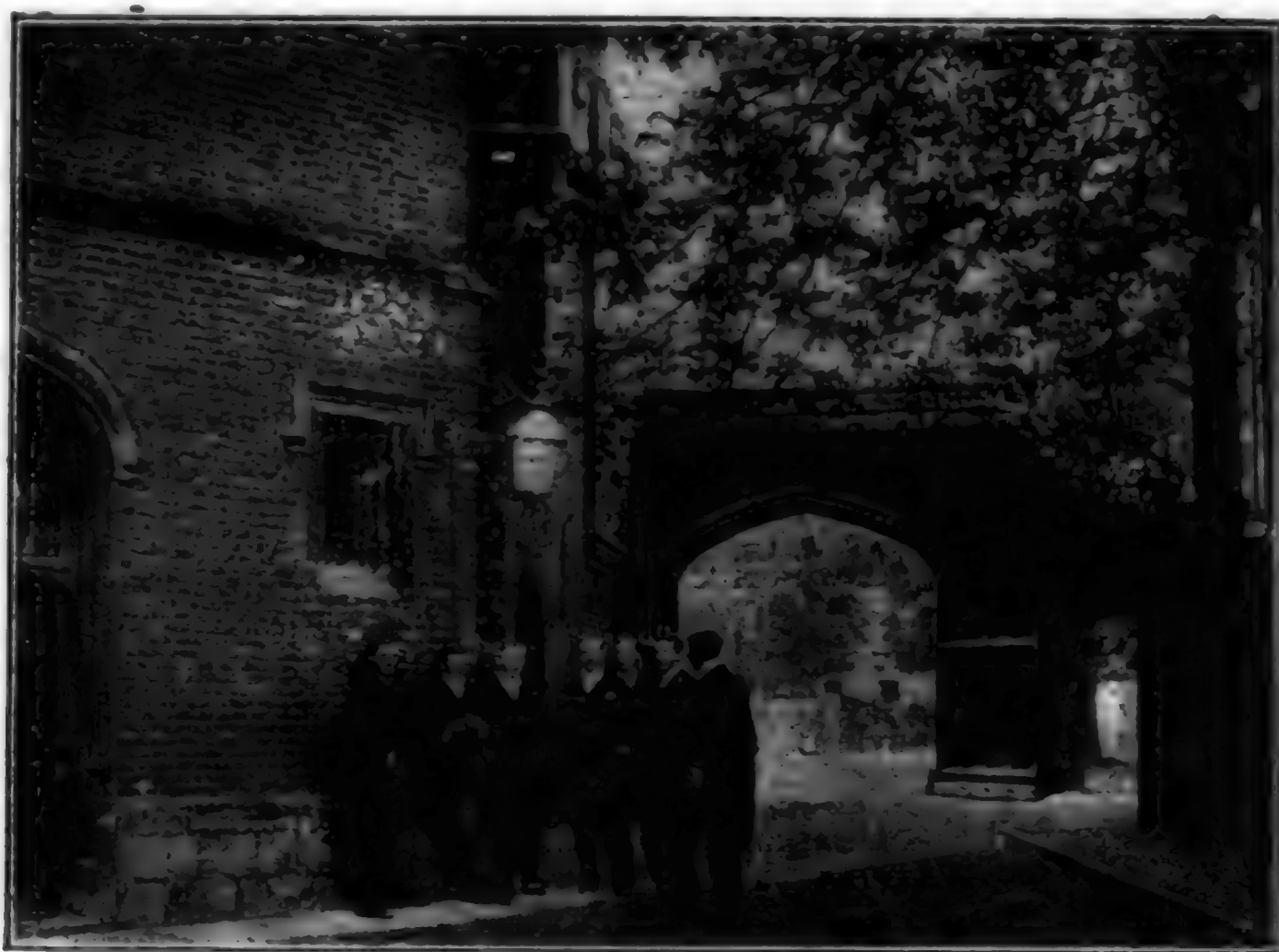
The first Master of Eton College was William Waynfleet, afterwards Bishop of Winchester.

The Headmaster of Eton, unlike the masters of Harrow and Rugby, has not

applies to his chief, only when he wishes punishment to be inflicted on the deserving. Eton now boasts of a clever and popular Headmaster in the Rev. Dr. Edmond Warre, D.D., whose portrait we give from a photo. by Messrs. Elliott and Fry. Dr. Warre, during his eight years at Eton, has gained the esteem of all past and present Etonians, and his geniality cannot but help him to still grow in favour.

During Dr. Warre's Headmastership the standard of morality at Eton has been greatly enhanced.

Next to the Headmaster is the Lower Master. Whilst the number of Assistant



GROUP OF COLLEGERS AT ENTRANCE GATE.

the entire ruling, and the difference between the Headmaster and the senior Masters is not so great as one uninitiated might expect.

Prior to the selection of the new governing body, 1872, the Provost had a veto on any change which the Headmaster deemed necessary to propose, and in many cases exercised his obstructive power.

Now the Provost has become the chairman of the governing body, and the Headmaster is probably but slightly restrained by superior authority. An Eton Master in his own house is almost as absolute as the captains of our war vessels, who rarely

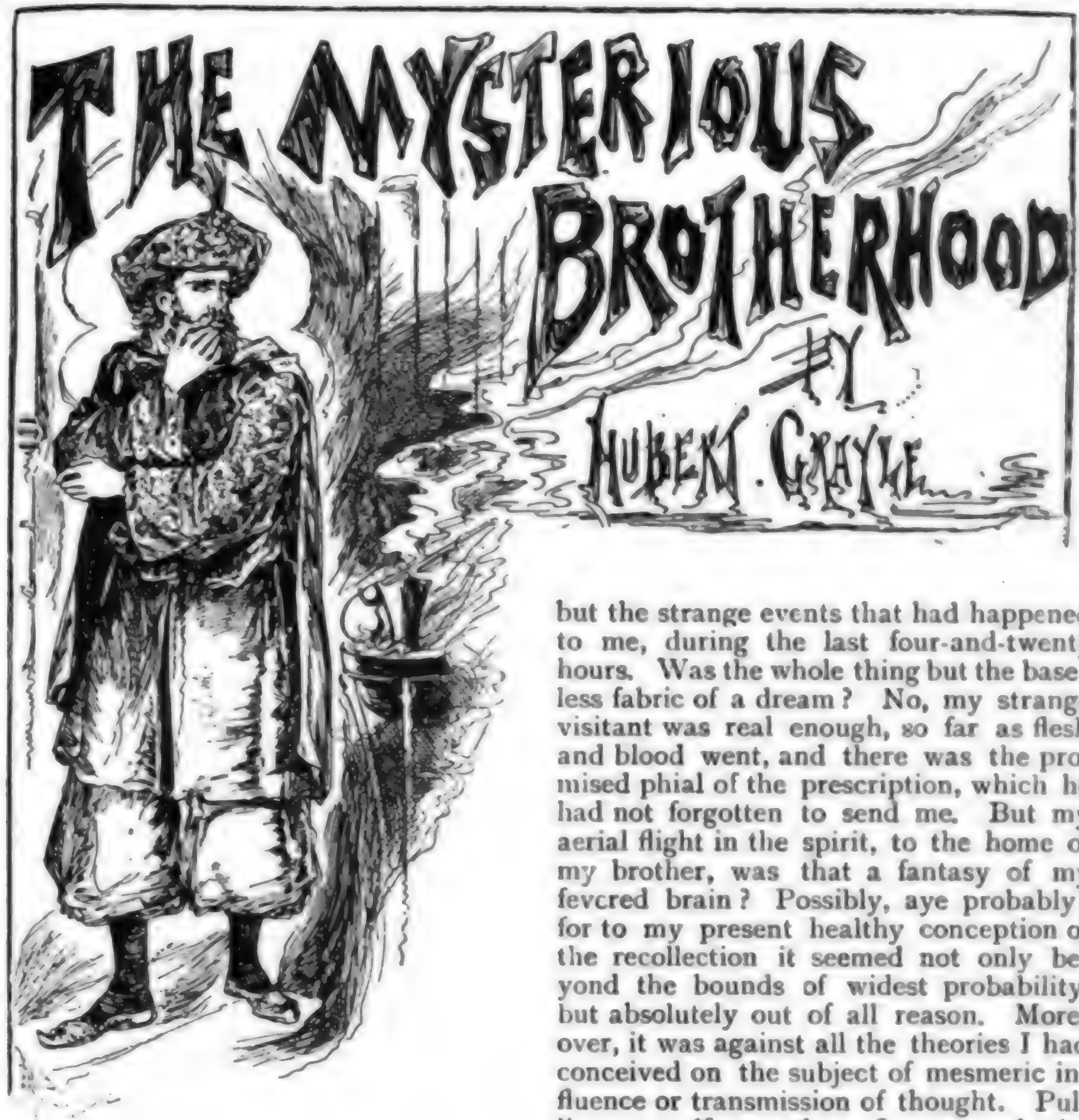
Masters totals fifty-six, and the number of boys reaches considerably over a thousand.

Having confined our notes mostly on the History of the College, undoubtedly the finest in the world, and second only in age to Winchester, we hope in our next issue to treat with the Boys out of School.

W. C. SARGENT.

*[This article is illustrated from a splendid series of photographs, taken specially for THE LUDGATE MONTHLY by R. W. THOMAS, 121, Cheapside, E.C.]*





## CHAPTER II.

**W**HO was this strange man, who had taken such an unaccountable interest in my destiny? He had given me his name, and the country of his birth, but had practically told me nothing about himself; yet, by some wonderful power, he had held me absolutely spell-bound during the short period we had passed together.

His parting words, "I will come to you, wherever you may be, three months hence from to-day for your answer," rang again and again in my ears.

To-day was the 20th of June, 1752, therefore, if he kept his promise, I was to see him again on the 20th of September.

After Mr. Thornwal left me, I remained for some considerable time in such a state of suppressed excitement that I could not give my attention to anything

but the strange events that had happened to me, during the last four-and-twenty hours. Was the whole thing but the baseless fabric of a dream? No, my strange visitant was real enough, so far as flesh and blood went, and there was the promised phial of the prescription, which he had not forgotten to send me. But my aerial flight in the spirit, to the home of my brother, was that a fantasy of my fevered brain? Possibly, aye probably; for to my present healthy conception of the recollection it seemed not only beyond the bounds of widest probability, but absolutely out of all reason. Moreover, it was against all the theories I had conceived on the subject of mesmeric influence or transmission of thought. Pulling myself together, I reasoned the matter out thus: that my supposed communication with my brother Godfrey was simply a vivid picture of my diseased imagination, and I would forget it. With regard to Mr. Thornwal, I determined to find out what I could about him, and to this end I despatched my servant, Ali, to go and make such enquiries as he could, without attracting attention, as to the habits and movements of this strange man. I then proceeded to put my papers in order, when, as I was turning round, my eye again caught sight of the phial sent me by Thornwal. Taking it up, I proceeded to examine the contents with more care than I had yet done. The liquid was as colourless as water, but in taste was sharp and pungent to the palate with a certain cloying sweetness. I thought I might as well take a dose, so, pouring out about half the requisite

number of drops, and adding some water, I drank it off, then, with my tablets and papers, I resumed my seat. As I read, I felt my thoughts wandering from my occupation, and in a few minutes I was under the influence of the draught.

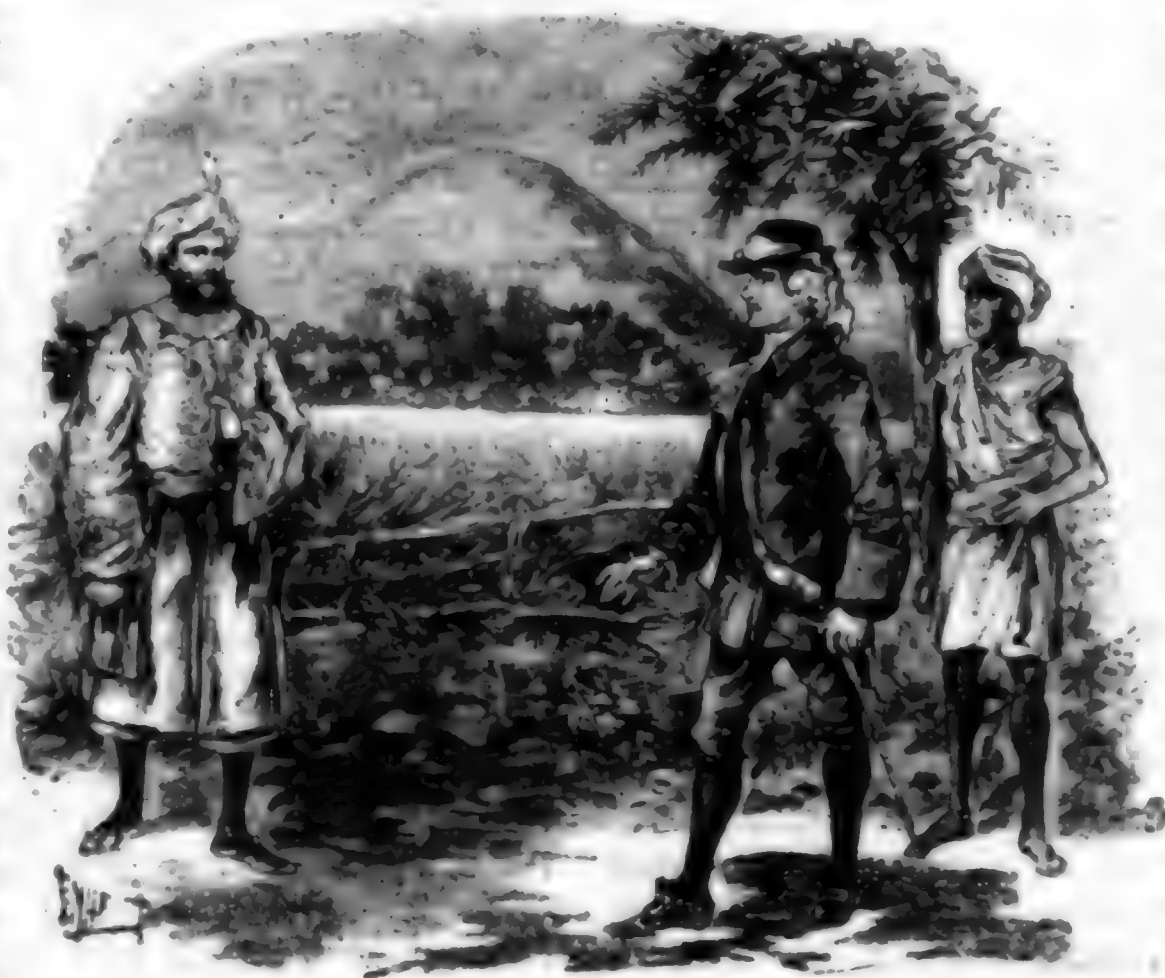
Ali awoke me, returning from his quest. I felt again all the wonderful revivifying effects before experienced, with the same exhilarating pulsation of blood throughout the system. Questioning Ali as to the result of his enquiries, I learnt that Mr. Thornwal was the guest of Prince Salajunge, whom I had met several times and who was reputed to be enormously wealthy, but was of an extremely studious disposition. He had only arrived a few days previously, but had at various times been known to visit Prince Salajunge for short periods. Ali had been unable to ascertain where he came from or who he was, and outside the Prince's household he appeared to be unknown.

As there was evidently nothing more to be found out through Ali, I determined to go round to the officers' mess and so escape for the present from lingering on thoughts which so engrossed me. I was heartily welcomed and congratulated by the officers present, who remarked especially on my rapid recovery and rejuvenated appearance. Catching sight of myself in a mirror, I was at once struck with the exceeding robust reflection of my face, which just previous to my attack of fever had, through the pressure of work, assumed a rather haggard and worried expression; now this was all gone and was replaced by the full outline and youthful mien of my best days.

I heard with much satisfaction that another doctor was on his way up to fill the place left by the one stricken by

the cholera; the health of the regiment was now so satisfactory that there was little beyond ordinary cases to occupy my attention. In a few days my successor arrived and brought with him a letter from the Governor of Calcutta for me, in which I was requested to report myself to Government House when I returned. As I was now released from my duties, I determined to take the opportunity of seeing as much of this strange country as I could. The officers frequently organised hunting expeditions into the dense jungle and forests which lay to the north of our encampment, and I frequently made one of the party. Our arms of precision were nothing like so perfect in those days as they are now: the old musket was not a very dependable weapon, and when one got separated from his companions, and happened on that monarch of the jungle, a full-grown tiger, it wanted a very fair amount of pluck to commence the encounter. It was a matter of minutes to load up a musket, and if your first shot failed to kill or disable Mr. Stripes, well, then you stood a very good chance of having your courage tested to its utmost.

I spent a couple of months thus with these pleasant companions, and it was with much regret that I left them; but my nature was not made for too much of such pleasant dallying. I began to pine for my books and active practice again, so with many good wishes and several messages for friends in England, I packed up my belongings and turned my face towards Calcutta. The return trip to Calcutta safely completed, I reported myself at Government House, and was much surprised at the very warm and flattering reception accorded to me



I RECOGNISED THE MAN.



by the Governor personally, for the services I had been able to render. He expressed himself most kindly and offered me the choice of several appointments if I desired to stay in India; these, however, I respectfully declined as I had no intention of remaining. I had by now almost persuaded myself that the promise made by Mr. Thornwal to renew his visit to me was, if not a jest, at least a very unlikely event. It now only wanted three days before the three months would have exactly passed. I felt a certain sense of anxiety and inquietude gradually stealing over me as the time drew near, but I did not allow this in any way to affect my arrangements for returning to England. The *Hoogly* in which I had come out, had already sailed on her homeward voyage, so I decided to take my passage in the next ship bound for London. This, as it happened, would not be for three weeks, so there was nothing for it but to wait and pass the time as best I could. When I left Burhampore, one of the officers of the 25th regiment had given me a letter of introduction to a friend of his—a brother-officer stationed at Fort William, which place was practically Calcutta, and I determined now to avail myself of his kindness. I found him a most genial and hospitable gentleman, and gladly accepted his warmly proffered request to make his quarters my abode, until my ship sailed. I had been with him only two days when he was called away on official business, and, excusing himself for so hurriedly leaving me, he desired me to consider myself master of his bungalow during his absence, which he anticipated would be for several days.

To-morrow was the 20th of September, the day on which Harold Thornwal was to see me for my answer—my answer to what? Now, on the eve of what may be a turning point in my life, let me probe deep down into my inmost thoughts and weigh well the wishes and aspirations that I have so long harboured within me, and which, ever since that memorable interview, have, notwithstanding my efforts to suppress them, forced themselves continually before me. Yes, I cannot conceal it from myself—I feel an intangible, unknown power within, that bids me seek for knowledge of things deeper and untaught by schools or the common paths of science. The die was cast; if Harold Thornwal kept his word and satis-

fied me that he was what he professed to be, I would give up my career and study at his feet those problems and secrets of nature, with what success I might.

Now that my mind was made up I felt as if a load were taken from me; I would demand such explanation from him as should prove his capabilities to my satisfaction, or else have done with him for ever.

The morrow should decide—for to-day I would dwell no more on the matter. Having arrived at this decision I determined to visit the city and while away the afternoon in sightseeing. My servant, Ali, had accompanied me back from Burhampore, so, telling him I was going out for a few hours, I left my friend's bungalow. I was detained away longer than I anticipated, having come across one of my fellow-passengers who came out in the *Hoogly*. We spent the afternoon together visiting the various bazaars, and dining together in the evening, so that when I returned it was getting on to within an hour of midnight. Next morning I arose early, as was my custom, and strolled out for a constitutional, before the sun had gained sufficient strength to make such a proceeding uncomfortable. My friend's bungalow was quite on the outskirts of the city, just without the fort, and really in not a too safe position. The Calcutta of that time was very different to the handsome and well-built city of to-day.

In a few minutes, therefore, I was in the midst of fields, with all the glory of an eastern morning breaking around me. This was the 20th of September, would that this lovely morning prove an augury for my future life, to be decided to-day. I was just on the point of turning round to go home, when, advancing along a path by the edge of a paddy field, and coming towards me, I recognised the man who had been so continually in my thoughts. Strange to say, however, my pulse did not quicken or my heart throb a beat faster; I seemed to have expected him to come sooner or later; although at times I had tried to persuade myself that I was not looking for the fulfilment of his appointment. We saluted each other gravely, and he accepted my invitation to return with me to my friend's bungalow. He would not join me at breakfast, declaring he had already had his morning meal, so he sat out under the verandah while I consumed my solitary breakfast.

After breakfast I lighted a cigar, and joining Mr. Thornwal, went at once into the matter uppermost in my thoughts.

"When you left me three months ago at Burhampore, Mr. Thornwal," I commenced, "you had excited feelings and ambitions in my breast, which you declined to further discuss or enter into until the expiration of a certain space of time, when, you asserted, you would visit me again for my decision, and I pre-

sume give me some explanation. That period elapses to-day and, as I presume, your arrival here is in accordance with that promise." Here Mr. Thornwal gravely inclined his head in acquiescence. "Very well, then," I resumed, "I now await your explanation; and should the result of our interview be mutually satisfactory, I shall be ready to place myself under your guidance, for instruction and initiation into the knowledge of which we have spoken."

"Have you thoroughly thought the matter out, and realised the sacrifices of your present life that you will be called on to make?" replied Mr. Thornwal.

"Yes; I am prepared to follow your counsels and tuition, if you can fully satisfy me as to the end to be gained," I answered.

"I see you have made your determination, and am glad of it," he said. "I thought you would accept, and I believe, as far as it is possible to foresee at such an early period, that you will be successful in perfecting yourself in the prelimin-

ary knowledge of our brotherhood; as to the advanced and deeper stages, it is impossible for me to give you any encouragement; it will rest absolutely and entirely with your own powers of application and research, whether you attain to that higher life, of perfection and power, which should be the goal of us all. When do you wish to commence?"

"I am entirely at your disposal now," I replied.



"FOLD MY HAND SO."

"We can hardly continue our conversation here uninterruptedly," said Mr. Thornwal, "and besides you will doubtless have many questions to ask me; shall we proceed to yonder clump of mango trees, under which I perceive there is a rough seat, and the trees will shade us from the sun, which is now beginning to make its presence felt."

"With pleasure," I replied; and calling Ali, I told him where we were going, and instructed him that I did not wish to be disturbed. We then proceeded to the mangoes

and seated ourselves.

Mr. Thornwal broke the silence which had fallen on us, by remarking that he was quite ready to give me any explanations and reply to any questions I might desire to put to him.

"Will you first of all tell me," I commenced, "how you first came to me. You remember you said when I last saw you, 'that the master had desired you to visit me'—have I seen or do I know your master."

"No, you do not know him; but he knew



that you had and have that within you which, with cultivation and due observance of nature's teachings, would expand, and might in process of time fructify into a fulness of perfection that would make you a welcome brother amongst our limited circle. You remember the occasion when your servant, Ali, called me to your side: you were in a stupor, as you thought, and probably still so consider. That stupor was a trance, which, as a doctor, you will know is not one and the same thing. While in that trance, your body lay as one dead, but your spirit was alive, and, released from its fetters, soared away at the direction of the will-power guiding it. Every human being has a similar spirit, but very few have the will-power sufficiently strongly developed to disintegrate the spirit from the body. In your case it was so developed, and the spirit, obeying the master will, flew through space to the side of your brother in England."

"But," I exclaimed, "I never told you of what I thought was simply a strange hallucination. I purposely omitted doing so; how could you possibly know of it?"

"Very simply," replied Mr. Thornwal. "Whenever a spirit is released from the bondage of the human body we immediately (I mean by we, the members of the brotherhood) become aware of the new visitant in our domains. Thus it was, when your spirit left its earthly tenement, in obedience to your will, to visit your brother, the master recognised the new aspirant, and requested his humble subject, myself, who happened to be fortunately in your immediate neighbourhood, to see you, and offer myself as your instructor and guide into the great unknown, if you decided to make the attempt to attain the highest knowledge mortals can attain to."

"Then," I replied, "I really did visit my brother Godfrey, and it was not imagination? How can I be assured that this was so, and that it was not a delirious dream, wherein, perhaps, I babbled of what I thought I did and saw, and you gathered from my fevered utterances the thread of my thoughts. How, I repeat, can I be assured of what you say?"

"If you doubt, and I like your cautious reasoning," Mr. Thornwal remarked, "I can and will prove to you the truth of what I have said. I will do so before

you finally make your decision. Meantime, I will give you an outline of the new life you will have to live. To commence with, you must unreservedly, and without any exception, sever yourself from all human ties until the premier period of your probation is passed. You must bid farewell to kindred, friends and acquaintances, until such time as you may be adjudged master of your actions and feelings. No earthly love must be permitted to interfere with your studies and researches. For this period you will have all the help and teaching that I can bestow, and you must conform strictly, and without murmuring, to all my instructions and the regulations I shall set you. I may say at once, that there will be nothing set you obnoxious to a man of honour, neither will you be called upon, by word or action, to do aught that your creed or religion holds harmful to the body here on earth, or to the immortal soul in the great hereafter. Moreover you are, and will be, free to discontinue your studies and return to your former life after the expiration of your probation, should you so desire. The one and sole condition, which I shall ask you to promise, being that, if you decide to return to your present mode of life, you shall never by word or deed disclose the secrets you may be taught, neither shall you reveal those secrets to others. You need make no provision for sustaining your body whilst you are under my care, so that any property you may have you can dispose of, or, which perhaps would be wiser, leave entrusted until your noviciate is passed. Is there anything more I can tell you?"

"No," I answered; "prove to me that you are able to perform what you have stated, and I will make my arrangements, to put myself under your guidance at the earliest moment."

"Very well, Brother Charles, for so I shall now call you," said Mr. Thornwal, "and you will know me as Brother Harold. If you will lean back in the corner of the seat, so that you do not fall forward, we will pass together through the realms of space and view such scenes as your life recalls. Hold my hand so."

I posted myself as Mr. Thornwal suggested, and placing my hand in his, awaited my etherealisation. I felt no extraordinary emotion or feeling of any kind: my vision appeared to get gradually

obscured, my mind became blank, then, as before, I awoke to the sensation of rapid motion through space. Harold Thornwal was by my side, still with my hand in his; below us was the sea; around us, the sun, which was now climbing high into the heavens, shed his brilliant beams, bathing the whole scene with his golden glory. There beneath us was a ship under full sail.

"Let us descend," said my companion; and, as we neared the vessel, I recognised the *Hoogly*, which had left Calcutta some few weeks previously. I could see Captain Grant and the chief mate talking together on the quarter-deck; there also were two of the officers of the 25th Foot, reclining on wicker sofa-chairs, under an awning on deck. They were going home on sick leave to recuperate, after the attack of cholera through which I had attended them.

"Come," said Harold Thornwal, and we were again soaring through the ethereal blue, fleeting over sea and land, rivers and lakes, deserts and forests, until we hovered over my old home again.

Glancing round, I discovered dear old Godfrey seated in an arbour, in a secluded corner of the garden, and close beside him sat a maiden of some four or five and twenty years of age. Hand clasped in hand, I did not want a wizard's divination to tell me that there the old, old story was again being enacted.

I desired my companion to take me away, as I felt the scene was not meant for other eyes to witness, and so we departed. I felt glad, very glad, to think that my brother Godfrey was about to take to himself a wife, and one, too, who,

if the countenance were an index of character, appeared as good as she was lovely.

We were now flying south again, the moving scene beneath us passing so rapidly that only bare outlines of the physical nature of the surface were apparent. Now we had at our feet Burhampore, with its minarets and bazaars, huts and palaces, and the barracks and bungalows of the officers and men whom I had recently left. I could recognise many faces: some of them had during my short sojourn become close friends. There was my old bungalow, now occupied by my successor.

"Let us return now," said Harold Thornwal. And in a moment of time, I opened my eyes to find myself still seated under the mango trees, with Mr. Thornwal by my side.

"Are you satisfied?" said he. "You have visited your old ship, far away on the Indian Ocean, you have seen your brother with his lady love in your old home, and you have seen your friends

at Burhampore."

"Yes, I believe you," I replied, "and I accept your offer of friendship and guidance. I will make such few preparations as are necessary, and I shall then be ready to obey your instructions. When and where shall I meet you?"

"Can you be ready by the 25th, that is five days from to-day? If so, call at the house of Ram Lula, he is a merchant in the central bazaar in Calcutta. I shall be there any time after noon; if you find you cannot be there, send me word when to expect you—till then, farewell." And so, clasping my hand, Harold Thornwal left me.



TWO OFFICERS OF THE 25TH.



I need not here attempt to express the strange thoughts and feelings which thronged my brain at this crisis in my life. My decision was irrevocably made. I returned to my friend's bungalow and commenced to put my affairs in order at once. I sent Ali to cancel the passage I had booked in the next homeward-bound ship. I wrote to Godfrey, telling him of my work at Burhampore, and that now I was going on a journey of exploration into a strange and unknown country, and that if he did not hear from me for years, he was not to grieve or worry. I wrote to much the same effect to our family attorney, and instructed him to pay the interest on my little fortune each year as he collected it to my brother Godfrey, or to his wife and children if he died.

My personal belongings I packed up and stored until such time as I should want them. My servant, Ali, who, although I had only had him a short time, had become much attached to me, I made happy by presents of many oddments together with what was, to him, a small fortune in cash.

My host returned home the morning I was leaving, and expressed much regret at his enforced absence. He appeared rather curious to know where I was going, and what had occurred to change my plans. I enlightened him so far as to say I was going up the country on an expedition with a friend; and then, thanking him for his kindness and hospitality, I left him to meet Mr. Thornwal.

I found Ram Lula's house easily, and Harold Thornwal was therein, waiting for

me. He then told me his proposed plans for our immediate future. We were to proceed by easy stages to Benares, travelling partly by land and partly by boat up the river Ganges.

We started that afternoon as soon as the sun got low in the western horizon, and availed ourselves of the cool of the evening; each night's rest was made so as to allow of our continuing our journey at break of day, and a further rest was made during the heat of the day. Of that wonderful journey I shall not say anything here. The strange and beautiful country we passed through, with its magnificent flora growing in most luxurious profusion, dazzled the eye with its wealth and richness of colouring. During the journey, Brother Harold, as he wished me to call him, never ceased to instruct me in the merits and demerits of all we saw. His knowledge seemed inexhaustible: every plant, tree



THE OLD, OLD STORY.

and herb was known to him, and the uses to which they could be applied. My instruction and initiation had begun; the regime and course of lessons followed day by day, hour by hour. When it was possible we avoided the villages and towns on our route, and kept away from intercourse with the natives. Arriving within some ten miles of Benares, my guide informed me that we were just at our journey's end. We had turned away from the direct road to Benares, and had proceeded a few miles, through a somewhat rough and uncultivated piece of country, when we found ourselves at the foot of a gentle hill. Ascending

this, I espied a well-built bungalow, surrounded by cultivated grounds.

"Here," said Harold Thornwal, "we will rest ourselves, and advance your studies."

"Is this our journey's end?" I asked.

"Yes, for the present," he replied.

Then we quietly settled down: he as master, I as pupil. We were waited on in our simple wants by the only servant the house contained, a grey-haired, benevolent-looking Hindoo. My promise of secrecy binds me not to relate or indicate in any manner what were my course of studies or the knowledge imparted to me. We remained here for nearly twelve months, making occasional trips for a few days at a time to various neighbouring villages, to give me a brief change of scene. I made rapid progress, under Brother Harold's kind and unwearying teaching, and at the end of the above time he informed me he was going to leave me to myself for some time, as he had proceeded far enough with my tuition for the present. My next course would be much more severe and entail far more self-denial than I had yet been put to. He advised me to occupy myself while he was absent in travelling and the study of all things animate and inanimate that crossed my path, and to return to our abode in six months' time.

Should I desire to communicate with him, I now had the knowledge and power to summon him to me, but I was not to do this, or exercise my newly acquired gifts, except under the most urgent necessity.

I will rapidly pass over these few months, and also my second term of research and study, which lasted nearly two years. Harold Thornwal expressed himself, as greatly pleased with the progress I had made, and indicated that I should soon be able to dispense with his close personal attention. I was now to enlarge my sphere of information, by journeying for two or three years through the various countries of both hemispheres. When this tour was completed I should have to decide once and for all, whether I joined the Brotherhood or returned to the world.

The science and knowledge I had already acquired, made gold and silver valueless to me; I had learnt most of the chief languages of the old world; length of life was also assured me, and my will-power was so highly cultivated that it was now under my control.

Bidding my friend and teacher an affectionate farewell, I started on my travels. I descended the Ganges by boat to Calcutta, and there took ship for



THEY WERE FATHER AND DAUGHTER.



Japan and Cathay; these countries were then but little known. Passing through China and the Tartary States, I crossed the Ural Mountains, and so through Russia into Turkey. Then I spent many months in the various countries in Europe. I wandered through the Venetian States, Hungary, Spain, France and many of the German

Principalities, and finally visited England. I went down to Somersham, and, under the mantle of night, I ascertained that my brother Godfrey was well and happy. He had married about two years ago, and his wife was spoken of with love and respect by my informants. I decided not to see him, as our meeting would probably make him anxious as to my welfare, and so I turned my back on my birth-place and resumed my wanderings. I now went into Wales, to learn from the bards the lore and traditions of their forefathers.

I had been busily engaged in going over some old cairns on the Berwyn Mountains, near Llangollen, and was returning late one evening to my resting place, a shepherd's cottage in the valley near the river Dee, when I heard sounds of moaning coming from a narrow road, which wound its circuitous track round the base of the neighbouring mountains. Hastening to the spot, I discovered in the darkening gloom a group of figures by the roadside from which the sounds



I PERSUADED GWENDOLINE TO ACCOMPANY ME.

came. As I approached, a woman's voice beseeched me to come and help solace her father, who had been thrown out of a pony trap.

I stooped down and examined the old man, for he was over sixty years of age, and found his leg was broken and that it was impossible to move him without further aid. They were father and daughter, and

were returning to their home on the other side of Bala lake when the accident happened.

I bound the broken limb up temporarily, and as it would be impossible to take him all the way home in his present state, even if we had a conveyance, there was nothing for it but to get him to my cottage, if we could.

In that wild and desolate region, there was little chance of getting any aid at that time of night, so I turned my attention to the pony and cart; the former was grazing the herbage near by, the latter was on its side in the road. There was little damage done to the cart, and the wheel was practically unhurt; the pin had come out and the wheel had rolled off the axle. To put it together was an easy task; then, with the help of his daughter, we got the old man into the cart and slowly made our way over the adjacent meadow to my cottage. There I set the broken leg properly and lay the sufferer on my couch. The daughter, who I now had a chance of examining, busied her-

self in preparing some soup for our supper. She was of some five-and-twenty years of age and still in her first bloom of budding womanhood. Her face was set in a golden halo of fair, rippling hair, out of which her deep blue eyes shone like the evening stars. Her anxiety and care for her father showed how dearly she loved him, and under her affectionate ministrations he soon recovered sufficiently to assure her of his returning strength.

She thanked me, again and again, for the service I had rendered her father, and during the evening I gleaned the history of their simple lives.

Her father, Edward Llewellyn, was the squire of the parish of Drwsyant, and she was his only child. She was called Gwendoline. They had been to visit some friends the day before at Wrexham, and had tarried longer than they ought to have done before starting for home.

Giving Mr. Llewellyn and his daughter possession of the living-room for the night, I retired to the back room to rest myself. Of course it was impossible to think of moving him for several days, and as they were anxious to let their people know they were safe, I volunteered to drive over to their abode.

I accomplished my mission safely, and returned late in the evening, bringing with me several little luxuries, besides various articles of raiment which their housekeeper had packed. At the end of ten days, Mr. Llewellyn was so far recovered that we felt no further anxiety. I had persuaded Gwendoline to accompany me for a few hours each day in rambling about those grand old hills. The time was now drawing near when they would depart. A comfortable conveyance was brought over, and after many good wishes from the father, and timid glances from Gwendoline, they were gone. I had promised to visit them and stay for some days, shortly, but what would it all lead to?

I had banished the thought while they were present, now I must face it. No human love could enter my heart if I wished to attain that for which I had now devoted several years of deep study and self communion. Doubtless it was but a passing fancy. I would go over and wish them farewell and leave the country. I went to say good-bye, but day after day fled by, and still I kept putting off the

final words which were to separate us. I could see she loved me—there was not sufficient dissimulation in her soul for her to hide it. My heart was torn with doubts. I who had learnt the secret of lengthened life, how should I feel if I yielded to my love, when, as the years went by I saw her growing gradually older and older, and finally to pass away, while the life-giving fluid in my veins kept my manhood virtually unimpaired. My promise to Harold Thornwal, not to reveal any knowledge he taught me to another, could never be broken. And so I should have to see my beloved pass from me in the course of nature.

The solitary life I had been living, avoiding the society of my race and making no friends, had awakened in my heart a chord, on which the love of Gwendoline played so strongly that it predisposed me to surrender to my human love.

After days of anxious thought and communionings with myself, I determined to summon Harold Thornwal to my assistance, and see if there were no means of overcoming his interdiction.

\* \* \* \*

I have seen Harold, and my future is determined: my love, my Gwendoline has gained the day, and the Mysterious Brotherhood loses its youngest neophyte. I can never forget that which has been imparted to me. I have the power to prolong my own life far into the ages of unknown time, and even if I do not use that power any more, my life will now run into many generations. But Gwendoline, if she becomes my wife, must succumb to nature, when her sands of life are run out.

Well, so be it. I have made my choice, and do not regret.

\* \* \* \*

Many years have passed since I last held communion with Harold Thornwal. My dearest wife is dead; she never learned my mystic story. She lived to see her great-grandchildren round her knee; she was eighty-five when she died, and left me, with a smile on her face, bidding me to come soon to her. I am a little older-looking than of yore, but it is with sorrow, not age, and I know my time will not be near for many years. I am a wanderer on the face of the earth, seeking death which will not come to me.—Love departed—life valueless.

HUBERT GRAYLE.



# Whispers from the ❧

## ❧ Woman's World.

BY FLORENCE MARY GARDINER.

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“**T**O find one's warmest welcome at an inn” can hardly be considered an ideal form of existence, yet it is the lot of most of us at some period of our lives to be deprived for a longer or shorter time of that priceless boon, “our own fire-side;” and the question then arises, How can we best secure a moderate degree of comfort? It is a matter of considerable surprise to me that there are so few “Private Hotels,” compared with the large number of boarding-houses and public hotels, run by limited companies. The want of a go-between has long been felt, especially by women accustomed to the ordinary refinements of life. They naturally object to boarding-houses, owing to their slipshod system of catering, and unsatisfactory management; and equally dislike the bustle, want of sociability, and general unhomeliness associated with so many of the large public hotels. The private hotel ought to be an entity, distinct from any other kind of establishment; where one could enjoy for a reasonable sum the same comfort which is usually experienced in one's own house; and to obtain this standard it is of the first importance that the management should be vested in persons of some education and refinement, or it is impossible for them to realise what gentle-people really require.

Individually, women may not be as profitable as men to the hotel proprietor; but, in the aggregate, they considerably influence his receipts, and he knows full well that they can bring or take away those who patronise his house. For if wives,

sisters, daughters, cousins, and aunts are satisfied, it is reasonable to suppose that husbands, lovers, and brothers will flock there also.

So a wise hotel-keeper will conciliate rather than offend his fair clients; though it must be confessed they are rather trying at times.

The belle of the establishment consumes two-thirds of the lift boy's time in carrying to and fro flowers, cards, letters, and packages—not to mention thousands of feet of gas while entertaining her numerous admirers.

Her mamma invariably grumbles at the *menu*, and audibly compares it with that of other hotels, interspersing her remarks with unstinted praise of the restaurant next door, or the rival house opposite. The waiters, according to temperament, turn pale or blush rosy red at the advent of the dowager (for she rules by fear rather than love), and the chamber-maid inwardly writhes when she sees her using clean towels to polish her boots.

The elderly spinster, who appears to spend her life in aimlessly wandering over the civilised globe, has gastronomic tendencies, too; her memories of all the places she has visited are mainly tinged by the flavour of the cookery, and her stock subject of conversation appears to be a running dissertation upon the various table d'hôtes she has honoured with her presence.

The delightful entrées to be obtained at Naples have evidently impressed her, far more than the world-famed bay; Venice is only associated, in her mind, with

poultry of inferior breed; and Rome with cheese and macaroni.

Equally well known are the two American ladies travelling with a fixed desire to see U—rope. They are often very entertaining and interesting people; and unlike the lone lorn female, have assimilated a large amount of valuable information; though one marvels at the human strength which has borne so much, and the human memory which has retained such a conglomerate of facts, dates, and names of places.

Their charm and brightness is refreshing to the blazé traveller; but one often wishes they would cease to laud to the skies everything produced by Brother Jonathan, and award a fair amount of praise to the works of John Bull.

In strong contrast to these chatty females may be mentioned the highly respectable British family, who only dine at the table d'hôte under protest. With the intention of impressing those around with a sense of their dignity, they abstain from general conversation, and gaze upon the vulgar herd, with a look of conscious virtue, difficult to withstand. The effect of their presence is, to say the least, chilling, and acts upon ordinary mortals much as the skeleton did at Egyptian feasts.

It is a relief to turn from the automaton family to the couple, full of years and honour, who, having "fought the good fight," now hand-in-hand, in perfect love

and confidence, are passing down the hill of life together.

The newly-married couple, painfully aware that they are on their wedding-tour, and that everyone else is cognizant of the fact; the over-dressed and painted lady, at whom other visitors (notably the respectable family) look askance; the youthful Lothario, who believes every woman between the age of seventeen and seventy must fall a victim to his charms; and the irascible old gentleman, who strikes awe into the hearts of new arrivals, but whose bark is considerably worse than his bite: these are only a few of the types to be found in every English or Continental hotel.

Like the guests, the table d'hôte has its peculiarities.

Why are finger-glasses and other ordinary refinements of civilised life conspicuous by their absence? Why is personal cleanliness, especially about the hands of the waiters, more honoured in the breach than the observance? and why is delicately-cooked food as rare as the dodo, the coffee more resembling a decoction of burnt bread than the genuine Mocha berry, and the toast of such a leathery nature that it would ruin the digestion of an elephant?

These are questions which can only be answered by the hotel-keeper, and from him I doubt if torture would extract

them. The table d'hôte, however, is not the only weak point in the administration of those private hotels which at present



ARTISTIC PRINCESS GOWN.



exist; and briefly I would suggest a few improvements, which would greatly add to the comfort and satisfaction of the chance traveller and permanent resident.

With reference to the arrangement of the rooms. Beginning with the hall: this ought to be of such a character as to impress the new arrival with a feeling of comfort and general assurance that she has "come to the right place." It should be well warmed in winter and cool in summer, and attractively arranged with growing ferns and flowers. Suitable screens and curtains greatly add to the appearance of this apartment, and avoid those icy draughts which penetrate through every nook and cranny. There is no law, human or divine, for making hall chairs instruments of torture for the unlucky occupants; yet they more often resemble stools of repentance than comfortable resting places, adapted to the various curves of the body. A few basket chairs, nicely cushioned, would answer every purpose, without inflicting too great a strain on the finances of the establishment. On a couple of substantial tables should be found the letter-box, scales, pens, ink, blotter, date-box, visitors' book, etc., and on shelves close by, such books of reference as an *Encyclopælia*, *Debrett's Peerage*, *Clergy and Army Lists*, *Nuttall's Dictionary*, *Whitaker's Almanack*, *Postal, Railway and A B C Hotel Guides*, and as many books and maps relating to the neighbourhood as possible. On a notice board might be posted the particulars of coach drives and other amusements likely to interest visitors, the hours of meals, departure of the post, etc. etc. In a convenient position should be placed a fixture consisting of nests of pigeon-holes, numbered to correspond with the bedrooms, and suitable for holding letters and various odds and ends, so as to avoid innumerable journeys upstairs. This has proved a great convenience in those houses where the idea has been adopted. A billiard table, in good condition, is always an attraction; and the smoking-room ought to be of fair size, well ventilated and comfortably furnished, and appropriated entirely to the use of men staying in the house and visitors of the masculine gender. Though ladies are sometimes invited to this "Holy of Holies," this courtesy should not be imposed upon, as their presence must act as a restraint,

and is rarely appreciated by the whole party.

The drawing-room of the private hotel is, as a rule, capable of considerable improvement. If a few artistic fittings, a well-stocked bookcase, a good piano and a variety of tables for work, cards, writing, tea, and current magazines were judiciously arranged, in place of the gorgeous cabinets covered with meretricious ornament, the odious settees and undraped centre table of rosewood, which we so often find here, the general effect would be greatly enhanced. The items mentioned, with good carpets, curtains, and table covers, a variety of easy-chairs, and a box ottoman couch, comprise the principal furniture of this apartment, which, like the hall, should be liberally supplied all the year round with flowers. With reference to the bed-rooms, and more particularly those which are high up, consequently less expensive: I have never yet been able to discover why they are converted into convalescent homes for all the broken-down furniture discarded from the lower floors of the house; neither can I tell why the management invariably purchase for the two upper storeys looking-glasses which it is a moral impossibility for any human being to see the whole of his or her face in at once. As it is presumed that the wardrobe of those travelling about for health or pleasure is of a rather more extensive nature than would satisfy the requirements of a red Indian, I should like to inquire if there is any just cause or impediment why the said rooms should not be provided with a hanging-cupboard and chest of drawers.

Again, the most sociable people wish sometimes for a brief space to retire from the madding crowd, and to lounge, or attend to their correspondence in peace and privacy. Under these circumstances a writing-table and easy-chair, or couch, should be added to the ordinary furniture of the bedroom. The bed is another important item which must not be overlooked. Supposing A can only rest in one which would for solidity rival a nether mill stone, why must she spend her nights in misery, smothered in the softest down, while B, who craves for feathers, is tossed aloft on springs, or condemned to healthy but unyielding hair?

Trifles such as these make all the difference to our comfort, and should receive

the serious attention of those who have our welfare at heart. In conclusion, I would urge upon all who propose to start a private hotel, to make a careful study of human nature; then, if they have a fair amount of capital, and pay strict attention to business, they have every chance of success.

Last week I was staying with a charming young bride of my acquaintance, who has commenced her married life under very favourable auspices as the *châtelaine* of a delightful country house. Both trousseau and wedding presents were very much *en evidence*. My hostess received me in an artistic princess gown of moss green velvet with puffed sleeves, and vest of turquoise blue silk. The effect was heightened by the judicious use of jewelled *passementerie*, which defined the waist line and edged the bodice, while the neck and wrists were finished with narrow ruffles of Brussels point.

She also wore on another occasion a ball dress of palest pink silk covered with *mousseline de soire* accordion pleated. The petticoat was embroidered with pearls, and the short bodice was cut square, back and front, and fastened with a girdle of pearls with large tassels. The berthe and sleeves were of soft muslin deftly folded, and her ornaments were nature's own—blush roses.

Among her household gods I noticed two pretty trifles which I have sketched for my readers' benefit. One was a novel soup tureen, with spirit lamp beneath, and so constructed that the cumbersome

ladle could be dispensed with. Being nicely balanced, a slight pressure on the handle allowed the liquid to escape from the lip at the side; and, as it was also provided with a flat strainer, it could, when required, be used for other purposes. The other was a neat and portable arrangement consisting of an oak waiter, bound with silver, and fitted with all the necessities for assuaging that indomitable thirst which invariably attacks the sterner sex during the evening hours, and for which due provision is made by every careful mistress of a household.

In a previous number I referred to the advantage of ladies becoming members of a club. To those re-

siding in London and the suburbs, and also to country members, I can cordially recommend The Ladies' Pioneer Club, at 180, Regent Street, W., which was opened about six months since, under such favourable auspices, owing to the generosity of its respected president, Mrs. Massingberd.

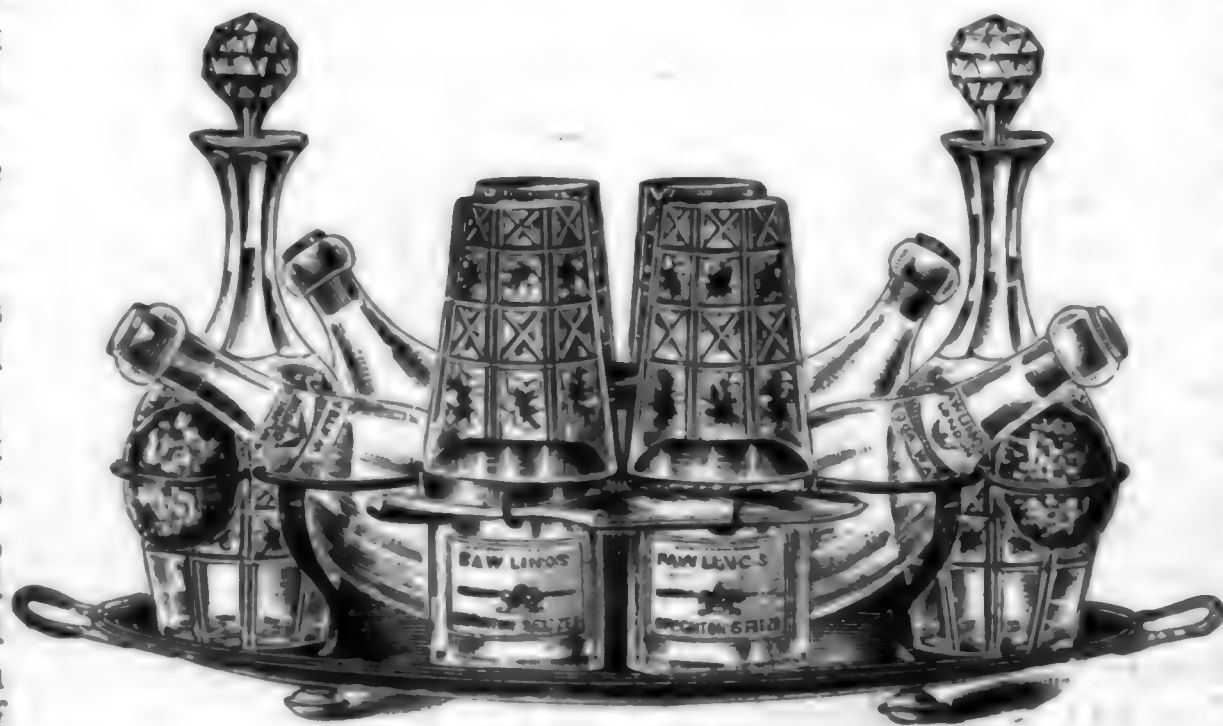
The premises include reading, writing, dining, and reception rooms, and several prettily furnished bed-rooms for the accommodation of members, and the catering department leaves nothing to be desired. Already, between two and three hundred

names have been enrolled; and, to promote a social feeling among the members, a House Tea is given every Wednesday, after which, papers are read and discussions take place upon subjects of interest.

Those wishing for further information, should call at the Club, or write to the courteous secretary, Mrs. Wills.



SWING SOUP TUREEN.



FITTED OAK WAITER.





#### CHAPTER IX.

THE four hundred nobles were impregnable, at any rate for the present, and as New York had nothing else that we hankered after in particular, we made hasty arrangements to abandon it. It did not seem to appreciate us—there are places prosaically dead to the presence of distinguished strangers—and we resolved to shake its dust off our feet as a testimony against its bad taste. In spite of all his disappointments, however, the Duke was still airy and confident. Indeed, he was at times jubilant.

"We will go to Niagara," he said. "Thence to the West, the spacious West, with its boundless plains and untutored savages. There, at least, we shall be appreciated. We will strike the Red Man dumb with astonishment and admiration. See if we don't. And on the romantic home of the primeval hunter we shall not be trammelled by the absurdities of society. On the contrary, we shall be face to face with Nature in all her august grandeur, and learn her secrets and the mystery of her myriad voices, of her over-spanning skies and her fleeting clouds, and her masterpiece—man, as he came fresh from her hand. We

shall listen to the 'whisperings of her wind' as it moans like a banshee over the trackless prairie, or warbles like an Æolian harp among the tree-tops. 'Go West, young man,' said the sage, and we obey his behest. To your portman-teaus, oh, Israel."

Hardship, contumely, threatened death, even disgrace itself could not knock the poetry out of the Duke. It bubbled out of him as a spring bubbles out of the hill-side. He was as gay as a lark in a summer sky, whistling as he packed for departure as if he had never known the bitterness of disappointment or the poignancy of neglect.

"We will return here after our exploits in the West," he cried gleefully, "and the people will flock to do us honour. And then out of pure ecstasy he sang:

"Oh! Fortune's sometimes saucy  
It you let her have her way;  
But if you don't, why then she'll come  
To woo another day.

"Mary had a little goat,  
It's hair was black's your shoe,  
And everywhere that Mary went  
That blessed goat went, too."

"Old fellows, I feel we are just beginning our adventures. This is going to be the greatest expedition on record.

Whoop!" Such was the hilarity of the mercurial being, that we had to threaten him with a strait-waist-coat to keep him within bounds.

It was not an easy matter to decide how we were to travel. There are many routes from New York to Niagara, and they are all unsurpassed for picturesque beauty. Should we ascend the Hudson by steamer or by train? That was the momentous question. We consulted several oracles, and they confused us. It is the way with oracles. One strenuously advised us to go by water; another was eloquent on the advantages of going by rail. In the end we drew lots, and the railway had it. No sooner had the fates decided to go by rail than Brown flew to the entrance hall of the hotel and bought tickets. In America you have not to rush panting into a railway station, to see the train start in the minute it takes you to pay your fare. You can get your ticket a year in advance if you like, and that without going near a station. That is an advantage, though it is awkward to invest ahead and discover when you are about to start on the journey that you have lost the ticket.

We departed joyously in a cab, which took us to the Grand Central Depot in Forty-second Street, a distance of a quarter of a mile, for five dollars and seventy-five cents. We did not protest that the charge was exorbitant. We knew it would be useless, for all charges in America are exorbitant. We were glad to pay the sum because the cabman was civil, and forbore to bully us after the style of American cabmen in general. Perhaps he understood we were strangers, far from home and among enemies; at



HE WAS AS GAY AS A LARK.

any rate, he did not sneer at us and show his contempt by spitting almost in our faces as others had done. If time had permitted I would have embraced that man, for he seemed a deserving person.

The Forty-second Street Depot is the terminus of the New York Central Railroad (the word railway is not known in America) and belongs to Vanderbilt. Chauncey M. Depew, the after-dinner

speaker, is president of the line. He is very popular and is said to be the best post prandial orator in the States, except Mark Twain; consequently he gets a great many free dinners, a thing of consequence to a man blessed with a healthy appetite and of thrifty habits.

When we learned that the New York Central belonged to Vanderbilt, the Duke wanted to patronise an opposition line. "Vanderbilt hasn't patronised us," he said, "why should we patronise Vanderbilt?" However, we went by the New York Central as it suited us best. On the whole it is a questionable policy to cut off your nose to spite your face.

A darkey porter conducted us to the train, and lo! what a revelation! what a vision of bliss! We entered a palace on wheels, so gorgeously appointed that we were overcome with awe and joy, such a joy as might be experienced by one who should unexpectedly be admitted to Paradise. It was not a railway carriage that we entered, but a magnificent drawing-room, sumptuously furnished on the latest æsthetic principle and regardless of expense. For awhile we were afraid to speak or move, almost to breathe. We gazed round us and wondered, wondered whether all this were



not a trick of the imagination, a fairy scene in dreamland. As our senses slowly convinced us of the reality of our surroundings, we began to think we must have wandered by mistake into the special train of one of the kings of the land. Brown and I thought so, but the Duke had a theory of his own.

"Here at last is a delicate compliment to my rank," he said, rubbing his hands in delight. "This is very thoughtful of Vanderbilt; I must write to him and send him my portrait. That seems to be the way of great people now-a-days to acknowledge courtesies and kindnesses." He was staggered, however, when he saw other people walking about calmly with an air of possession. I don't think the autograph letter was sent.

We sat for awhile drinking-in the luxury of our easy-chairs; then got up to reconnoitre. We walked through the superb drawing-room, out through a door and on to a little platform. Then we discovered that you can walk from end to end of an American train. It is one of the discoveries that every tourist makes and feels bound to publish. We had seen announcements of it repeated so often that we had forgotten it, and so it was with joyful surprise we leaped to another platform and entered another drawing-room, then passed into another, then another, and still another. No one tried to stop us. We went where we pleased and sat down where we liked, no one daring to interfere with us. After a while we strolled back to our own suite of apartments, and shortly afterwards the conductor called out "all aboard" in stentorian tones, and our palace moved off. We went outside and waved an adieu to all the pretty girls on the station platform; then we returned and hid ourselves in the sensuous recesses of our couches. The sense of luxury was so exquisite that we had no desire but to lie there and blink in the sunshine that streamed in through the windows and think of those who were doomed to the tortures

of railway travelling in England. This was travelling indeed; this was holiday-making and pleasure-seeking crowned with perfect success.

"Heavenly," murmured the Duke rapturously from out of his upholstery.

"Divine," answered Brown.

"I could reside on a railway train for the rest of my life," said the Duke.

"So could I," said Brown; "and now don't talk any more, like a good fellow. Let's go to sleep and dream happy dreams."

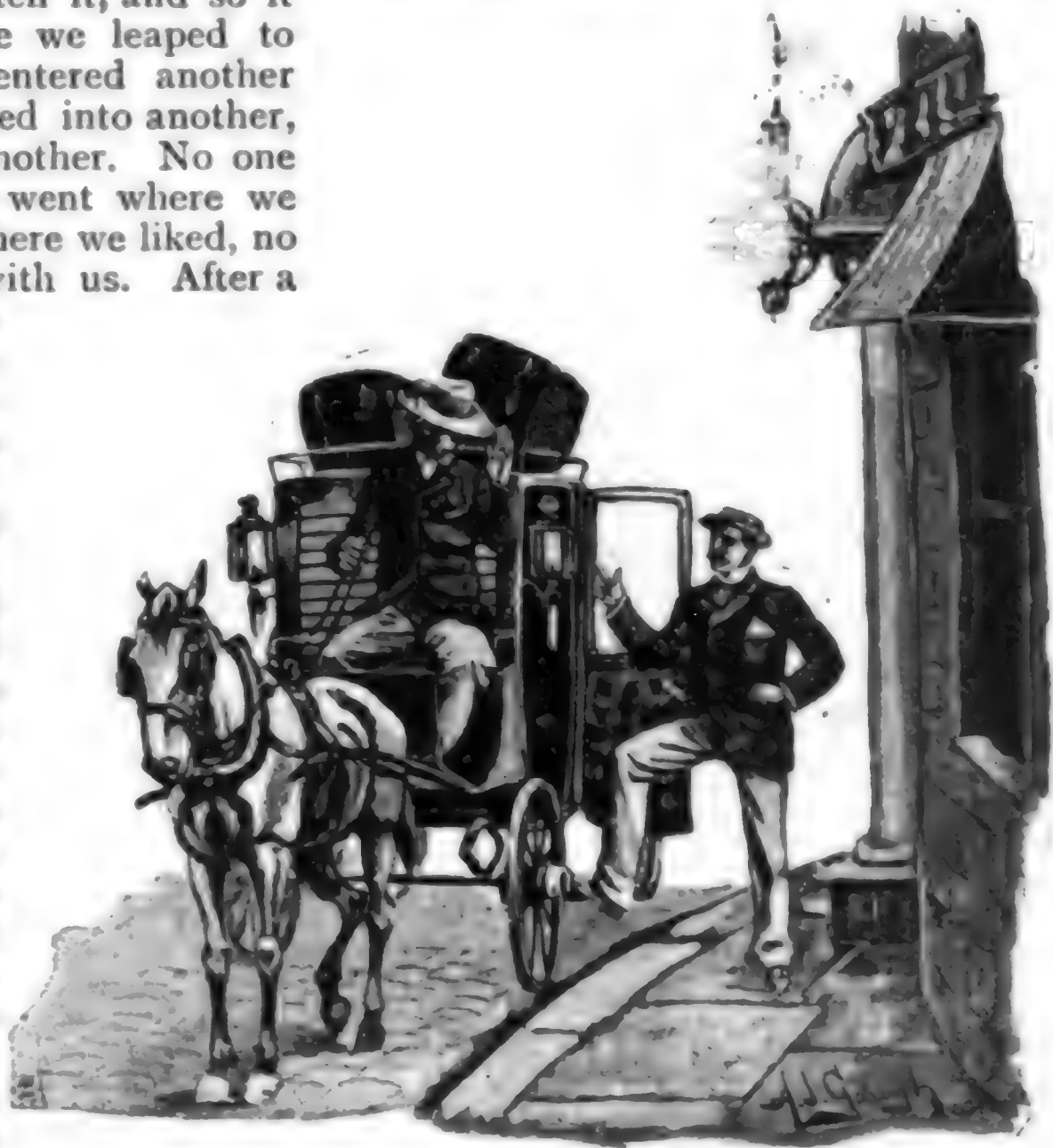
But just then some one shouted that the Palisades of the Hudson were in sight.

"Hang the Palisades," said the Duke languidly; "what are they?"

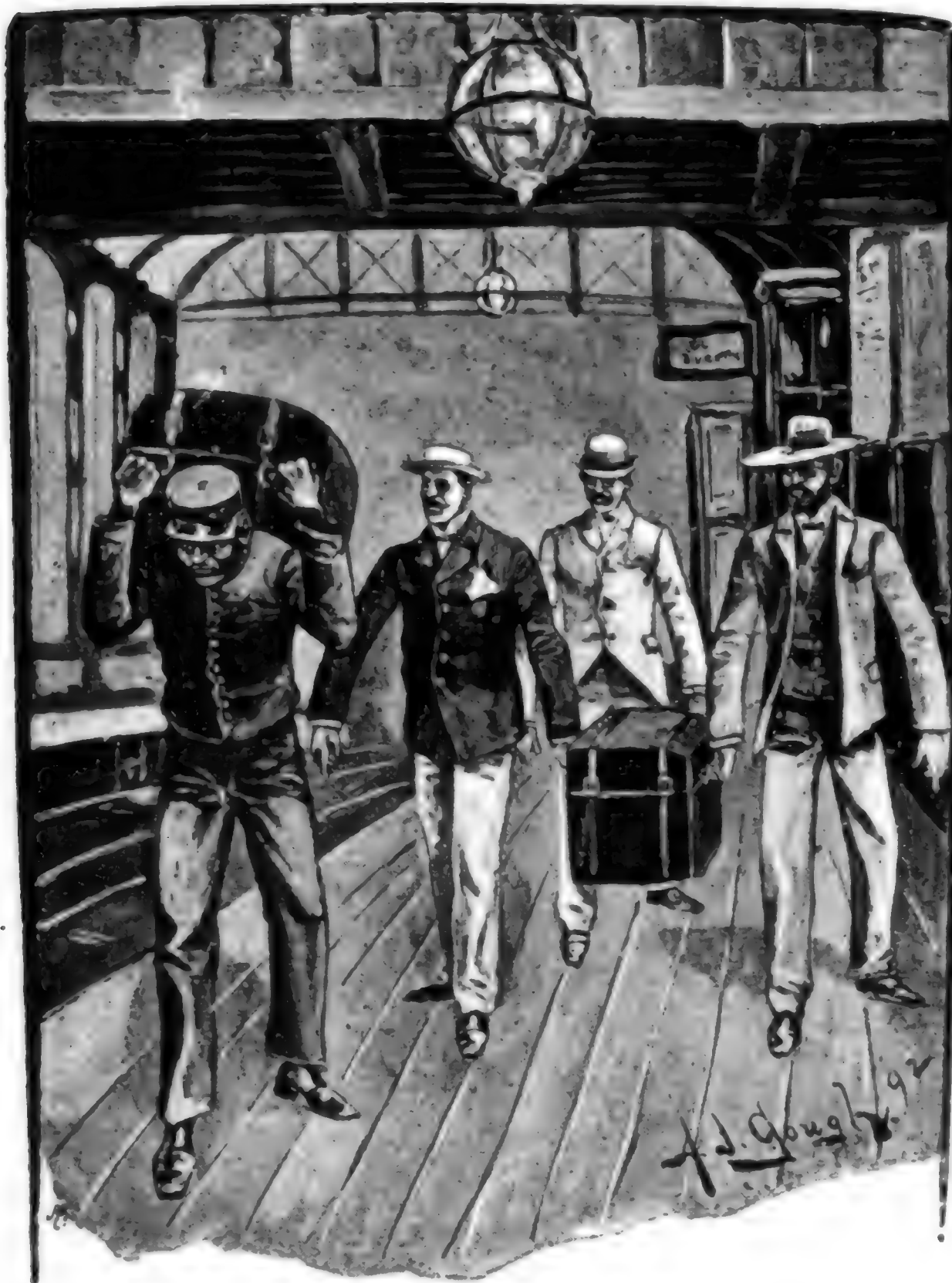
He received no answer, for all the passengers were scampering out.

We shook off our delicious lethargy and went out also. The air was vocal with exclamations, most of them feminine. This is what we heard: "Ain't that just elegant?" "Oh, ain't it just splendid?" "I call that perfectly lovely!" "Oh, ain't it just sweet?"

"Oh, it's pooty good," growled a man with a knotted countenance and a grisly



WE DEPARTED JOYOUSLY IN A CAR.



A DARKEY PORTER CONDUCTED US TO THE TRAIN.

beard. "Pooty good for the Hudson. But you should see the Mississippi. Now that is a river. One of its side eddies would clean overflow your little mud puddle. You down Eastern folks don't know what rivers is."

This man interested me, and I drew nigh to listen.

"But look at the scenery," said someone, "ain't it just magnificent?"

The man of the knotted countenance turned his eyes slowly upon the person who had spoken.

"Waal, that's 'cordin' to yer ideas of what is magnificent an' what is not. How high might them rocks be, now?"

Instantly a beautiful young lady at his elbow turned up her Guide-book.

"Three hundred feet," she replied triumphantly.

We waited with a lively interest for the response.

"An' that's yer idee of magnificence, is it?" said the man of the knotted countenance.

Here a young man came to the beautiful young lady's assistance.

"These Palisades that run along the river for at least fifteen miles are much admired, and I think justly," he said.

The young lady smiled approval; but the man with the knotted countenance made a wry face.

"You make me sick," he remarked, and then he went inside. He returned presently, with the gleam of battle fiercer in his eye than ever.

"You say them rocks is three hundred feet high," he said. Some one admitted it. He took a turn about the platform, then leaned over the railing, looking contemptuously at the Palisades. "I have seen cliffs two thousand foot sheer, and a hundred fathoms of water at the

bottom," he remarked slowly. "I have seen mountains fifteen thousand foot high, where the snow is eternal, and bears come of a night to warm their toes. I have seen gorges that deep the sun never touches bottom, except may be for a minute or two at noon. I have seen rivers so wide ye couldn't see to t'other side of 'em. Yes, sir, and yet ye talk of yer old Hudson an' its Palisades."

He cut a piece off a stalk of tobacco and chewed it as viciously as if he were crunching the Palisades.

"You have looked on some wonderful things, sir," said Brown.

The man with the knotted countenance spat; then eyed Brown all over. "Yes, sir, I guess you're just about right there," he answered at length.

"Might I ask in what part of the



world you saw all those marvels?" said Brown.

"Where would you think now?" responded the man of the knotted countenance. "It might be in Africa, or Asia, or Europe, or Australia, or Egypt, or Timbuctoo, but it warn't; it was right in this kentry that folks call Ameriky."

He looked at Brown as if to say, "contradict that if you dare."

"Oh, America's the country for scenery," chimed in the young man who had spoken before, "and though a height of three hundred feet is not to be compared to one of two thousand, still the Palisades are superb."

"One can hardly see them for advertisements," remarked Brown, whose quizzing spirit had returned. "It's a great pity that in this country—to which it is clear nature has been very bountiful—people should hide away their finest scenery under great, glaring, ugly advertisements. I defy you now to tell the original colour of those rocks."

"It's trade," said the young man. "I am an admirer of scenery—I admire it almost with the zest of an Englishman, but man cannot live by grand scenery, you know."

"We ain't no one-hoss consarn in this kentry," growled the man with the knotted countenance, unexpectedly. "We don't keep scenery for show. We turn it to use, turn everything to use. Yes, sir. We stick our ads. on it to let the world know what we're doing."

"And does it pay to insist so much on the virtues of your merchandise," asked Brown. "One would think the world would be growing a trifle tired of being told from rock and board and tree and house and fence and cart-tail board what it ought to do and what it ought to buy. Isn't the constant advice getting monotonous?"

"Monotonous," repeated the man of the knotted countenance. "No, sir. Good things don't grow monotonous. You see the Americans want none of yer hisalutin' nonsense. The scenery here is put to use. It's only in Europe that it's kept for show."

"And you Americans go over

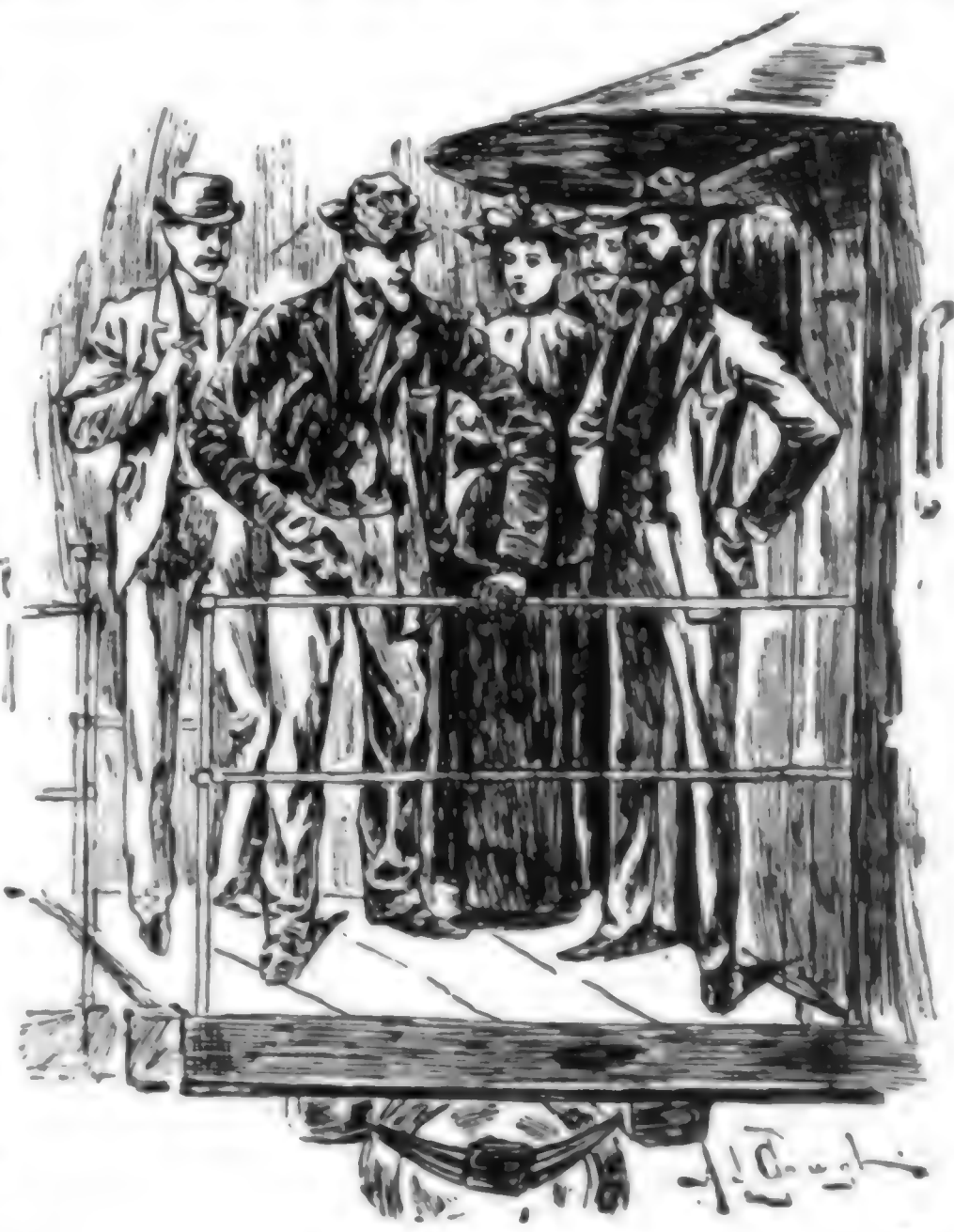
and pay for the privilege of looking at it," said Brown, quietly. "Let me tell you, European scenery's one of the best properties in the world—pays a higher dividend than the best of your oil wells or pork houses."

"Waal, now, what dividend might it pay?"

"I will give you the lump sum," answered Brown, "and you can make the calculation yourself. Americans spend in Europe every year a hundred million dollars for the privilege of gazing on European ruins and rocks."

The man of the knotted countenance snorted. "Waal," he said, "I 's'pose we have fools here like other kentries," and he stalked into the smoking-room.

Then with one accord we all fell to admiring the scenery along our route. The young ladies of the party declared unanimously it was lovely. And it is. There is, perhaps, no more picturesque view in the world than that to be obtained from a Wagner Palace Car on the New York Central Railway along the Hudson. The Palisades, which run along the western bank of the river, are not very high, as the man of the knotted counten-



HE LOOKED AT BROWN.

ance indicated, and they are disfigured, in some places horribly disfigured, by the natural genius for advertising, as Brown pointed out; yet, they are infinitely beautiful, in their endless variety and their magnificent setting of wood and water.

In a vivid sunshine that acted on the spirits like a rare wine, we sped on through scenes profoundly interesting to Englishmen, for our route lay through a country in which had taken place some of the most memorable events that helped to decide the fate of America and turn it from a colonial dependency into a great and independent Republic. Every foot of ground had its own tragic tale or romantic legend, its special vitalising song or story. Here Briton shed Briton's blood because politicians were mercenary, and thought not of statesmanship but of place. Here the primeval wanderer of the forests fought some of his most desperate and most futile battles against a foe into whose hand fate was playing. And, above all, one felt the presence of the mighty magician who has thrown the spell of his romantic genius over the entire region. We thought of Diedrich Knickerbocker and Rip Van Winkle. We ran close by Sleepy Hollow, and, in spite of our modern surroundings, in spite of the rush of train and the flutter of fashion—things so incongruous when musing on a twenty years' sleeper—we were touched by the subtle and dreamy sentiment of the place, because Washington Irving has made a few short pages of writing immortal. We hurried past Tarry Town, so named, Irving tells us, "by the good wives of the adjacent country, from the inveterate habit of their husbands to linger about the village tavern on market days." It seems that in old days husbands were troublesome, just as they are to-day.

There is not much sentiment in America; but here is one region in which it is found rich and rare, because a man who had failed in traffic devoted himself to Dutch and Indian legends, and made them realities, imaginative realities, for ever. I wish others would fail in commerce, to achieve like results in literature.

We passed many places of modern interest, such as Poughkeepsie (pronounced



I FELT SOMEONE DIGGING ME IN THE RIBS.

Pookeepsie), Syracuse, Albany, and Sing Sing. It is to Sing Sing that all the unsuccessful swindlers retire to live at the nation's expense. There is a considerable colony of them, for though success in swindling is the rule, still the practice is so large and the competitors so numerous that many fail. You will find defeated boodlers in Sing Sing, gaily picking oakum and breaking stones for their country's good. It is the only good thing most of them ever did for their native land.

We turned from the scenery to our easy-chairs with a feeling of profound, indeed, of sublime satisfaction. Nature is a striking spectacle at times, but it is art that gives comfort. I had just gone serenely to sleep when I felt someone digging me vigorously in the ribs. I started up with a ferocious feeling; but when I looked on the man who had roused me my courage died away, and with it my anger. I looked into the august face of the conductor and was dismayed. The conductors are chosen from among the most imposing men of the nation and are always awe-inspiring.



Some people think that a Turkish Pasha is awe-inspiring, and so in a sense he is; but he is nothing to the American conductor.

Having punched me into perfect wakefulness, the great man demanded my ticket, demanded it in a tone that indicated a clear belief I hadn't got it, and that it would be his pleasure to chuck me off the car. That chucking-off performance is of frequent occurrence in America, and is extremely awkward to one of the parties concerned. Many people in the States think they have a right to travel free. Sometimes they succeed in "dead heading" it and sometimes they fail. Those who succeed are mostly journalists and philanthropists; occasionally ministers of religion, great speculators and distinguished foreigners are among the successful. The best liar naturally succeeds best. A phenomenally good liar may scour the country free of expense; one who has not an uncommon gift of falsehood had better not try it, for the consequences of failure are sometimes painful. In England, when a man attempts to travel on a railway train without paying his fare he is hustled out, handed over to the police and given a week or three months at the discretion of the police magistrate. In America things are done differently. When the conductor, who is generally a humorist, comes upon a "dead head" he allows him to sit quietly until a lonely spot on the prairie or in the forest is reached, a spot thirty miles from any habitation. There the "dead head" is politely chucked off and left to find his way back to civilisation as best he may. Sometimes he dies of hunger by the way and is eaten by wolves; sometimes he is rescued by a passing hunter; occasionally he lives to shoot the conductor. But that satisfaction is rare and should not be counted on.

Our conductor went through the train like an autocrat, and like an autocrat sat on the passengers as often as he had an opportunity. If they could not immediately find their tickets he bullied them and made them nervous and insinuated they wanted to cheat. It was a great relief when we had all been badgered and the bear returned to his den. Rid of him, we reclined once more in the lap of luxury, rousing ourselves only to have refreshments along the line. We made Buffalo in the evening without accident, and

waited impatiently for the morrow to see Niagara.

## CHAPTER X.

NEXT morning we were up almost with the sun, our hearts beating high with eager hopes and expectations. The stimulating effects of the American climate have often been remarked. Travellers say it acts like a tonic, and on the whole travellers are right, though the effects of a proper tonic are likely to be speedier and more marked; not, however, more lasting. The American climate is exhilarating; there is no doubt whatever about it. It makes you step lightly and buoyantly, and confers a feeling of independence. That is why Americans, from the bootblack at the street corner to the President in the White House, are so independent. The climate gives them a stiff upper lip, so that in their own phrase they don't give a continental for anybody.

The morning was glorious: bright, bracing, full of the tonic properties aforesaid, and calculated, if ever a morning was, to make a man feel at peace with himself and the world. I am strongly tempted to give, at the very least, ten solid pages of the picturesque and poetic rhapsody which is the special delight of the literary tourist. I am in a mood to talk about fleecy clouds and rippling leaves and bathing sunshine; but I was too happy to take notes and I have clean forgotten whether the leaves danced in the orthodox style or whether there were opalescent gleams and mysterious skyey radiances; whether the wind sang or whistled or moaned, or whether there was any wind at all. I only know that we were very eager and supremely happy, for the reasons already indicated, and for the further and more important reason that we were within a few miles of the greatest natural wonder on earth.

It is said you can see the spray and hear the thunder of Niagara twenty miles away. Buffalo, being twenty-seven miles off, is beyond the limit. Sometimes, indeed, the Buffalo people pretend to see a grey mist hanging high in the air over the place where they know the falls are. But nothing is to be made of it with the naked eye of a Briton, and the keenest ear will hearken in vain for the roar of plunging, raging water. It is a pious

fraud on the part of the Buffalo folks to say that from their doorstep you can discern any evidence whatever of the existence of Niagara.

We got off with all haste; for not even the prospect of having the local four hundred leaders of fashion call on us in a body would have induced us to tarry. Had the mayor and corporation waited on us in their official robes and in State dignity requesting the honour of our presence at a civic banquet, I believe the Duke would

is not fair, would inevitably make a run upon it. I shall be glad to take shares in any public company formed for the purpose of distilling that perfume. That run of twenty-seven miles was worth the whole journey from England, the imposition, the disappointment, even the disgrace. Had there been no Niagara at the end, the memories of that morning would be pleasant.

We were in the smoking-room of our carriage when the thrilling cry, "Niagara" arose. It

roused us like the cry of 'land,' when you have been several weeks at sea. We rushed out upon the platform, shouting wildly, "Where—where?" After intimating that he saw no reason for being so tarnation excited over it, a man in a broad sombrero pointed with his finger and said, "There." We looked intently, but could discern nothing. After awhile, however, and with great straining, we made out the gauziest white film shimmering between us and the horizon. "There it is," cried the Duke, with the glee of a boy;



WE FELL IN WITH A GANG OF THIEVES.

have turned a deaf ear to the invitation. It was Niagara, Niagara—on to Niagara.

It was the autumn season, and the fragrance of ripe fruit was in the air. The distance between Buffalo and Niagara is one long apple orchard, an orchard that diffused an odour unknown in England. The perfume is still in my nostrils, and I hope will remain there, for it was positively the most delicious that ever tickled nose. If I were a chemist I would set to work forthwith to get that essence of apples. It would make a man's fortune, for the fair sex and, on the sly, the sex that

"don't you see it. There sure enough is Niagara."

"Nobody aint denyin' it," remarked the man who had pointed with his finger. "Niagara aint likely to run away. It was there last week when I passed east to Noo York, an' I guess it's there yet."

"I hope so," said the Duke innocently. "It would be a tremendous disappointment if we were to find Niagara had disappeared, would it not, now?"

"I 'spose it would be a kind of disappointmint if we found the moon had bust her under-pinnin' some night. Yes, I guess it *would* be disappointin' if Niagara



vamosed the ranch, so ter speak." And then he went inside with a sarcastic grin on his face.

The film grew every minute more and more distinct, till at length it took the form of a huge white pillar, or rather of a vast dome, poised baseless and motionless in air.

"And below that," exclaimed the Duke with emotion, addressing another stranger by his side, "below that rears the mighty cataract."

"Yes, sir," said the stranger, spitting indifferently.

"You have been there, sir?" said the Duke interrogatively.

"Yes, sir," said the man.

"Yet in approaching it again you are composed," said the Duke; "you are absolutely without a trace of emotion?"

"Yes, sir," said the man.

"Now tell me," said the Duke, "is Niagara as wonderful as we are led to believe?"

"Yes, sir."

"Quite?"

"Yes, sir."

"The mighty thunder goes on for ever and the raging of the torrent is ceaseless?"

"Yes, sir."

"And the water is green as it comes down, and there are rapids and whirlpools so that the beholder is lost in bewilderment?"

"Yes, sir."

A stoppage of the train brought the conversation to a close. We listened for the thunder, but it was not audible. Evidently Niagara was in a gentle mood that morning, for several people declared its voice ought to have been heard. However, it wasn't, and we had to wait, had to wait, indeed, until the train stopped altogether. Then we did hear a roar, a sullen, rushing, menacing roar that made the very ground tremble. We seized our portmanteaus and made for the Falls. But we had not gone a dozen yards when we fell in with a gang of thieves, who laid hands on us and struggled to get our goods. They called themselves guides: some of them had the word "guide" on a band on their hats; but that was a pure fraud, for their object was plunder. They did not care a straw whether or not we saw the Falls, but they were extremely anxious to get some of our coin. They carry on a system of legalised

brigandage, and are ruthless and rapacious beyond the power of the untutored imagination to conceive. They lie with the unction of a saint saying his prayers, and would murder but for the fear of being hanged.

As it was impossible to escape, we were forced to strike a bargain. We asked them to name their ransom, to make their own terms, and in Heaven's name to let us proceed. But there was much difficulty in coming to an understanding, for each individual brigand demanded a separate and personal payment. In other places where brigands flourish, a certain stipulated sum paid to the chief of a band is sufficient; but at Niagara they obey no authority and every man of them plunders on his own account. The consequence is there is much wrangling, sometimes I should say bloodshed, before all are satisfied. Indeed, as we discovered, it is quite impossible to satisfy them all. When you have exhausted the exchequer there are still clamouring, greedy wretches hungry for your gold. We threatened, we cajoled,



WE GAVE THAT VILLAIN OF A GUIDE A GOING OVER.

we swore we could do without the services of a guide, that we had been to Niagara often before and knew every inch of ground about it, and every drop of water. We lied with utter recklessness and self-surprising ingenuity; we did everything that men in a fix will do to free themselves. But it was no use. Our enemies hung on to us like leeches. Evidently they had made up their minds to have some of our blood, and it was clear that the easiest plan was to let them have their way. Brown whispered the desperate subterfuge of promising and not performing. "Let us tell them they can have their own terms, and that we will go with them where they like and pay what they demand, if only they let us proceed; then refuse to be fleeced." But a moment's reflection showed us this wouldn't do. At last we chartered the mildest-looking brigand of the lot to conduct us across the Niagara river to British soil, where there was a good hotel, as we were weary and yearned for rest. He agreed on condition that we should hire him afterwards. We were helpless, and

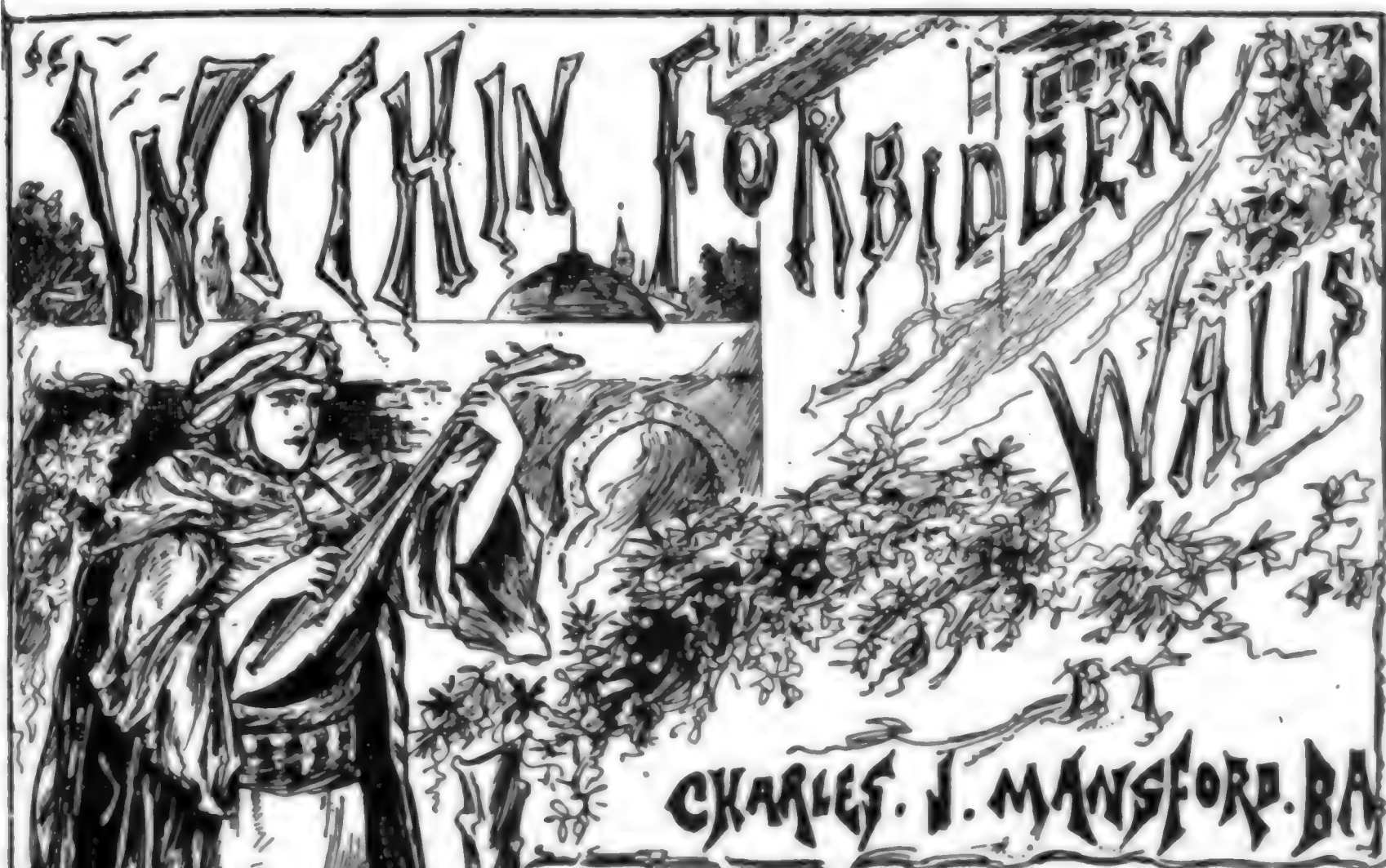
we promised. For a sum that many a London clerk would consider a good week's wage this American impostor was to go through the pretence of conducting us where no conductor was required, and of giving information and explanations that, in face of the majesty of Niagara, were impertinences bordering on blasphemy.

We crossed a suspension bridge—a graceful and airy structure, which is an engineering triumph—in front and in full view of the stupendous spectacle which men call the Niagara Falls. We were not permitted to stand and admire, nor reverently adore, as we might and should have done. The guide chattered his impertinent commonplaces and the passengers pressed; so we moved on. When our feet touched British soil we felt like sending up a resounding British cheer. We reached the hotel—a good one—and then collectively and separately we gave that villain of a guide a going over, with the result that he voluntarily threw up his contract, leaving us once more in peace under the old flag.

THE END.







*Author of "In Quest of the Brahmin's Treasure," "Shafts from an Eastern Quiver," "The Rent Veil of the Harim Slave," etc.*

#### CHAPTER I.

T was a still, starlight night upon the Red Sea. Far away in the dis-

tance could be discerned the top of Jebel Radhwah towering eastward beyond the plain which ran down to where the phosphorescent waves dashed upon the rock-strewn shore, or forced their way up the creek leading to the harbour of Yambo, the City of the Sea.

A strange and motley throng it was, indeed, which crowded to the prow of the pilgrim ship bound thither from Suez on their way to Medinah and thence to Mecca, for the Hajj was begun, and they were intent on visiting the cities sacred to mighty Mahomet. Yet, though the travellers were anxious to disembark from the hulk—called by courtesy a ship—that had conveyed them in sight of Yambo, Harad, the owner and pilot of the clumsy craft, refused to steer them through the rocks and shoals ahead till day dawned. No amount of threats hurled at his

devoted head in diverse languages could shake his resolution, and at last the pilgrims were forced to adopt an appearance of philosophic indifference, which they were far from feeling, and to await his pleasure to land them.

Egyptians from the cities of the Nile, Arabs returning once more to El Hejaz, Syrians, Turks and even Maghrabis formed the passengers. They were as yet clad in their proper attire, which soon would be put off when, with shaven heads and their bodies enfolded in cotton pilgrim cloths, they prepared to take part in the coming ceremonies, and to enter Mecca the Holy.

By dint of much pushing and expostulating, two of those who were among the passengers secured for themselves a resting place upon a tattered fragment of carpet spread upon the worm-eaten deck of the vessel, and, too excited to sleep, they sat in converse together.

One of the two men wore the costume of an Arab sheik, the rich embroidery of his kamis, or long white garment, being partly hidden by the short-sleeved camel's cloak which graced his person, while its silken lining matched in hue the crimson sash which gathered the flowing kamis

about his waist. His companion was a Turk, judging from his costume and the hamail, or pocket koran, suspended by scarlet silk cords passing over his left shoulder, and supporting a richly embroidered case, in which the volume was placed.

"I have marked thee carefully," began the Arab sheik, with Eastern familiarity, as the two sat facing each other, "and oft have I wondered that a man such as thou art has no story to tell of his life, such as each night the pilgrims have in turn related. A fierce spirit is thine, so speaks every feature which thou hast; surely it has led thee once, at least, into peril, or my judgment is mistaken. Some hours have we yet to while away before the dawn, at the coming of which Harad promises to land us, having made the harbour. Tell me but a little of thy history, Sarik, before the land pilgrimage begins and the opportunity be past."

"Sheik," responded Sarik, the Turk, "many words of scorn hast thou uttered against the pilot of the pilgrim ship, yet but two years ago he relieved me when in great peril. Come to the vessel's side and tell me if in the distance there thy eyes discern aught."

Following the direction in which the Turk pointed, the sheik saw the grey outlines of a distant city, and answering thus to his companion, the latter responded:

"Aye, it is even so, for there, a mile from the water's edge, is the walled town over which Waha, the Emir, rules, whose cruelty is a byword among the followers of Mahomet. A strange story is mine, yet shalt thou hear it, for because of Waha I am now on pilgrimage."



"COME TO THE VESSEL'S SIDE."

The sheik, observing that the narrator was becoming engrossed in his adventure, motioned to those who had gathered round unbidden to hear the story to preserve silence, and then waited for the Turk to resume.

"Waha, the Emir, hath an evil eye, and when it fell upon Haidie, my beloved, he ordered her to be sent to his harim, caring not that she objected, for his word is as law to the dwellers in the city. So, then, it chanced that I, having paid a visit to Yambo, one day returned to find that my betrothed had been suddenly seized and carried off in my absence to fill a place among the

throng of fair women in Waha's anderoon.

"At first a fierce passion rose within me to slay the one who had despoiled me thus, but remembering the Emir's retinue of eunuchs by whom he was guarded when passing through the devious ways of the city, I thought out a plan by which to meet craft with craft, and to snatch fair Haidie from the despot's power. Little did I know what the result of my stratagem would be, but in the name of Allah and the Prophet I made a strange venture, of which thou shalt hear.

"It chanced the next day that the Emir, having recited some verses from the koran after his ablutions, drew upon his feet again his slippers, and leaving the mosque in which he had been worshipping, wended his way to his harim. On nearing the latter, he found that the foremost of his eunuchs suddenly became involved in a quarrel with one who had barred the way by which the Emir would seek to pass. His haughty way was like to cost him dear, for it was with one who



had learnt well to guard and thrust with the sword that he foolishly engaged, for eunuchs are eager to show their power and quick to bring men into conflict if they think they have a royal partisan to aid them.

"Know then that it was with me that the eunuch fought, and forgetting my plan, I sprang at my opponent and sent him reeling to the earth, although some of the servile crew had wrenched from me my weapon.

"Thou slave, thou dog!" cried the Emir. "Spawn of an infidel, thou shalt answer for thy deed with thy life!"

"Who art thou?" I demanded hotly, for I pretended not to know him.

"Dost thou not know, thou Arab dog?" the Emir demanded, falling into the snare which I sought to gather round him.

"By the beard of the Prophet, no!" I replied. "I am come into the city but to-day, and thou mayest see that I wear the attire of a barshi (musician), and yonder is my one-stringed lute, which this fellow

sought to snatch from me. Before the sun sets in the west I hope to see the illustrious Waha, of whom I heard in a far land, for he is famous in every Asian city. Not thus would he permit his eunuch slave to treat one who came seeking an audience, that on the lute and by his strains the barshi may make known how great is Waha's fame."

"The Emir looked at me, scarcely able to conceal his pleasure at the flattering words which I had spoken.

"Know, then," he said, assuming an air of gravity and importance, "that the one thou seekest is before thee. Lo! I am Waha, the Emir!"

"*Allahumma saeli alayh*' (Allah bless him!) I exclaimed, turning to the eunuchs, who looked astonished at the change of the Emir's tone towards me, and thought what was like to be the fate of their over-zealous leader who had insulted me, thinking thus to please his lord.

"Great Waha," I continued humbly, "The Sultan, before whom I have been bidden at times to sing of the might of his orient rule, speaks of thee not as a subject, but as one sovereign does of another. Yet now that mine eyes have rested upon thee, permit thy slave to depart, for to



"LO! I AM WAHA, THE EMIR!"

enter thy harim, or to spend but one short hour with Waha, the Emir, listening to my poor efforts is more than I now dare to hope for."

"If he had known how eagerly I waited for the reply to my prompting, the Emir would have looked upon me with a less credulous air than he did.

"Why, now, by Allah, thou art a strange fellow!" he exclaimed: "Thou speakest of thy entry into the Sultan's palace as if it were naught, and yet art afraid to ask of me the boon to play upon that rubabah of thine in my harim! Art thou timid lest its high walls may fall upon thee at thy presumption?"

and he laughed, amused at his own words.

"‘Not so, great Waha,’ I responded, my heart beating violently at the prospect held out of the complete success of my plan: but thou knowest that with the Arabs it is customary to seek the purpose of Allah by opening at random the sacred koran and marking what is writ upon the pages.’

"‘Hast thou done this thing?’ the Emir asked, curious to know how my investigation bore out his allotted destiny: ‘Speak, slave, tell me what thou did’st read therein.’

"I looked at the eunuchs and then at the Emir without responding. He understood me and sharply commanded his retinue to pass on. I followed at Waha’s side still pouring flattering words into his ears with idle tongue, for well I knew his ambition and his weakness for seeking out divers ways to tell of what would be his end.

"‘I read, illustrious Waha?’ I replied, ‘words which spake of one man’s fall and of the rise of another who under him ruled in a wondrous way a city which afar looked upon a sea. Nay! Start not, nor doubt the barshi’s word, for by the koran I tell thee that one day——’ and I whispered what it is not lawful to utter into the foolish man’s ear. Waha flushed crimson with gratified ambition as though already he clasped the prize he longed for; then, as we approached the high walls which surrounded his harim, he murmured:

"‘Barshi, thou art a man whom I may one day raise to a high estate when thy words come true which thou hast spoken. Enter the harim, for I will permit thee to tune thy instrument and relate what thou hast heard of my greatness afar. Thou shalt rest thee beside the fountain in the midst of the garden, and my women shall hear thee through the openings of the lattice of the anderoon which looks down upon the fair scene. Chant high thy melody, for among them is one who looks not kindly on me yet, but thy words will teach her the greatness of her new-found lord.’

"I humbly bent in token of submission to his word, then caught my breath as I heard the portal close and found myself so strangely within those forbidden walls."

## CHAPTER II.

"OBEDIENT to Waha’s command, the servile eunuchs spread for him a sumptuous carpet, upon which he reclined, beside a crystal fountain. About it, on three sides, rose the harim, built of rose-coloured granite which vied in beauty with the masses of roses of every hue scenting the air as does the famous attar thence distilled.

"Before the Emir, then, I bent and, touching my lute, chanted to him aloud a string of praises, which rose even to the ears of the listeners in the anderoon. Through the lattice above the corbels I could descry faintly the outlines of those whose dark eyes flashed at the words I sent floating upwards, borne upon the summer air. With all a lover’s hope, I felt assured that Haidie gazed down upon me and discovered her Turkish adorer, in spite of the disguise of an Arabian barshi which I had assumed.

"‘Thou hast a sonorous voice, barshi,’ said the Emir, when I had at last concluded, ‘and thine every word is clear as the Red Sea, through which one may see the coral building to the water’s height. Much have thy words cheered me, for of late the ambition which devours me has at times seemed too great to attain its object. My eunuchs shall attend thee; rest upon this carpet, for thou art surely wearied. To-morrow at this hour thou mayest come again, till then Allah preserve thee,’ and with princely air Waha entered his harim, leaving me still in his wondrous garden.

"I had not time to note more than a little of what I sought when two eunuchs approached me, one of whom I recognised as he whom I overthrew of late. His face wore a look of anxiety, and lowly he bent as he asked:

"‘Hast thou sufficiently rested, illustrious barshi? Lo, Waha bids us see thee through the portals when thou desirest to depart.’

"I looked at the eunuch curiously, for never in the space of a few hours had I seen such a change as his countenance plainly depicted.

"‘Nay,’ I answered, ‘the fragrance of the flowers, with the trembling spray from the fountain which makes them glitter as diamonds, bids me stay till I am rested. Thou who did’st snatch my



lute and thus offend one such as thou seest I am, hast thou no word of regret to utter for thy misdeed ?'

" 'The hand of fate has smitten me,' answered the eunuch ; ' this day my hot blood has undone me, for the Emir is likely to order my death for touching thee, although I knew not that thou wert a favoured one of the Prophet. Hear me, barshi, and be generous to a despot's slave. If thou wilt send but a word to Waha asking forgiveness on my behalf, there is nothing that I will not do for thee, if thou canst use me in any way.'

" 'Nothing ?' I asked, for a strange thought inspired me to change my plan for the release of Haidie which I had thought out ; 'Thou sayest that perhaps thy life will be forfeited, how if I plead for thee, wilt thou in return perform a service for me ?'

" 'Ask Waha for my life and thy slave will do whatever thou desirest without questioning the result, for in three days I much fear that I shall be bound and cast into the Red Sea. Once before this fate has been threatened me and to-day I saw Waha's face grow dark and the desire to slay rise up and gleam in his eyes.'

"The second eunuch had moved away and heard not our conversation, though he seemed once to make a sign to me which unhappily I did not understand:

" 'It is but a slight thing that thou canst do for me,' I said. 'Yet if thou dost it I promise to-morrow, when next I see Waha, to speak in thy favour and clear thee from blame.'

" 'Speak,' said the eunuch briefly, and he stood awaiting my desire. I drew from the sleeve of my robe a small packet and thrust it into the slave's hand, although his fellow, who happened to

observe the action, frowned. I felt half afraid to trust the eunuch, but Haidie was in a desperate strait and, if I failed to save her, death would find me ready, for without her I desired not to live.

" 'Take this,' I replied, 'and see that it is delivered into the hands of the Emir's latest comer in the harim. Thou need not fear, for it contains only a message to her to be of good cheer and to accept the high position which Waha's kindness would give her. I heard that a woman

had recently entered here and have a mind to do the Emir a kindness unawares, for we barshis are peacemakers.'

" 'Thou did'st grip me as though thou wert a lion and I a jackal outside the harim's walls ; I like not what thou hast asked me to do, barshi. One slip or one glance too keen from prying eyes which abound here and the three days I may have to live would diminish to hours,' said the eunuch hesitatingly.

" 'Thou refusest ?' I asked in assumed anger ; 'so be it. The maiden is nought to me, and thy life being in the balance it shall turn adversely to death, for never a word will I speak to

Waha in thy behalf,' and I rose making as if to leave the harim. 'See !' I continued, pointing to a ring upon my hand, for a barshi, unlike a good Arab sheik, as thou knowest, may wear such baubles ; 'Had'st thou performed this little kindness in secret thou should'st have had this gem in addition to thy life ; it was a present to me from the Sultan himself and has marvellous powers, now thou hast lost both by thy ill-timed hesitation.'

"The eunuch eyed the ring with greedy glances.

" 'Bestow that upon me and thy packet shall be delivered,' he said eagerly.



"I DREW FROM MY SLEEVE."

"I drew the ring from my finger, saying:

"Send thy fellow slave away, leave me to pass from this garden when I will, and the rare gem is thine, even before thou deliverest the package."

"It is thine," I exclaimed, and I placed the ring in the eunuch's hand. He looked at me closely, smiled, then beckoned his companion away, and a moment after I was alone in the garden. Passing down it I saw the great porphyry bath, and beyond it rose a bower, wherein I betook myself and waited for sunset, and then the starry night to overtake me.

"Long were the hours of watching, but one by one at last the lamps within the harim were extinguished, and a great feeling of excitement rose within me, for I had asked the maiden to rise when all were asleep, and to wend her way into

the garden, and the loose sash which I wore would accomplish the rest, since in it were carefully concealed some coils, to which we both might cling, and so pass down in safety from the high garden walls. So I planned, but hear thou what followed.

"I watched the space beyond the fountain, and when I descried a woman's form, wrapped in a flowing robe, come forth, I hastened from my place of concealment, and a moment after my beloved looked with joy upon my face, and chided me for daring so much in her behalf. Through the clustering flowers, heavily scenting the cool air, we passed, and then prepared for the effort to climb to the height of the wall, aided by some massy coral rock-work, which formed the arbour I had noticed.

"Haidie passed upon this with nervous fear, clinging to my guiding hand, then suddenly she seemed to slip, and I, seeking to uphold her, found myself seized from behind! A minute elapsed, in which I struggled desperately for freedom; then found myself bound hand and foot, gazing helplessly, on as several of the Emir's slaves forced my beloved to enter the harim again, from which I had thought to free her.

"How now, thou knave!" said a voice, which I knew, even in the faint starlight, was that of the Emir. "It is thus that thou wished to do me a kindness! So thou spakest to the eunuch, to whom thou gavest a package, which was delivered after I had read it. The fellow has saved his life at the cost of thine, for at dawn thou shalt be bowstrung. None saw thee enter, and surely none shall see thee depart; while as to the maiden with whom thou hast this intrigue, she shall try if the waters of the Red Sea can still



THROUGH THE CLUSTERING FLOWERS.



drown, as they have done so oft. Why, thou art the veriest charlatan at such jugglery as ever lived. To trust a man whom thou hast once injured! Barshi, thy lute will be silent for ever, for such treachery as thine deserves no other less fitting punishment. Away with him!' the Emir cried, and then I was lifted bodily up by the eunuchs and thrust into a stone dungeon beneath the harim, there to stifle, or, if I lived, to be bowstrung at sunrise.

"I lay upon the floor of my dungeon, without moving for some time, wondering how soon Haidie would meet her fate, and if she would know then that her lover had been slain the morning after his fatal attempt to free her. I did not revile Waha, for I knew the risk I ran before entering the harim, if the worst befell me.

"The darkness of my dungeon was suddenly banished, for I saw a lighted torch thrust in, and then a eunuch appeared and glided noiselessly towards me.

" 'I am awake and ready,' I cried, 'thou needest not fear to disturb me; yet doubtless in a few minutes I shall be asleep for ever.' I scanned the man's face, thinking that it was he whom I had smitten come to conduct me forth to death, or even to slay me as I lay there bound and resistless. The glare from the torch lit up, to my surprise, the face of the second eunuch, he who had motioned to me in the garden, as his words soon made me understand.

" 'Assuredly Waha was right,' he said, as he stooped over me and in an instant severed the bonds which held me; 'thou wert too credulous by far to trust a man whose life was threatened. I warned thee with my glance and gestures, but thou did'st heed me not.'

" 'Peace, slave!' I cried; 'do thy mas-



"THOU MAYEST YET ESCAPE DEATH?"

ter's bidding; it is better to die thus than never to have tried to save the one in quest of whom I came. Thy weapon of death finds me ready, I shall not flinch; and I raised my head waiting the end.

" 'Barshi,' he whispered, 'thou mayest yet escape death; and if thou wilt profit by thy adversity and be more cautious, who knows but what thy loved one may be yet snatched from the hands of Waha?'

" 'Can thou do this thing or help me?' I gasped out, reeling with the hope which flickered up suddenly in my breast. He looked at my swollen feet and hands, for the bonds had been tightly placed upon them.

" 'Nay,' he answered, 'I can and will free thee, but the maiden *thou* must save. Waha told thee what her fate would be; let thy love find a way to thwart him once thou art safely beyond the harim walls. Come!' and he moved to the door of the

dungeon, whither I followed, wondering why he chose to deliver me.

" 'Tell me,' I said, 'before I make this venture, why dost thou help me to escape? Art thou not afraid that Waha will find thee out and slay thee?'—for I desired not that the eunuch should perish in serving me thus.

" 'Dost thou not know that envy can enter through the walls even of a harim?' he asked. 'Between me and the one whom thou did'st strike there is no bond of friendship, for of the two I would be first. While yet he lies asleep I have taken from him the keys which he keeps, and so have opened for thee thy dungeon. When he awakes at dawn he will find them by him again, and then, hastening to see thee slain, will read by the empty dungeon the signal of his doom. Pity him not, barshi, for he it is who has so long urged on Waha to his countless deeds of violence. Take thou thy liberty, and going to the coast of the Red Sea thou wilt find a cave which lies a league from Yambo. There watch and sleep not, however tired thou mayest be, for only thus wilt thou be ready when the opportunity to save thy beloved arrives.'

"The eunuch spoke no more, but led

me to the portal whence I had never thought to repass alive; then noiselessly he closed the heavy door, and lo! I was free again to make another effort to save Haidie, if that were possible. Following the advice given, I hastened to the sea shore, and when morning came sought out the cave, and having found it, hid within it. Before the night came upon the sea again I had cause to remember the eunuch's words at parting."

### CHAPTER III.

"HARDLY had it grown dusk that day when I saw a number of eunuchs making towards the water's edge and bearing with them a heavy burden. I crept towards them, keeping well within the shadows which gathered round the red granite, which stretched for some distance on either side of the cave.

"Nearer and nearer I crept, then saw to my consternation that two of them held my beloved, who, bound hand and foot, was too terrified to utter a single cry. With a laugh of derision, they flung her into the waves, which seemed to run in at their feet and to bear away on the crest of a huge billow her to save whom I

had been waiting. I saw them turn and leave the spot, confident that the Emir's command had been carried out, then, drawing a deep breath, I plunged headlong into the yawning waves.

"Darker and darker it grew and many a time I was cast back upon the shore, only to press forward again as my eyes faintly distinguished the gleam of the maiden's white garment far out at sea. How long I battled with the waves I know not, but Allah and the Prophet



I FLUNG MYSELF DOWN BY HER SIDE.



heard my cries for succour and so I was borne nearer and nearer to the drowning maiden.

"Once I thought to take her, but as my arm was stretched forth to do so, swiftly she was hurled past me, her floating hair brushing my face like tangled seaweed. Again I made towards her, and that time seized the unconscious maiden. I turned my face to land once more and shuddered as I saw the distance which stretched between, for never did I think to reach it with the burden I supported.

"When next I remember aught it seemed that for a time my senses had fled through the weary battle with the waves, for I found myself lying bruised upon the shore, left there by the receding tide, and the maiden was not at my side. I rose and would have cast myself into the sea, so great was the despair which held me, when as I moved on with my eyes half blinded by the salt waters in which I had struggled of late, my feet stumbled, and there, half hidden in the weeds cast upon the shore, I saw once more the gleam of Haidie's robe.

"I flung myself down by her side and, after long efforts, saw her eyes open and the warm blood mantle her cheek and brow and at last bore her away to the cave, where she rested, sunk in a deep slumber.

"When it was again day, the eunuchs came once more to the shore and searched for the body of the maiden, to see if haply it had been cast up. I watched them from the cave, turning my eyes at times upon the sleeping form of her whom they vainly sought.

"The waves have engulfed her,' I heard one of them say, and recognised the voice of him who delivered me from the dungeon.

"The Emir bade us search carefully the whole shore for the body, that the sight of it might inspire the rest of his harim with fear,' replied another. 'I like not to return without the maiden.'

"Thou art zealous indeed, methinks, responded the first, with a laugh in which I fancied that I could detect an anxious tone; 'art thou not satisfied after thy efforts, or dost thou desire to keep us under the blaze of the sun for a whole day? Come, get thee back, or not kindly will I treat thee when Waha promotes me. Thou didst hear him say that when the keeper of the escaped barshi dies I

am to have his office; think, then, ere thou keepest me here bent on a useless task.' The eunuch, hearing these words, moved reluctantly on, followed by the others.

"When the danger was passed, I left the cave and gathering some shell-fish from the rocks, bade Haidie partake of them. All that day I busied myself in the effort to make a raft from the wreckage which lay so plentifully upon the storm-swept shore, for the maiden feared to return to Yambo, and entreated me to cross the Red Sea to the opposite coast. I knew the perils of such a rash enterprise: for sixty leagues to traverse thus seemed to be a sheer impossibility. Yet for her I would not hesitate to make the trial, and at last the sorry craft was ready.

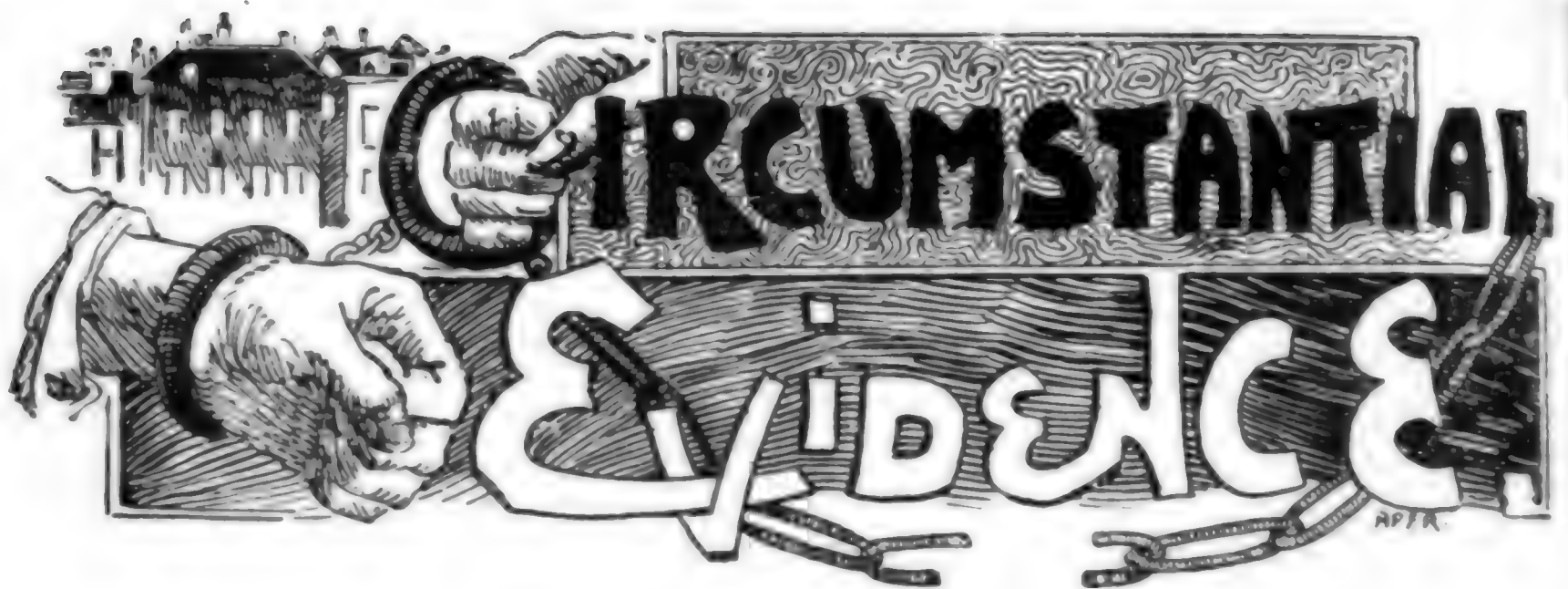
"I placed the maiden on the raft and, following her, tried to force our frail hope of safety westward. All night we were the sport of wind and wave, and many times we sat with arms entwined, thinking to meet thus the end which threatened us.

"Now it chanced that Harad, the pilot of the pilgrim ship on which we now are, was looking out to sea at dawn and saw us on the raft, which was rapidly breaking up.

"Putting his vessel round and heeding not the remonstrances of the pilgrims who knew not his purpose, he made for us; and well it was that he did, for by the time he reached us we were again in the waters. I held the maiden once more supported by one arm and with the other clung to a broken spar—all that I could grasp of the shattered raft on which we set out.

"Before long we were upon the pilgrim ship, and when, after leaving Yambo, Harad returned to Suez, he carried us thither. There I left Haidie on the day that of late this vessel set out again, for to Allah and Mahomet I have vowed this pilgrimage, since Haidie has become my bride."

"A bold spirit has thou indeed," said the sheik, looking with approval upon the Turk, as the latter concluded his story: "and much thou owest to Harad, the pilot." Just then in the far east the dawn appeared and Harad steered his vessel up the creek, while the pilgrims crowded and jostled to the prow again, each wishing to be first to set foot on the land before them beyond the harbour of Yambo.



# CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE

BY CHARLES OGILVIE.

**T**HE English summer had set in with its accustomed severity. People were complaining of the cold wet weather, as though fine weather were a thing they had a right to expect at that season of the year. Notwithstanding years of experience to the contrary, everybody had hopefully anticipated sunny skies and warm breezes in July.



THE POLICEMAN GLANCED SUSPICIOUSLY AT HIM

One pitilessly cold wet night in that month, a few solitary pedestrians hurrying along one of the streets off the Euston Road, with heads bent down to shield their faces from the biting wind and sleet, cast passing glances at the figure of a man standing silent and immovable on the pavement. His gaze was steadfastly fixed upon one of the windows of a house on the opposite side, and the policeman on the beat glanced suspiciously at him ere he "moved on" into the darkness of the streets.

Although it was the month of July, a fire was evidently burning in the room on the window of which the man's gaze was fixed so steadfastly, for the light within flickered and died out, then suddenly shone quite brightly for a moment out into the misty darkness of the street, and died again.

Presently the watcher lowered his gaze from the window, and strode across the road to the house, and knocked loudly at the door.

Obtaining no response, he rang the bell and knocked again, without result.

He lifted his rain soaked hat, and wiped away the moist drops from his face and forehead. By the dim, misty light of a neighbouring lamp he looked like a man of middle age, who was borne down with worry and trouble; for in the murky shadow the deep lines under his eyes and on his forehead, and the hollows in his cheeks were deepened and intensified.

He waited on the door-step for several minutes, then knocked again louder than before. Then he recrossed the road to look up at the window, through which he had seen the glow of the firelight, and as he glanced upward his heart stood still



with horror. A bright crimson light shone from the window up into the sky, and the interior of the room was a roaring furnace; the glass of the windows began to crack, and tongues of flame, embedded in a volume of smoke, leaped out and licked the stone parapet above.

"Fire! Fire!" he shouted hoarsely, but no one heard. He rushed across the road to the house again, and climbed to the ledge of the first window within his reach, and smashed the glass in with his fist. But the heavy oak shutters within defied his attempts to effect an entrance.

He sprang down again to the pavement, and ran wildly up the street, shouting, almost screaming, for help; but no one was out that cold, wet night, except the policeman, who was away at the far end of the beat.

Back he came again to the burning house alone. A small knot of people had collected in the street, and one man was just starting off to alarm the fire brigade. Dishevelled heads were being thrust out of the top windows of all the neighbouring houses.

"Oh, save her! Save her!" he cried, as he rushed into the midst of the group of men standing idly by, awaiting the arrival of the fire engines.

"Wot's the matter, guv'nor," asked a great burly ruffian, one of the night birds who prowl around the streets under cover of the darkness, seeking their prey.

"My wife!" he shrieked. "She's inside. Oh, can't you help me to save her?"

"Wot can we do?" asked the ruffian grimly. "We ain't going to risk our bloomin' necks for you, are we? Save 'er yerself, if you're so anxious."

"Hi! Hi! Hi!"

There was a sound of galloping horses, and the sharp rattle of wheels, as the first fire engine dashed upon the scene, then

another, and another, and another, arriving from different quarters.

The men sprang off and ran to their different posts of duty.

"Anybody inside?" asked the officer in charge.

"Yes, my wife! Oh, save her, save her."

"All right. Stand aside there."

By this time the plugs had been opened, the hose screwed on, and the steamers were already throwing jets of water through the broken window into the room where the fire had just been seen.

But the entire house was in flames, and clouds of suffocating smoke, depressed by the heavy wet atmosphere, rolled down into the street, blinding and suffocating the workers and lookers on.

Any living soul within the building must have perished long since.

The poor husband rushed frantically backward and forward, in and out among the panting engines, through the smoke and steam, under the streams of water, gesticulating and screaming: "My wife: my wife! save my wife! We parted in anger. Oh, save her!"

Suddenly his wild career was arrested by the grasp of a strong hand on his collar, and a harsh voice in his ear.

"Hulloa, young man! You know something about this, do yer? I thought you'd had a hand in it."

And looking up he found himself confronted by the policeman of the beat, who had watched him so suspiciously earlier in the evening.

"It's my house!" he cried. "My wife's inside."

"Oh, is it? Then don't you say nothing more, or it may be used as evidence against yer."

The poor man, scarce knowing what he did, made an effort to free himself, but



"MY WIFE!" HE SHRIEKED. "SHE'S INSIDE."

was only pinioned tighter and thrown on the ground. Then, another policeman arriving on the scene, the two constables unceremoniously hauled him to his legs between them.

"He says it is his own house, and his wife is burnt to death inside," said the first one to his comrade. "He's been hanging about in the street watching the house all the evening. Looks to me like arson, if not murder. We'd better take him to the station."

"Right y'are. . . . Now then, stand up, will yer, and come along."

In another minute the poor man, limp and helpless, in his mental agony scarce comprehending what was passing, was being dragged forcibly to the nearest police station, to be charged on suspicion with the crime of wilfully setting fire to his own house, and thereby causing the death of a lady and the servant.

"You say the house is nearly burnt out, and neither of the two women have escaped?" asked the inspector.

"Yes, sir," said the constable.

The inspector looked serious. "I'm afraid," said he to the man before him,

"that I shall have to keep you here. The charge may possibly be wilful murder. It is my duty to ask you what you have to say, but at the same time I caution you that whatever you do say will be taken down in writing, and may be used as evidence against you."

The prisoner stared at him dazed and stupid, and the inspector, being a good-natured fellow, seeing the pitiable state he was in, advised him to send for a solicitor and await his advice before making any remark, as the charge against him was so serious.

The wisdom of the inspector's advice seemed to gradually dawn upon the prisoner's shattered mind, and he mentioned the name and address of a well-known solicitor, who was immediately sent for.

After this the poor fellow completely broke down, and was led away in a dazed semi-unconscious state to a cell, to await the time for his appearance as one of the "night charges" before the magistrate in the morning.

About an hour before the Court opened, the solicitor called, and asked to be permitted to see the prisoner. He was accordingly ushered into the cell, where the man was seated on a wooden bench, his elbows on his knees and head bowed in his hands, sobbing and moaning as if his heart were breaking.

He seated himself also on the bench, and laid his hand on the prisoner's arm.

"I am very sorry to find you here, like this," he said; but met with no response.

"Will you give me your instructions for the defence?" he asked, after a pause.

"No," was the curt reply.

"Why not? You must be aware that it is a very serious charge against you, and some defence must be made."

"Very well, make it; but let me alone."

"You must tell me something, however little, to guide me."

"Oh, my poor darling," sobbed his client. "If only we had not parted in anger—"

"Tell me all about it," whispered the solicitor. "Perhaps I can help you."

"I don't want your help. She is dead and I may as well die too."

The solicitor knew how to manage an intractable client, and, when the prisoner's lips began to open, held his own tongue. His silence irritated the man, and he asked.

"Well, what are you going to do?"

"To defend you if you will give me the necessary particulars. If not I shall return to my office."

The tone of the remark irritated the man still more, and effected its purpose in rousing him from his morbid meditations.

"Look here," he said



TELL ME ALL ABOUT IT.



vehemently. "You can't do me any good, because all I want now is to die, and that the sooner the better. But I'll tell you all I know."

The solicitor was all attention, but no word or comment passed his lips.

"Look here," said his client. "I'll tell you, and you can judge whether it's any use troubling about me any more. My wife and I have been married three months and lived a life of such happiness, oh, such happiness as I would never have believed possible if I hadn't gone through it myself. Yesterday afternoon we had our first quarrel. Never mind what it was about—it was a bad quarrel and I used some very hard words to her. She said some very nasty things to me, and I — well I'm not quite sure that I didn't even strike her. I was so mad. Oh, my poor darling, if I could only have you back——" he broke off and began to sob again.

"Go on," said the solicitor; and the man roused himself and drew his hand wearily across his forehead.

"Well, I was saying we quarrelled, and I left her in the bedroom crying and wishing she had never married me. I ran out of the house, declaring that I would never enter it again; feeling unutterably angry and wretched, feeling that she would never forgive what I had done, and that I could never forget the cruel things she had said in her anger against me. My life was blighted for ever. I walked about the streets for hours, with a strong inclination to throw myself from one of the bridges. Where I walked I don't know, but gradually my anger cooled down, and a shameful feeling crept over me. My love for her was regaining its old sway in spite of all her faults and unkind words. I turned back toward our home, the home where we had been so happy; but when I got back into our street the feeling of shame grew stronger, and I could not make up my mind to go in. I paced up and down outside for a long time, conflicting passions of love, and anger, and shame fighting for the mastery. At times I would turn away, and got as far as the Euston Road, intending to go right away somewhere and not return; then my love would draw me back again to our home. I stood for a long time opposite the house, watching the window of the room where I had seen her last. It was a horrible night, cold

and wet, not fit for a dog to bear, and I was drenched, but I had been too full of passion to feel anything externally. At last I made up my mind to go in and implore her forgiveness. I knocked at the door, but no one answered. I was quite sure she was inside, because I had seen the flicker of the fire-light in her room. I knocked and rang again several times, and then it occurred to me that she must have seen me hanging about outside and forbidden the servant to let me in. I was humiliating myself there on my own doorstep in vain. My anger began to return, and I stepped out into the road to take one last look at her bedroom window before I went away, when I saw that the place was on fire. I tried to force an entrance, but failed. Help came, but it came too late. Oh, my poor dear lost darling."

He utterly broke down again and was convulsed with sobs.

"I am afraid we can make but a very poor defence," observed the solicitor. "There is absolutely nothing tangible. You can't even plead an *alibi*."

"I don't want to be defended. I want to die," was the only response; and before the solicitor could succeed in obtaining any further information they were interrupted by the entrance of two officials to remove the prisoner to the Court.

"Just one moment," said the solicitor. "Your late wife's relatives ought to be informed of her sad fate. Will you give me their addresses?"

"Her father and mother



"I'M THE GENTLEMAN'S SERVANT."

live at Lyme Regis, a small hamlet in Dorset."

The prisoner wrote an address on a slip of paper, saying, "They are old people. Break it gently to them."

When, a few minutes later, the prisoner was brought into the local magistrate's Court to be formally charged, he appeared to be utterly oblivious to all surroundings, and had to be assisted into the dock.

All the evidence against him was circumstantial, and in such cases circumstantial evidence is the most damning. The policeman who first arrested him swore to having seen the man loitering in a suspicious manner in the vicinity of the house during the greater part of the evening, and on his return to the street while the fire was raging, he had found the prisoner still on the scene, behaving in a very excited and violent manner. On being arrested the prisoner had said that the house was his own, and his wife had been burnt to death inside. In his opinion the prisoner was drunk.

One of the opposite neighbours gave evidence that earlier in the day, while sitting at her open window, she had heard high words passing between the prisoner and his wife, and that soon afterwards the prisoner had left the house. She had not seen any other person leave the house, nor did she see the prisoner again until the fire broke out, when he was standing in the street calling upon the people to save his wife.

The magistrate asked the prisoner if he had anything to say; but he only hid his face in his hands and moaned.

"Was the house or furniture insured?" asked the magistrate.

"His Honor asks you if the house was insured," repeated a policeman, giving the prisoner a shake.

"Yes," was the faint reply.

"For how much?"

"Eight hundred pounds."

"More than it was worth, I should think. I shall commit you for trial for arson, subject to any other charges that may be preferred against you by the Coroner's Court."

Scarcely had the prisoner been removed from the Court by his two custodians, when there was a commotion in the public doorway, and a woman's voice was heard screaming in shrill accents:

"I tell 'ee ye must let me in. They'll hang my poor master before I can save him, and all on account o' me."

"What is the meaning of that disturbance?" asked the magistrate.

The young woman, who had succeeded in edging herself into the Court, seeing all eyes turned upon her, cried out: "I'm the gentleman's servant wot's burnt to death, yer 'onner."

"What does she mean?" asked the magistrate sternly. "Take her away."

But before they could seize her she had cried out in shrill accents: "He didn't set fire to the 'ouse, yer washup; I did it; and his wife 'aint dead any more than me."

"The woman had better be sworn," observed the magistrate gravely.

She was accordingly conducted into the witness box and made to take the oath, and in a long, roundabout manner told her tale: How, after the quarrel, and the master had gone out, her mistress had packed up a few necessities and left the

house, to go home to her parents in Dorsetshire. After dark, she herself had taken advantage of the fact of being left alone, to go out to visit a friend. She had left a paraffin oil lamp burning in her mistress' bedroom, where she had dressed herself in some



THE REUNION.



of the lady's clothes, and in her absence this lamp must have got upset, probably, as she suggested, "by the cat, which was a reg'lar varmint for doing mischief."

Her evidence was quite sufficient to warrant an order being immediately made out for the release of the prisoner ; and the evening of that day closed upon a

touching scene being enacted in the parlour of a little cottage on the Dorsetshire coast, where an elderly couple smiled upon the protestations of mutual love and forgiveness between two young people, whose pale tearstained faces suggested the assumption that they had not many hours previously arrived from London.



# A STRANGE ADVENTURE: VERY!

BY ALEC C. PEARSON.



ONE dull, chilly evening in October I was walking down Fenchurch Street in the direction of the Mansion House, my thoughts far away by a warm fireside in a cosy room, where I could already in fancy detect the grateful aroma of hot buttered toast, when I was startled from my pleasing reverie by hearing a voice behind me exclaim:

"Come out of that hat! I know you're in it, I can see your feet!"

Turning suddenly round to see who had addressed me in such an unceremonious fashion, I found myself face to face with my old chum and schoolfellow, Jack Stanley, a broad grin disfiguring his otherwise good-looking countenance.

"Hullo! old fellow, how are you?" I exclaimed, shaking him warmly by the hand. "Why, I thought you were on the Continent."

"Came back a week ago," he replied briefly. "I'm now making my way to my diggings; if you have no better engagement you might come and spend the evening with me."

"With pleasure."

"I say, old man, I hope you are not offended at the manner in which I greeted you just now," he continued; "but wherever did you get that hat? It doesn't fit."

"Well, the fact is it doesn't belong to me," I explained. "I went into Clippers', in Fenchurch Street, about half-an-hour ago, to be shaved. When that operation was finished and I was about to leave, the attendant handed me

this hat. I told him it was not mine, but as this was the only one left unclaimed, I was obliged to take it or go without. Some other fellow had taken mine by mistake, I suppose."

"Had they no idea who it was?"

"No. You know their place is generally pretty crowded of an evening. The worst of it is this hat is too big for me, and is not such a good one as my own."



"COME OUT OF THAT HAT!"



"Of course," laughed Stanley; "that is always the case. No doubt the other man is making the same remark about your hat at the present moment."

"Not with any degree of truth, then. But I trust he will be honest enough to return it."

"Possibly he may be; in the meantime you must wear his; but as you are an object of some interest to the street boys, and as I have no fancy for walking through these dirty streets all the way to Charing Cross, I think we had better call a cab."

Needless to say I agreed, and a few moments later we were rattling merrily along towards the West.

"Let me have a look at the tile. Not a bad one," said Stanley, as I handed it to him; "looks as if it had been ironed, though. Wonder whether there is a name on the inside of the leather? Hullo! it must have been too big for the other man as well, it's stuffed out with paper. A letter, by jove! Perhaps we may find out now who the owner is."

"But we ought not to read another person's letter, even though he has changed hats; no doubt when he finds out his mistake——"

"We need only look to see if there is an address," interrupted Stanley. "There is nothing on the envelope but 'Mr. B. Martin,' possibly the owner's name. Now for the letter.—'Wednesday morning—' H'm! Hullo!"

"What is it?" I enquired, as I saw Stanley deliberately read the letter from beginning to end with an air of the greatest interest.

"That's rather queer; read it," he replied, handing me the missive.

"But——"

"You need have no scruples about reading it—at least I hadn't."

By the light of the lamp that hung at the back of the cab I read as follows:—

"Wednesday morning,

"October 13th.

"Meet me at Pitsea Station at half-past four, Friday afternoon. We can then go over to the old house by the river and have a look at our prisoner. If she is still obstinate, we must get rid of her. Jack will manage that for us. "J. F."



THE CAB PULLED UP AT A HATTER'S.

"What do you think of it?" enquired Stanley, when I had finished the perusal of the note.

"Well, to tell the truth, I can't make anything of it," I replied. "It seems to me a trifle vague."

"It strikes me there's foul play somewhere, and I sniff an adventure."

Stanley, by the way—like his great namesake—had a mania for sniffing ad-

ventures, some of which he followed up with most astonishing results.

"Well, of course there may be——" I began doubtfully.

"May be! You haven't read the letter carefully. Don't you see that for some reason or other a girl—or woman—is kept a prisoner in a mysterious old house by the river; on the marshes near Pitsea,

too; one of the least frequented parts of the Essex shore. A dreary, lonely place: I know it. Possibly they want to extort money from her. Then the words, 'If she is still obstinate we must get rid of her.' It's as plain as a pikestaff; her life may be in danger. It is our duty to go to her assistance."

I suggested that perhaps it would be better to place the matter in the hands of the police.

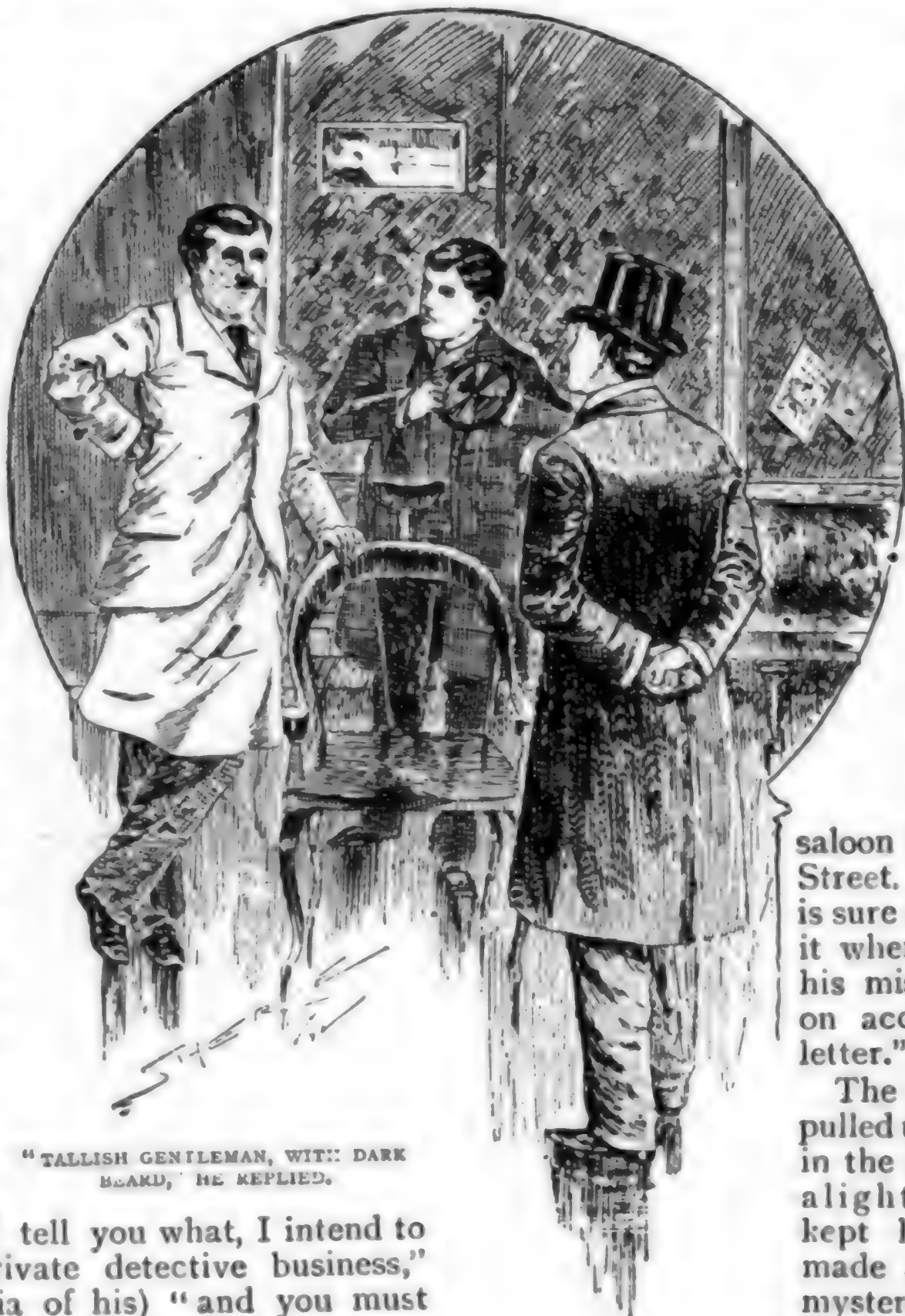
"No, no! The police bungle these matters so. I tell you what, I intend to do a little private detective business," (another mania of his) "and you must assist me."

Stanley is one of those fellows who will tackle a complicated subject, at sight, as it were, and make the whole matter as clear as daylight to those who will adopt his views of the case. Certainly he is not always right, but then enthusiasm is catching. As my time was my own for a few days, I consented to place myself at his disposal, though with a certain amount of misgiving.

"It is just possible we may be interfer-

ing in a matter that we have no right to," I ventured to remark.

"That remains to be proved," replied Stanley, who, by virtue of his discovery, immediately assumed the direction of the whole affair. "Now the first thing to be done is to take a copy of this letter and replace the original in the hat. Wait a minute, though."



"TALLISH GENTLEMAN, WITH DARK BEARD," HE REPLIED.

Putting his stick through the little lid in the roof of the hansom to attract the driver's attention, he called out:—

"Stop at the nearest hatter's."

"What is that for," I asked.

"You must get another hat," answered Stanley, "and we must return this one at once to the hair-dressing

saloon in Fenchurch Street. The owner is sure to go back for it when he finds out his mistake, if only on account of this letter."

The cab presently pulled up at a hatter's in the Strand, and I alighted. Stanley kept his seat and made a copy of the mysterious epistle. As soon as I had

completed my purchase, the cabman was directed to drive back to Fenchurch Street. The return journey was soon accomplished, and when I returned the hat to the manager of "Clipper's" establishment, he informed me that "The other gent had not been back with mine, but if I would leave my address——"

"No; I would call to-morrow, and see if my hat had been returned."

An hour later we were seated by the



fire in Stanley's comfortable rooms at Craven Street, discussing our plans for the following day—Friday.

"I think it is advisable that we should be the first to arrive at Pitsea," said Stanley; "so we'll go by an earlier train than the one mentioned in that note, we shall then have time to look round a bit, and find out the best means of watching the movements of these 'gentlemen' without exciting their suspicion. I trust the owner of that hat will wear it, because I should easily recognise it again; there is a mark on the back part of the rim as though it had been rubbed against some wet paint. If he wears a different tile we must trust to chance to pick out the right man."

After discussing the matter till nearly midnight, I came to the conclusion that Stanley was undoubtedly right in his suspicions; so we parted in the understanding that I should meet him in Fenchurch Street at eleven o'clock the following morning.

On making enquiries at the hairdresser's next day, I found that my hat had been returned.

"Did you notice the person who brought it back," I asked the attendant. "What was he like?"

"Tallish gentleman, with dark beard and moustache, sir," he replied; "and wearing a dark brown overcoat."

"Intelligent fellow, that attendant," remarked Stanley, who had accompanied me inside. "With that description we ought to have no difficulty in identifying our man. We'll go down to the station now and see how the trains run."

On looking over the time bills we found that a train left Fenchurch Street at 2 p.m., arriving at Pitsea at 3.45 p.m., and by this we decided to travel. We then drove to Stanley's rooms, and after a substantial lunch made ready for a start.

"By the way," said Stanley, "I have asked George Capel to come with us;



SHOOK HIM BY THE HAND.

it's as well to have three in case of accidents." (What did he mean by "accidents"?) "Moreover," he continued, "Capel knows a lot about these matters."

Capel's knowledge of "these matters" consisted in the fact that he wrote detective stories of a thrilling nature for certain periodicals. In calmer moments I should have tried to back out of an adventure with such a pair, but somehow Stanley had managed to inspire me with some of his enthusiasm, and I had no thought now but to go forth, like a knight of old, to the rescue

of some damsel in distress.

Presently Capel arrived with a mysterious looking case, which he placed carefully on the table. It was noticeable that from the moment of his arrival we all moved and conversed like three Venetian conspirators (old style) plotting the destruction of the State.

After greetings had been exchanged, Capel tapped the mysterious case, and in a solemn whisper said, "We may want these."

"What are they?" I enquired.

"A pair of revolvers and some cartridges. We must be fully prepared for all emergencies," he continued, in answer to my look of astonishment. "You see, we don't know the style of men we have to deal with, they may be desperate characters. If they are armed and we are not, we can do nothing; but with these little weapons in our fists we shall at least be on equal terms, and if they happen to be unarmed we shall command the situation."

"By jove!" exclaimed Stanley admiringly, "I don't know what we should do without you, Capel."

I was drawing a vivid mental picture of what we should probably do *with* him.

At last we started.

My companions seemed to have made up their minds for an exciting adventure,

and Stanley enlivened the journey down with wonderful stories of queer things that had happened to him in other lands, while Capel quoted passages of a startling nature from his "Detective Reminiscences." On our arrival at Pitsea we went for a short walk through the little town, and then returned to the station to wait for the 4.30 train. Punctual to its time it arrived, and three people alighted, a middle-aged woman, a boy, and a tall dark man wearing a brown overcoat. The latter glanced up and down the platform as though expecting someone to meet him, and I caught a brief glimpse of a face that was anything but prepossessing. Dark, overhanging eyebrows, a sallow complexion, with a thick beard and moustache covering the lower part of his face. He wore a tall hat, and on the back part of the rim there was a mark such as Stanley had noticed the previous evening.

"That is the hat!" I exclaimed.

"Consequently that is the man," said Stanley. "And here apparently is his friend and accomplice," he continued, as a short, thick-set, ill-dressed individual walked briskly up to the dark man and shook him by the hand. After exchanging a few words they left the station together, little dreaming that from that moment they were shadowed by three men: cool, determined, and brave almost to recklessness—at least we so considered ourselves, although I am now of opinion that different adjectives would have fitted us better.

We followed at a respectful distance, and saw them enter an inn a short distance down the road, on the right-hand side; we went into a small coffee-shop nearly

opposite, and seated ourselves near the window at a table covered by a cloth that bore signs of once being white. Stanley ordered three cups of cocoa and some biscuits. "It's the safest thing to have in these places," he remarked in a whisper; "I would not tempt fate by drinking a cup of the strange beverage they call tea." The table at which we sat was decorated with a salt-cellar, a demoralizing mustard-pot, a greasy and coffee stained copy of the Daily Chronicle, and a dead fly.

We removed the decorations.

In due course the repast was served, for which the modest sum of sixpence was charged. There was plenty for the money; about half-a-pound of biscuits, three large mugs of cocoa, a miniature jug containing milk, and three minute



"HADN'T YOU BETTER CREEP UP AND LOOK THROUGH THE CRACK?"



sugar-basins, each containing two lumps of sugar.

I looked doubtfully at the brown liquid in front of me, which smelt faintly of cocoa.

"Try the biscuits," said Stanley, laughing; "they are all right."

For a quarter of an hour we sat at that coffee-shop window, watching the inn-door, but the "mysterious strangers" made no sign. I had arrived at the conclusion that we were on a fools' errand (whether I was right or not, remains to be proved) when I was startled into activity, both mental and bodily, by a thrust in the ribs with Capel's elbow, as he exclaimed in a hoarse sort of whisper, "Here they are!"

I glanced across the road; the two men were standing outside the door of the inn, talking. Presently they started to walk down the road in the direction of the river, and once again we followed them. Half a mile along the road they turned off on to a side path that led across one of those bleak, desolate and dreary marshes so common on the Essex side of the river. Near the river bank and fully a mile and a half from the road, stood a solitary building something like a small farmhouse, and for this they were evidently making. We took up a position behind a hedge and watched them until they had covered half the distance, and were almost lost to sight in the thin white mists that began to rise silently from the low-lying land as night came on.

"That is evidently the old house mentioned in the letter," said Stanley. "I think we are on the right track, but we must be cautious."

After walking for about half-an-hour, we found ourselves within a hundred yards of the house—a long, low, whitewashed building, with a thatched roof, surrounded by a wall about three feet high. It was quite dark by this time; the whole sky was obscured by clouds, and the wind moaned in fitful gusts across the dismal flats. Over on the Kentish shore a few lights gleamed here and there, and we could just discern the black outline of a ship as she lay at anchor, motionless upon the silent river.

We crept cautiously towards the house until we were close up to the wall that encircled it. Right facing us was a window, closed in by a shutter, through the chinks of which a light shone.

Suddenly from within the lighted room there came a wild cry, almost a shriek, followed by the sound of men's voices and a curious scuffling noise, as though someone was struggling—then silence.

The cry was uttered by a woman!

It was a cold night, but I wiped the perspiration from my brow. So did Capel. Stanley grasped my arm, he was trembling—with excitement, he afterwards said.

"Hadn't you better creep up to the window and look through the crack in the shutters," he whispered to me.

Capel thought that would be the best thing, too. He and Stanley could remain near with the revolvers, ready to spring to my assistance if necessary.

"Wouldn't it be better if one of you crept up to the window—" I began.

But Stanley interrupted me. "If we wanted to be of any assistance to the girl who was in the power of those two villains," he said, "it was no use wasting time in argument."

Finally it was decided that we should all three go together.

Stealthily, through the long wet grass, we crept on our hands and knees to the wall. Noiselessly we dropped over and listened. No sound. Gaining confidence we rose to our feet and, with bodies bent, stepped slowly towards the window. Suddenly there was a ringing report, as of a pistol, in the room facing us, and with one accord we all crouched close together in the long grass, scarcely daring to breathe. Had the villains committed murder? If we were too late to prevent a tragedy, the murderers might still, through our agency, be handed over to justice. Again we listened, and I could distinguish the sound of men's voices, mingled now and then with the barking of a dog.

At last I could bear the suspense no longer. Regardless of consequences I sprang up and went to the window. Stanley and Capel followed me. A strange sight was presented to our view.

On a deal table in the centre of a barely furnished room, was a miniature cannon, that had evidently just been discharged; and sitting near it, on the same table, a small fox-terrier. There were three men in the room—the two that we had followed and another—and in an arm-chair by a comfortable fire, reclined a young woman. She was speaking.

"I think you ought to let her remain

here to kill the rats," she was saying; "the place swarms with them, and I can tell you I shan't stay here much longer, rent free or not." Then glancing towards a corner of the room with an air of disgust; "Why don't you put that dead thing outside?"

"That dead thing!"

I pressed my face against the chink in the shutter until I was able to command a view of the whole room, and there in the farthest corner I saw the dead body—of a large rat! Did that account for the scuffling we had heard, and the terrified scream? Well, women *do* scream if a rat gets into the same room with them.

"You can keep the dog here until we can find a customer for her," said the clean-shaven man. "She's as obstinate as a mule, and we shall never be able to train her to do anything but catch rats, and that's not exactly what we want."

Then the truth burst upon us like a flash, and I think we all felt that ordinary language was too feeble to express our feelings at that moment.

Evidently the little fox-terrier was the imprisoned damsel we had come to rescue, and although the "villains" looked as villainous as ever, I am afraid there was no other case against them.

In gloomy silence we retraced our steps.

The mist hung thicker than ever over the dark and dismal marshes, and it was with difficulty that we found the path. Half-way across it began to rain—fast. Presently Stanley's shoe came off, and

we had to wait while he fastened it up again. Then Capel fell over something and dropped his revolver, and as he stooped for it in the mud, he referred in uncomplimentary terms to certain "miraculous idiots, leading people on a wild-goose chase, etc."

After walking for about three hours—at least it seemed three hours to me—we arrived at the Railway Inn.

When the landlord came in with refreshments, I asked him who lived at the old house on the marsh.

"Oh! that old place is occupied by some people who train performing cats and dogs, in fact all sorts of animals," he replied. "It's an out-of-the-way place, but it suits them, I suppose, as they've got it for next to nothing and they have no neighbours to——"

Capel interrupted him savagely. "Oh! look here, landlord, have you got anything to eat in the house?"

"Yes, sir. A capital piece of steak I can grill for you."

"That'll do splendidly," said Capel; and we all brightened up a bit at the thought of a nice hot supper in the cosy bar-parlour.

"By the way," said Stanley, "what time does the last train leave for London?"

"Last train to London, sir?" replied our host, "why, it's due in four minutes; you'll have to hurry up to catch it——"

That was the last straw.

A few minutes later, three adventurers, wet through, silent, supperless and sad, might have been seen entering the Pitsea station.



THREE ADVENTURERS—SILENT, SUPPERLESS AND SAD.



# Association Football.



INSTANTANEOUS PHOTO.—"A SCRIMMAGE IN GOAL."

**S**INCE the inauguration of the "Association" Game at the end of 1863, never has Football so flourished as during the past five years or so—until we now find almost every available space abounding with lovers of our great winter game, and long before the stumps are finally drawn from the cricket-field, the Footballers are at practice, and the secretaries and officials of the numerous organisations are bewildered as to their choice from amongst their ranks to make up their representative Team, and only by careful study of individual play is this first step satisfactorily effected. Our illustration: "A Scrimmage in Goal," describes these preliminary stages of the season, taken when some of our well-known West End Clubs were hard at work goal kicking.

When the alteration from the code of Rugby rules was first adopted, there were

two Association Games, viz., the London and the Sheffield; neither of these, however, had any power over provincial Clubs outside its own limited radius. When, therefore, new clubs were started, the members were called upon not only to form a code of rules for the admission to and administration of their Club, but also to adopt a set of playing rules; and as each Club was free to do that which was right in its own eyes, those adopted were often composed of a selection from several codes. Naturally, under such circumstances, confusion reigned supreme. In inter-club matches the rule generally was that the game should be played according to the code adopted by the home club; and, when journeying to another town, the members of the visiting team had to occupy themselves diligently with the study of the rules that were to govern the day's play, and it was

## WEST BROMWICH ALBION TEAM.



J. LAVENDER. M. D. NICHOLSON. J. READER. Councillor PHILLIPS. J. E. SHILTON. W. PADDOCK (Trainer).  
 W. BASSETT. R. MCLEOD. W. GROVES. T. PEARSON. J. GEDDES. C. PERRY (Captain).  
 T. MCCULLOCH. J. REYNOLDS. F. DYER.

no unusual thing for one set of rules to be played during the first half of a game, and another set of rules in the second half.

In October of the year 1871, the London Football Association decided to institute a Cup of the value of £25, open to competition for Clubs affiliated to the Association; and so strong has that institution since become, that all clubs, of any pretence to sound play, have joined themselves to it, and we now find it the centre of authority, and the governing body for the English Association Game, with divisions and representatives throughout the country. Through this important amalgamation, we now find one universal code of rules played by all clubs playing eleven men, as in the case of the Rugby Union.

From the commencement to the finish of the season, the greatest interest is displayed throughout the country in all contests between our leading professional clubs, while the anxiety attached to League Competitions is most intense; and the battles for our National Trophy in the

Competition proper is watched with the utmost enthusiasm. Those alone who have seen a final English Cup tie, at the Oval, can estimate the high pitch of excitement that football commands.

Weeks before the fixed day, every available seat is disposed of; and hours before the kick-off, upwards of thirty thousand lovers of the game encircle the field of play, while the pavilion is lined even to the chimney-tops.

To recapitulate the doings of last season would be, indeed, stale news; as interest will be centred in the doings of the present season, which will be in full swing when these few notes go to press.

Like other football centres, London has this season launched out in several fresh competitions, and the newly-formed Leagues, together with the additional trophies offered for competition, seem likely to stimulate public appreciation, in the contest of some of our junior clubs.

As a memento of last season's play we give four of the leading professional teams:



The West Bromwich Albion, holders of the English Cup; Aston Villa, runners-up in the English Cup Competition; Preston North End, League champions, 1889-90; runners-up, 1890-91 and 1891-92; and Notts Forest, who fought hardly on three occasions with the Albion in the Semi-final Competition.

The WEST BROMWICH ALBION, though generally figuring very badly in the League contests, met and defeated some of our strongest teams in the ties for the National Trophy, viz., the previous holders — Blackburn Rovers, Sheffield Wednesday, Notts Forest, &c., &c., though particularly fortunate in winning their game with the Old Westminsters in the first round of the competition. Many of our readers will remember this well-contested game, and how sadly the Old Boys were represented owing to the prevailing epidemic (the influenza). The Westminsters certainly played a grand game in the thick snow, and, with an absence list of five of their best players, they were only defeated by the narrow margin of a goal.

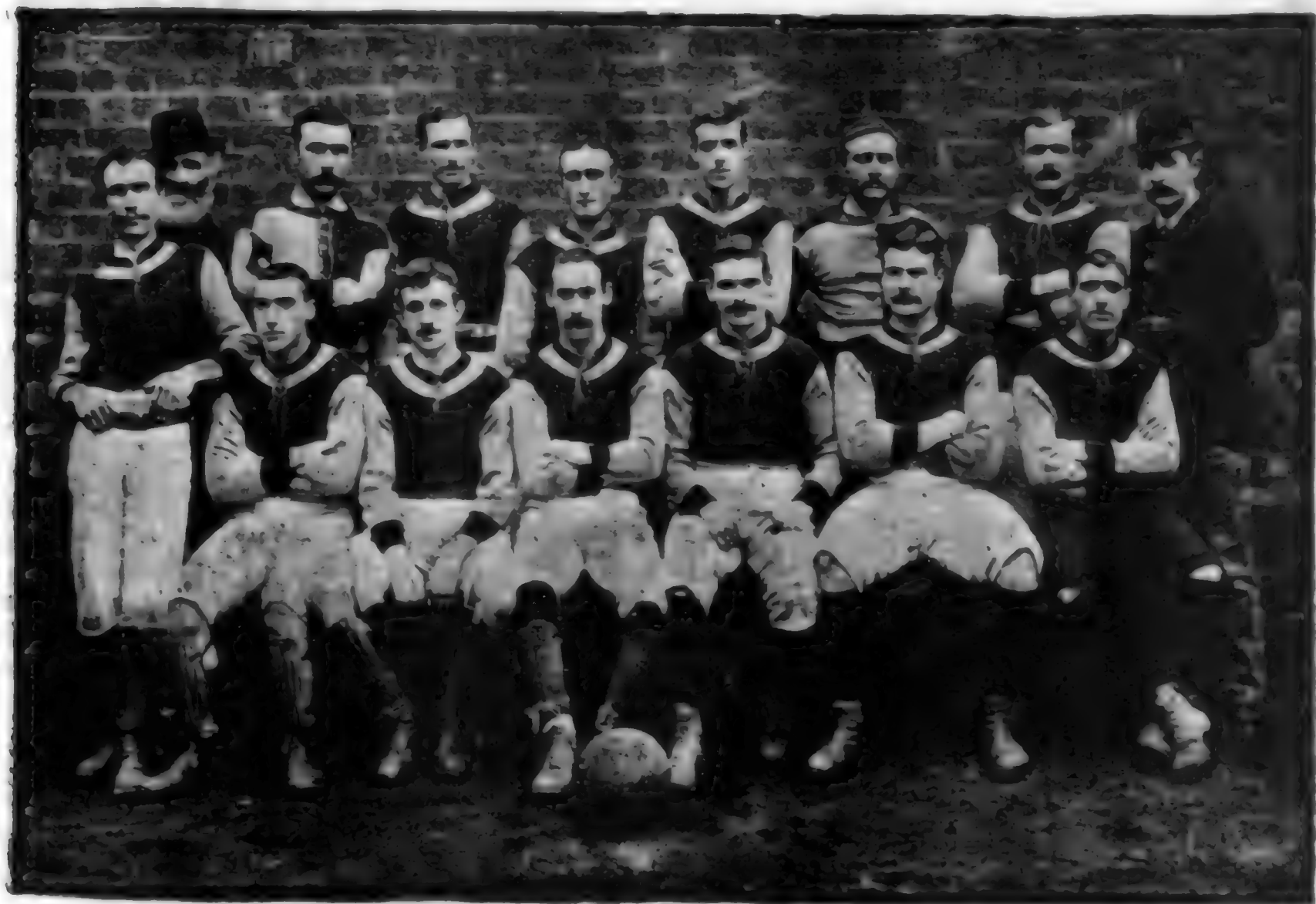
The Old Boys, however, just managed

to wrench the London Senior Cup from the Ilford Club, upon a decidedly fluky goal.

The Albion was formed as far back as 1880, and, after four years of minor victories, they won the Staffordshire Cup in 1884. In 1886 they enjoyed the unique distinction of playing in six finals—winning the Birmingham Cup, and County Cup, but were defeated in the English Cup tie by the Blackburn Rovers, the ultimate winners. During 1887 the Albion played with renewed vigour, struggling hard for National honours, and created quite a surprise by defeating the League Champions, Preston North End, by three goals to nil, but they afterwards fell victims to their great rivals, Aston Villa.

The Throstles (by which name they are better known in West Bromwich) saw the height of their ambition in 1888, when, greatly to their club's credit, each member of their team was a "Throstle" bred and born. After an exceptionally fine record of winning twenty-three matches in succession, they defeated the all-conquering Preston North End in the final struggle for the English Cup, and so for the first

### ASTON VILLA TEAM.



G. CAMPBELL. W. DICKSON A. HINCHLEY. J. BAIRD. C. HARE. R. OPENBOULD. W. EVANS. G. B. RAMSAY  
(Captain). (Secretary).  
J. COWAN. W. C. ATHERSMITH. J. BROWN. J. DEVEY. D. HODGETTS. L. CAMPBELL.

time became the holders of that coveted trophy, which they justly boast of holding for the present season.

In the semi-final tie, 1889, the Albion were beaten by the North End Team, by one to nil, a match made memorable by the crowd that thronged to Sheffield, with which the authorities were totally unable to cope, the spectators breaking over the lines and stopping play for some time. To keep up with the times, the West Bromwich Albion executive have been compelled to

has played for England in that position some half-a-dozen times.

Reader, their goal-keeper, is a capital custodian, worthy the highest possible praise; his magnificent saves on the Oval, March 19th, being still green in our memories.

We hear the Albion are to lose the services of M. D. Nicholson, who has taken an appointment near London as school-master, and will probably figure with the Plumstedites this season.

The ASTON VILLA are perhaps more

### NOTTS FOREST TEAM.



C. GRICE  
(Trainer).

A. RITCHIE.

A. SMITH.

D. RUSSEL.

W. B. O'N.

J. MCPHERSON.

H. S. RADFORD  
(Secretary).

T. LINDLEY.

W. SMITH.

A. HIGGINS.

H. PIKE.

A. SHAW.

A. SCOTT.

apply to Scotland for recruits, but it is a pleasure to see their best men are still natives of their own town.

Charles Perry, the captain, is of West Bromwich extraction, and one of England's best centres, having played in the International Teams in that position, and his captaincy has been most popular.

One of the cleverest players in the team is W. Bassett, also a "Throstle," and in the position of outside right he has certainly no superior, or few equals, and he

lucky than the West Bromwich in numbers of paid professionals, numbering as they do quite thirty, but their play (considering they stand at nothing to obtain the best men in the market) has been lately very erratic, and especially disappointing to their supporters on several occasions.

The Club was first started in connection with the young men from the Aston Villa Wesleyan Chapel, about a mile out of Birmingham, in 1874, by a few scholars from the Bible Class, who, for outside



exercise, enjoyed a friendly game. Few would have thought of predicting such a future for the little band until 1879, when they won the Birmingham Cup. They have since so far developed that the writer often wonders how many of the members still attend the Aston Villa Chapel, from which they have taken their name, or if any chapel members are still in the team. The Birmingham Cup they have won about eight times, the Mayor's Charity Cup about the same number, Staffordshire Cup three times, and our National Cup once. The bulk of their players are Scotchmen, while in W. Dickson they have a thoroughly sound captain and capital centre forward; and quite an assortment of good exponents of the game, and international players, but perhaps their final defeat was through want of consistency.

The NOTTS FOREST team made a hard struggle last year to secure a place in the final tie of the English Cup competition, and, as many of our readers will remember, played two drawn games at Wolverhampton,

in the semi-final, with the winners, and in their third meeting were beaten at Derby, snow completely spoiling all chances of scientific play.

Football was literally unknown in Nottingham before 1864, when it took the place of "Shinney," but now possesses two very strong professional teams, in Notts Forest and Notts County. The Forest team is exceedingly popular and holds at times exceedingly good entertainments and Bazaars, which greatly assist them financially.

Mr. Tinsley Lindley, the popular Corinthians captain, will be noticed amongst the Foresters; he has played for them with great success at outside right.

Lancashire boasts of several good professional Clubs, in fact, taking records into consideration, absolutely the best, both in their numbers and results, viz.: Blackburn Rovers, Bolton Wanderers, Preston North End, Everton, Bootle, Burnley, Accrington, &c. &c.; of these, we have picked the Preston North End, last year's League

### PRESTON NORTH END TEAM.



VISITOR. R. HOLMES. J. SHARP. M. SAUNDERS. TRAINER. W. STEWART. N. J. ROSS.  
J. B. GORDON. J. D. ROSS. G. DRUMMOND. J. TRAINER. F. BECKETON. H. GALLACHER. LINE-MAN.  
(Captain).

champion; though the Blackburn Rovers and Wanderers have a better record than any other Club in the English Cup competitions, having each won that trophy five times.

The PRESTON NORTH END Club has been established close upon thirty years, but prior to 1882 they experienced a very chequered career. Since then, however, it has, in spite of many difficulties, been more prosperous and successful than any other football combination in the kingdom, and by many good judges is considered the leading organisation in the kingdom.

The North End team first reached the English Cup competition in 1884, and after a draw with the Upton Park, a protest was lodged and the Prestonians were disqualified on the grounds of professionalism, though it was generally known that most of the prominent clubs were guilty of the same offence. Veiled professionalism has, however, now nearly disappeared, and it is at last considered no disgrace to receive pay for services rendered on the football field. The next competition for the English Cup in which the Prestonians took part was in the season 1886-7, when they reached the semi-final, but were defeated at Nottingham by the West Bromwich Albion.

The same season they won the Lancashire Cup and took part in the London Charities match at Kennington Oval, under the patronage of H.R.H., the Prince of Wales, to whom Mr. Sudell (Chairman of Committee) and their captain, N. J. Ross, were presented.

The following season they reached the final for the English Cup, and were de-

feated again by the "Throstles;" but the next season, 1888-9, they completely took the football world by storm, and not only took away the National Cup but were League champions also.

In the League (a combination of twelve of the most powerful clubs pledged to play home-and-home matches with their best teams) they won all their engagements, and in the Cup contest they had not a single goal scored against them. They again held the League Championship, 1889-90, and were runners-up to Everton, 1890-1, and second to Sunderland in last season's League results. Perhaps the best individual players, as represented in our photo of the team, is J. Trainer, captain and goal-keeper; N. J. Ross, considered one of the best players in either England or Scotland at left full back, has played almost regularly with the team since 1882; and George Drummond, one of the best exponents of the dribbling game, was unfortunately last season, together with Oswald, of Notts County, compelled to retire for the remainder of the season from Cup and League competitions, through rough play in their match with Notts County at Deepdale. As we, with many lovers of the game, do not wish to see such good and brilliant players debarred from important contests, we hope to hear of no repetitions this season.

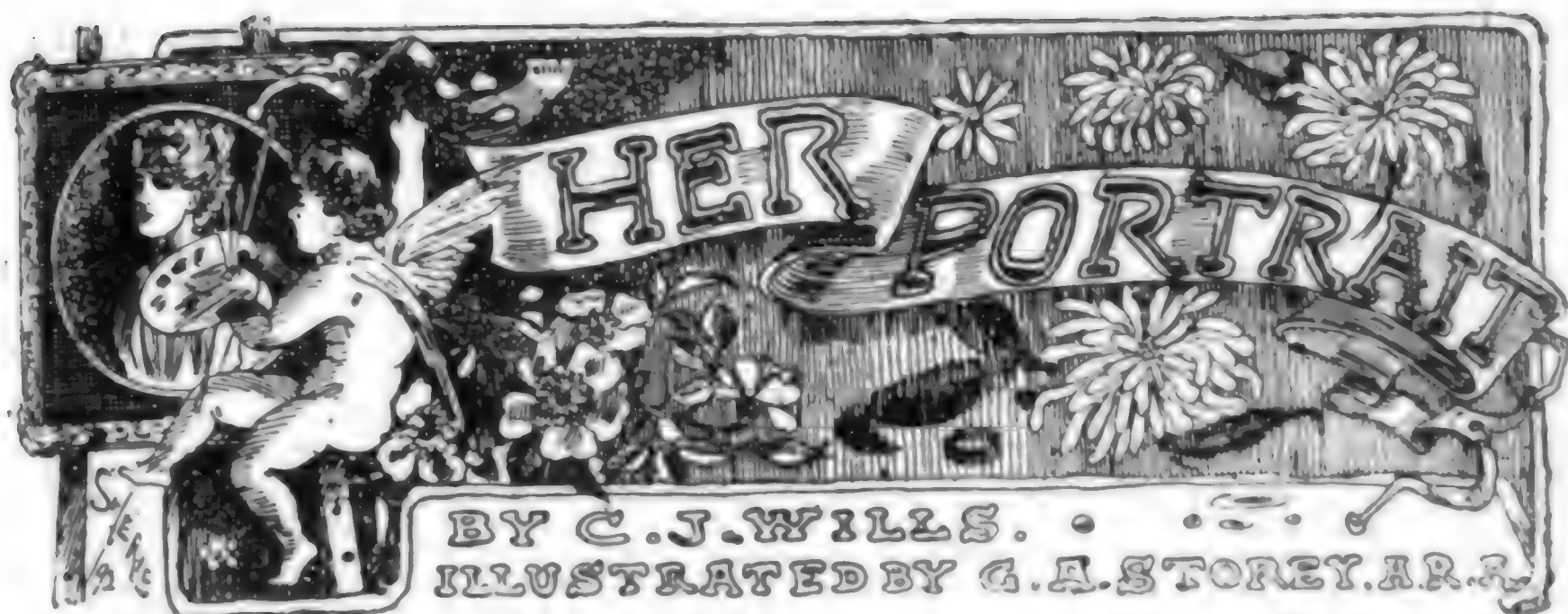
More has now been said of these famous Clubs than the writer first intended, but more might easily be given about each individual player than the space at my disposal will allow.

Our illustrations are from photographs by R. W. Thomas, 121, Cheapside, London.

C. BENNETT.

*Next month's Football Article will contain Notes and Photos on Sunderland, League Champions, Notts County, Blackheath, London Scottish, and Harlequins.*





## CHAPTER XV.

### MISS SANDOWN AS A PATRON OF ART.

"I'M going to make myself a present, Phillida; I want to have something to remember you by, Phillida, when you're gone."

"When I'm gone, Miss Sandown!" said Phillida. "You don't want to get rid of me?"

"No, I'm not tired of you, Phillida; but you're not likely to be content to stay with a cross old woman like me all your life, my dear. I've done my best to make you happy, child, because I'm very fond of you. But everybody likes to have a home of their own, and you'll have a home of your own some day, my dear, of course you will. And I shouldn't be at all surprised, my dear," said the old lady enigmatically, "if it were a very beautiful home. Little birds tell all sorts of things to wicked old women like me."

Phillida blushed, but she made no reply.

"I'm going to have your portrait painted, Phillida, and I've had a long talk about it with your old friend, Mrs. Charnelhouse; and she told me that I couldn't do better than to go to the top of the tree at once; and I'm going to ask another friend of yours to paint your portrait for me. So now, Phillida, you must try and look your best, and we will call on Mr. Milner at once and arrange with him."

"What, in oils, Miss Sandown?"

"Of course, child; all the best portraits are in oils. I don't mind being extravagant in a matter like this, and I suppose it'll be five-and-twenty guineas

at the very least, though Mr. Snapshot, the photographer, would do it for half the money; but I don't care for that sort of thing, because they are always so horribly like that you can tell they are only photographs at a glance."

Phillida saw nothing ridiculous in the suggestion that Mr. Milner should paint her portrait for five-and-twenty guineas, and jump at the offer. She was glad that Miss Sandown was about to be guilty of this terrible extravagance, because she thought that it would be a capital thing for her kind old friend, John Milner; to her, five-and-twenty guineas seemed a large sum.

So after lunch they drove over to Milner's studio; and the painter was hard at work when they entered, and he apologised for the mixed smells of tobacco smoke and varnish. And then he invited Miss Sandown to sit in an Elizabethan arm-chair which stood upon a little dais in the centre of the room; and Phillida, whom the artist didn't recognise in the least, dropped into the old Chinese cane chair that she knew so well, as a matter of course.

"I haven't the pleasure of knowing you, Miss Sandown," said Milner, as he looked at her card, which he held in his hand. "How can I be of service to you, Madame?"

"It's a long story," began the old lady.

"In that case," said Mr. John Milner, "as I shall only have a good working light for another hour, perhaps you won't mind my continuing to fire away."

"The fact is, I've come as a *possible* customer," said Miss Sandown, laying a stress upon the penultimate word.

This tremendous announcement didn't seem to excite Mr. Milner the least little bit. Much to Miss Sandown's astonishment the artist didn't offer to show her his stock-in-trade; he simply went on with his work, while he appeared to be shaking inwardly.

"I went to Mrs. Charnelhouse, you know, just to ask her advice; she was very anxious to—to—to take my order; but when I told her I wanted an oil painting, she said you painted prettiness more prettily than anybody else.

"Oh, she told you that, did she?" said Milner with a grunt; well, it is my line—I am a painter of prettiness." Then he turned from his picture to Miss Sandown and stared at her in astonishment. "Why on earth should she come to me for her portrait?" he thought. "Old George," sitting there in the great chair, certainly did not strike him as pretty; honest, genuine, genial if you like, but not pretty: he turned towards Phillida as though seeking an explanation from her, and the instant he saw her he understood whose portrait was required, and why, as an eminent reproducer of female beauty (or painter of prettiness, it comes to very much the same thing), Miss Sandown had come to him.

"Stand up, my dear, and let Mr. Milner see you," said the old lady.

Phillida did as she was bid, and held out both her hands. "Don't you know me, Mr. Milner?" she said.

And as her silvery tones broke upon his ear, the little model in the homely black dress of three years ago came back

to him at once; and he put down his palette and took the little gloved hands in his own great palms, and, holding Phillida at arm's length, he scanned her features curiously.

"My dear," he said, "you've grown so beautiful that it isn't to be wondered at that I didn't know you. There's no other word for it, you are *beautiful*."

"He's very anxious to get the order," thought Miss Sandown. "Well, Mr. Milner," she said, for she considered the

artist's evident admiration rather a liberty, "I want you to do my young friend justice."

"That's quite beyond me," said the artist simply.

"And I want a very nice portrait of her, a half-length; and you mustn't ask too much," she added with a smile, "because old women are always fond of bargains you know, Mr. Milner."

"I like a lady who comes to the point," said the artist. "I shall be very pleased to do you a half-length for two hundred and fifty guineas."

"Two hundred and fifty guineas!" cried Miss Sandown. "Mr. Milner, you're poking fun at me. I'm an old woman, but I don't like to

be laughed at. I was prepared to pay five-and-twenty; but the sum you mention is extortionate, it is indeed. Why, I've been reading the life of Sir Joshua lately, and it's very much more than he used to get."

"That's very likely," replied the artist, in no way abashed. "I'm sorry I can't oblige you, Miss Sandown, but I assure you that that's my price for a half-length, and I can't do it under; and I don't think that you'll find that any man in the front rank of the profession will ask you less."



A STUDY OF ADELAIDE.



"Then I shall have to do without the portrait," said Miss Sandown, in a tone of genuine disappointment.

"I think you can have the portrait, and a good portrait too, for five-and-twenty guineas, Miss Sandown," said Milner with a smile. "I can't paint it, simply because I haven't the time, and because my hands are full of commissions that I can't escape from. But I should dearly like to paint Miss Fane's portrait. There is a young artist of my acquaintance who is far better at portraiture than I am; he will do a satisfactory half-length of her for the sum you mention."

"In oils?" asked Miss Sandown, suspiciously.

"In oils, of course," replied Milner, with a smile.

"And he'll paint it in my house?" asked the old lady.

"Certainly, I was going to suggest that."

"But will he do her justice, Mr. Milner?" asked the patron of art.

"That, madam," said Milner, with an old-fashioned bow to Phillida, "is impossible."

"And this talented young artist's name?"

"His name is Croft," replied Milner with a chuckle.

Now the mention of Walter's surname conveyed no information whatever to Phillida; she had known John Milner's pupil simply as Walter, she had never so much as heard his surname.

"Very well, then," remarked Miss Sandown, rising, "all I can say is, Mr. Milner, that I'm exceedingly obliged to you. Phillida shall give him a sitting on Tuesday. My address is on the card and we shall expect him about eleven: that will be a suitable time, I suppose, Mr. Milner?"

"The morning light is always the best," replied the artist.

"And now let me thank you very much," said Miss Sandown, holding out her hand. "I'm glad to have made your acquaintance, Mr. Milner: my little Phillida has often talked to me of your great kindness to her, and I know that you two must have a thousand and one things to say to each other; and I've a call or two to make: and perhaps you might suggest to Phillida what to wear when she's painted; so I'll come back for her, if you'll let me, in about half an hour, and you two can have a good long chat."

Then John Milner escorted Miss Sandown to her carriage.

During their absence, Phillida noticed that the corner of the studio which was formerly occupied by John Milner's pupil, now gave no signs of his presence there. The numerous studies of Mrs. Dacre, which, as works of art, she had never thoroughly appreciated, were no longer pinned against the walls of his special corner; that fact seemed strange to her. When Milner came back to the studio, Phillida told him of her mother's death and of her great good fortune, and of the strong fancy the wealthy Miss Sandown had taken for her; and how she had been treated by the old lady more as a favourite child than as a paid companion; how, owing to Miss Sandown's great popularity, everybody showed her an immense amount of attention and kindness.

"I hope the great world hasn't turned your head, my dear," said Milner. "I heard something of your good fortune from Adelaide. When I saw you as a fine lady, I didn't know you."

"Don't laugh at me, Mr. Milner," said the girl. "I don't forget my friends so easily. And how is Mr.—Mr. Walter?" she continued.

"Mr. Walter," said Milner, "has come to very considerable grief, and the lady he was to have married has thrown him over, Miss Fane. And Walter's trying very hard to earn his living, and he finds it up-hill work."

"Oh, I'm so sorry to hear it," cried the girl in genuine grief; "he was always so nice: and she must have been a wicked woman, indeed, to have thrown him over because he had misfortunes."

John Milner smiled. "It was his money she wanted to marry," he said: "she turned out to be a mere adventuress, and the boy was well rid of her, though she was a handsome woman in a sort of way: that was her portrait that he was finishing the day you first came to us."

"I know," said Phillida with a sigh; "he made a great many studies of her; she *was* very handsome," she added simply; "poor Mr. Walter," she said, and then again she sighed.

John Milner looked at her curiously from under his bushy eyebrows.

"The boy's got a future before him," he said; "and he's just got a commission to paint a young lady whose portrait

ought to be his stepping-stone to fortune; that is, if she sits well and tries to look her best; and if he paints her *con amore*, as I think he will," he added with intention, "the portrait of the pretty girl he's going to paint ought to do him a lot of good," he continued mysteriously.

"And who is this beautiful girl?" asked Phillida with natural curiosity.

"She's your worst enemy, Miss Fane," answered the artist with great solemnity.

"Oh, Mr. Milner," she replied; "I didn't think I had an enemy in the world."

"Everybody has one enemy at least, my child," said Milner with a laugh.

"You usen't to be so dense, Miss Fane. Don't you understand that the talented young artist who is going to earn five-and-twenty guineas from your rich friend, Miss Sandown, is my old pupil, Walter Croft?"

Then a very strange thing occurred: Phillida, although she had had two years

experience of the great world, instantly blushed rosy red; she blushed just as deeply as does the pretty prize girl of a Sunday school when my Lord Bishop chucks her under the chin, and then pats her on the head approvingly. Bishops often pat prize girls on the head, but they never chuck them under the chin unless they are pretty. You don't believe me—well, just ask a bishop.

"I hope you didn't think me unkind," said Milner, "because I didn't accept the old lady's offer; but what I told her was perfectly true; my hands are absolutely full, and I thought to my-

self, here is the very thing for Walter. Painting your portrait is the thing to take him out of the dreamland in which he lives, Miss Fane: the boy has just had an attack of high art upon the brain; he has been suffering from the historical craze, my dear, and the sooner he comes back to nature and truth and beauty, the better for him. Lots of good men never recover from his disease. If only he'll take to portraiture, which he is strong at, and stick to it, he'll soon have the ball at his feet, and then all he's got to do is to go on kicking, and to marry well, and his fortune's made."

The happy smile which had appeared on the girl's face, like a ray of sunshine, suddenly died out. It seemed to her a sort of blasphemy that a clever young artist should crown his success by selling himself. Just then Milner's prim parlour-maid entered and informed him that Miss Sandown's carriage was at the door. As Phillida bade him good-bye, she said,

"You haven't suggested the colour of my dress, Mr. Milner."

"Oh, that would be horribly unprofessional, my dear," replied the artist. "Walter is out of his pupillage now, and he would resent anything of that sort. Your young artist, Phillida, is a very sensitive plant, as you'll find out. Take my advice, and leave everything to Walter; talk it over with him, my dear," he added with a smile. "I don't think you can do better than trust Walter. Only let him turn out a really successful portrait of you, my dear,



THE "STAR AND GARTER."



and, as I said before, the boy's fortune's made."

"I'll try to look my very best," said Phillida as she shook hands affectionately with the gentleman who had declined to paint her portrait.

When she was gone, John Milner flung himself into the Elizabethan chair; he lighted his big pipe and blew great clouds of fragrant smoke into the air. "He's got his chance," he thought. "He's got a sitter that Titian might have envied him; but he's quite capable of declining to leave his dog-hole and of sticking to his infernal men in armour. It's no use trying to play Providence in a thing like this. I didn't recognise her, why should he? If I tell him whose portrait he's going to tackle, it's as likely as not that what he calls his pride will prevent his accepting what he'll term the bread of charity: the poorer one gets, the prouder one gets. I had a wonderful amount of pride some thirty years ago."

And then John Milner discovered that his pipe had gone out; and as he refilled it, he muttered to himself, "I wonder if any good will come of this?"

#### CHAPTER XVI.

##### LORD MORTLAKE CRIES FOR THE MOON.

WHEN people asked who Lady Mortlake was, there was but one possible answer. Lady Mortlake was Lord Mortlake's mother. To well-bred people this was always sufficient; the people who were curious, as well as well-bred, went home and turned her ladyship up in the peerage. There they read that Lord Mortlake's father had married Clara, daughter of Isaac De Pledge, Esq. Dod, the all-knowing; Dod, the discreet, said nothing more about Isaac De Pledge, Esq. And yet Isaac De Pledge had been a most eminent man in his particular path; it was a humble path, but it was a profitable one. Mr. De Pledge's path had been the path of pawn-broking: he had been accustomed to hang his ensign on the outer wall, in the shape of three golden balls: his arms were the same as those of the noble family of De Medici; they were the same to look at, at least, though the Medici's were gilded pills; but the arms of both were the ensigns of their trades, and they were not ashamed of them. Mr. De Pledge had no son—he had but one daughter—and he

was worth a "plum." He retired from business, he gave his pretty daughter a first-rate education, and married her to Lord Mortlake's father, and on her and her heirs he settled his plum; then, probably out of consideration for his daughter's husband, he died. And Clara De Pledge, now Lady Mortlake, gave herself up entirely to the rearing and education of her little son. Whatever the little Lionel cried for during his childhood, was immediately provided for him by his indulgent mother. His father died when the boy was six years old, and it is quite right that a child of six, if he be a little lord, should be petted and pampered to his heart's content. Most boys would have been spoiled, and have developed into irreclaimable little snobs, under the course of treatment by Lord Mortlake's mother. But little Lionel soon went to a public school, where he was duly thumped and bullied, and the nonsense knocked out of him in the regulation manner. Nobody cringed and toadied to him at the big public school; but when he went to Oxford as a fellow-commoner, a great many people did so. Tuft hunting as an art is not dead at Oxford, and people like bowing down to, and worshipping the golden image, even when it is a golden calf, all the world over. The poet Gilbert has told us that human nature is low; that may perhaps account for the popularity of the golden image. Lord Mortlake was not particularly clever, but he was fairly industrious, and he took an ordinary degree. As to his personal appearance, I am afraid that he was a rather colourless individual. His hair was of a neutral tint, and it didn't curl naturally, as does the hair of heroes. (There is a question in anthropology that I want the lady novelist to answer—Why, oh, why, does a hero's hair always curl naturally?)\* He wasn't above the ordinary height, and merely to look at him you wouldn't have guessed that he was a lord; he hadn't even a lordly taste for globe-trotting or horse-racing, or gambling, or pigeon-shooting, or wickedness generally; and he hadn't a bee in his bonnet about politics or religion; and he didn't care much for either art or music; if he possessed any lordly vices, they were as yet undeveloped; but he was a highly-

\* I put this question once to a gifted authoress of my acquaintance. She answered me snappishly, but to the point. "For business purposes," she said. I suppose she was right. I always had a great respect for her.

respectable young nobleman, with two hundred and fifty thousand pounds and the accumulation of a long minority—and no enemies. When a young man of two-and-thirty, holding such a position as that occupied by Lord Mortlake, has no enemies, and loves his mother, and Lord Mortlake loved his mother very dearly, the reader will allow that he must have been not half a bad fellow.

Now, a great many innocent and delightful girls had tried to “land” Lord Mortlake. They had angled for him; they had also tried the fly, both natural and artificial, and in his salad days he had often gorged the hook and given them a good run; but he invariably got away, generally because the innocent and delightful girls didn’t give him line enough, and were too anxious to land him to play him properly; or perhaps it was because their relatives were not handy with the gaff, or smart enough with the landing-net; or perhaps their tackle wasn’t strong enough for so heavy a fish. Anyhow, people were never tired of fishing for him; but he had got wise and wary, and now that he was thirty-two it was very difficult to get him to rise at any fly.

Lady Mortlake was in despair, for she was anxious that his lordship should marry, and she was delighted to discover that her son was manifesting a decided penchant for pretty, but penniless, little Phillida Fane.

“Mother,” he had said to her, “I’ve always been anxious to please you in this thing, and it’s a very serious matter for a

fellow in my position; it’s so difficult to find some one who is nice, and who isn’t a schemer and hasn’t a history or hereditary insanity, or a notoriously bad temper, or big feet, or something of that sort. If a fellow marries a beauty, he is apt to find out that the beauty thinks of nothing else but her own good looks: besides, as the Laureate has told us, beauty is a thing

that ——. Well, we don’t want money, mother, and now-a-days blood goes for very little, and the really blue-blooded girls that I know are very queer-looking; they are like the wonderful prize toy terriers, they have all a

tendency to baldness, and their ears are phenomenally large; besides, a very well-bred girl would be always ramming my grandfather down my throat. Now, that little Miss Fane is well-bred enough for me: her people were decent people, and I have made it my business to find out all about her. She has got two sisters at a charity school, mother; that isn’t her fault though, poor little thing. And I don’t think it much matters in after life.

Grandfather never went to school, and he made a hatful of money. Well, then you know, mother, the girl turned artist’s model; she had to, poor little thing, for they hadn’t a farthing between them when the father died; and they were turned out of Fane’s Court when the present man took under the entail. I confess I don’t quite like the artist’s model period, but it didn’t last long, and she was a mere child at the time. And then old ‘George’ Sandown carried her off, and, so to say, French-



AT SCHOOL.



polished her : and now she's as nice a girl, and as good a girl as you'll find within the four seas. Don't you think so, mother?"

"I do think that she is good and nice and pretty, Lionel; but I'm afraid it's rather a case of King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid; and I've never seen the girl I think good enough for you, my dear boy."

"Anyhow, the Beggar Maid made the King a good wife," said his lordship, ignoring the latter part of his mother's speech, "and it's a good wife I want."

And then for full half-an-hour did Lord Mortlake sing Phillida's praises; and his

those sort of things wonderfully dark, and that's the one thing I couldn't stomach, mother: I shouldn't care to marry a girl who had ever really liked someone else; it may be weak and foolish, but it's how I feel, mother."

"You are very sentimental, Lionel," said his mother simply; "but I'm not quite sure that you're not right; as a rule, there's nothing like a first love. Your poor father was neither wise nor handsome, Lionel, but he was my first love, and that made all the difference: and besides, when a peer marries a commoner, the girl feels as though it were a



CUT D.

mother soon discovered that his lordship was very much in love indeed.

"I pumped the artist-woman, Mrs. Charnelhouse, about her, mother," he said, "and she swore that she was everything that was charming; and the Charnelhouse is thoroughly honest you know, though she's uncommonly eccentric. Do you know, mother, I think if that little girl were to refuse me, that I should be the most miserable fellow in the whole world."

"She's not likely to refuse you, Lionel," said his mother with a smile.

"You can never tell what a girl will do," replied his lordship; "as likely as not she has got a sweetheart; girls keep

case of daughter of man wedding one of the sons of the angels."

The little dinner at the Star and Garter came off. Phillida, who had no idea whatever of the plot against her peace of mind, or that Lord Mortlake had determined to make her a proposal in form, was decoyed by his artful lordship, when the dessert was over, into the verandah, in order that she "might see how beautiful the river looked upon a bright moonlight night." The two elder ladies had declined to accompany them, on the pretext that they were afraid of the night air.

And it *was* a beautiful view, but then you've seen it, reader; if you haven't, the

sooner you do so the better: and the author will sternly resist the temptation to chastise you with scorpions, in the shape of the regulation four pages of descriptive stuff. Phillida had honestly admired the scene, she was in the best of tempers, and she was very enthusiastic; then, laying his hand upon the rail in front of them, Lord Mortlake, who, to his own intense astonishment, was terribly nervous, took up his parable.

"They say, Miss Fane," he began, "that confession is good for the soul. . . I hope that you will not be very angry with me, when I tell you that I got my mother to arrange this little dinner because I had something that I was very anxious to say to you."

Then what was coming instantly dawned upon Phillida; she didn't blush, she didn't tremble: she simply stood there in the bright moonlight as though turned to stone; she stared down into the valley; but, though she did so, the scene had faded from her sight and she saw nothing: she stood there

merely out of courtesy, feeling that the man must say his say and plead his cause as best he might; and as she listened to his words she felt sorry for Lord Mortlake, and her heart was not filled with the honest pride and triumph which most girls would have felt under such circumstances.

"Miss Fane, I am going to ask you to hear me out," he said, "and I hope you'll give what I have to say to you very serious and favourable consideration. Miss Sandown is one of my mother's friends; she

knows all about me, she has known me since I was a little child. I'm compelled to talk about myself, Miss Fane," he said, "believe me when I say that I am not in the habit of doing so. It has been my privilege to meet you frequently during the last three years: your beauty had its natural effect upon me, Miss Fane. I always liked and admired you; and I like you so much that I've brought you out here to ask you to be my wife. Considering my position, I am not a rich man,

but I have inherited enough from my mother to be able to live very comfortably: and when our Dulwich leases fall in, which they do in fifteen years' time, I shall be well-to-do, and my son in the course of things, will be a wealthy man. People don't find it difficult to get on with me, and my wife will have pretty much her own way."

"Lord Mortlake——" began Phillida.

"Let me beg you to hear me out, Miss Fane," he pleaded, for he feared an unfavourable answer from the tone in which

she had addressed him. "I needn't talk to you any more about money and position: to do so would be an insult to you; and I don't want to try to buy your love, Phillida. I know you come of gentle people, and that the Fanes are an old family. My grandfather was a pawnbroker," said his lordship with an effort; "if it hadn't been for him, I should be as poor as a rat; so that you see, Miss Fane, were you to accept me, it would be a condescension on your part. With the exception of my grandfather, I don't know



LORD MORTLAKE PROPOSES.



that I have anything against me. I needn't talk about my mother; everyone who knows her likes her, and she's been the best of mothers to me; and she's easy to get on with. And if ever a man was honestly attached to a girl, Miss Fane, that man is standing before you now: and though words fail him to say what he would wish, he implores you to weigh well that honest love of his before you cast it aside and make him the most miserable man in all the world. I don't ask you to accept me now, dear," he added diplomatically; "I only entreat you to allow me to pay my addresses to you. Perhaps," he went on wistfully, "when you realise how much I love you, you may learn to care for me. Phillida," he said, holding out his hand suddenly, "won't you give me a chance?"

The girl smiled and laid her little hand in his. "Lord Mortlake," she said, "you have done me a very great honour; you have paid me the greatest compliment a man can pay to a girl. But —"

"I give you my word of honour," cried the poor young fellow, "that there's nothing against me, nothing whatever. I've always run straight, Miss Fane, upon my soul I have."

"It isn't that, Lord Mortlake," said the girl. "I am gently born, that is the only thing I have to be proud of: but I am Miss Sandown's paid companion; she is good enough to treat me as an equal. But I didn't begin life as my dear old friend's companion; I have been an artist's model, a girl who was ready to sit to the first comer for a shilling an hour; and my little sisters are being brought up at a charity school."

"You are none the less a lady, Phillida," said the poor young man.

"The world wouldn't look upon me as a lady, Lord Mortlake," said the girl; "and you have a right, nay it is your duty to look higher."

"But you might learn to love me," he said.

"No, Lord Mortlake, we can't command our love, and I want to be honest with you. I could never marry you, Lord Mortlake, and it is best that we should understand each other. Let us be good friends, now as always. A true friend never does anyone any harm" remarked this young philosopher in petticoats.

"Must it be so?" he said. "It's very

hard, but I'll try and bear it like a man, Miss Fane." And then he raised the little cold hand, which he still held in his, respectfully to his lips, and they went back into the dining-room.

And when Lady Mortlake looked into her son's face enquiringly, she saw that he had had his answer, and for the moment she felt very angry with Phillida. And when they were putting on their wraps, she whispered to Miss Sandown, "I am dreadfully sorry for this; it will be a terrible blow to Lionel."

"My dear, the girl's a fool," growled out Miss Sandown, for the old lady was very angry indeed at what she considered Phillida's abominable wickedness.

Perhaps it was not to be wondered at that Lord Mortlake ordered Tomkins, his mother's footman, to go home by rail as best he might, "because," said his lordship vaguely, "I think I'll ride home on the box and smoke a cigar."

But, strange to say, Lord Mortlake was far too miserable to smoke. He had had his own way all his life, and now he felt that he had been crying for the moon and was considerably astonished to find that he had cried in vain.

#### CHAPTER XVII.

"DON'T YOU RECOGNISE IPHIGENIA?"

"A PORTRAIT? If I wasn't so very anxious for work, Boss, I'd refuse it; but I suppose it's no use taking half your advice. I shan't send the Tournament at Ashby; in fact, Jobson's had it, months ago. And I suppose I must give myself up to portraiture as a means of earning money."

"It's very good of you," said Milner, with a laugh. "The world will owe you a deep debt of gratitude for making this tremendous sacrifice; but I never heard yet, Walter, that a man's art is any the worse because he earns his living by it."

"I suppose you'll allow that it can be made a trade of," replied Walter, bitterly. "There's my brother of the brush, the chimney-sweep, we are fellow-tradesmen, we ply our brushes, and we live by them."

"Exactly, if you live by badly-painted pictures and he by ill-swept chimneys; but if your pictures are badly painted, and his chimneys are well swept, you are the tradesman and he is the artist, *Gualtiero*

*mio.* There's reason in the roasting of eggs, and art in the sweeping of a chimney or a crossing; a well-swept chimney or a well-swept crossing is distinctly a work of art, because, you see, it isn't everybody who could do it. Well, there's the address," said Milner.

"Grosvenor Square," said Walter, shrugging his shoulders, examining the card. "Five-and-twenty guineas for a half-length, Boss, of a lady who lives in Grosvenor Square? The lady must be of an economical turn of mind."

"That's right, Walter, turn up your nose at your good fortune. Why, I'll be bound that you've painted portraits for a quarter of the money."

"Of course I have, Boss," replied Walter, "and I shall again; but then my patrons didn't live in Grosvenor Square, which makes all the difference."

"Well, I can't say that I see it, Walter. You'll have to wear a decent coat while you paint the portrait, but you're the sort of young man who always does wear a decent coat, so that where you do the portrait, as long as it's within the postal radius, oughtn't to matter very much to you. But I'll tell you something that will please and astonish you: Your sitter is beautiful; she's more than pretty, Walter; she's one of the most beautiful young women I have ever seen. There, be off, you young fool," said Milner, slapping him on the back, "and thank your lucky stars for your great good fortune; for if you do her anything like justice, you young idiot, you'll be a made man. You've got a clear ten days before you till 'sending-in-day.' The fact is, Walter, you've got your chance."

I wonder whether it was vanity that made Walter Croft invest two-and-six in Regent Street in a new necktie? Half-crowns were not so very plentiful with him, but he managed to live somehow, in a hand-to-mouth sort of way. Since we saw him a year ago, when he got rid of the "Tournament at Ashby," he had got through an immense amount of work. In the first place, he had illustrated a book for Mr. Charnelhouse. "I want twenty-five angels of loveliness at two guineas each," Mr. Charnelhouse had said. "They must be all the same size, and they must be all good-looking. I'd ask my wife to do them, but she's more profitably employed. They must be swells, and they can range in age from seventeen to five-

and-thirty; but I want 'em 'yum-yum,' and I'd like 'em in a month. You see it 'ud be easier for both of us if you'll furnish the angels first, and then I can stick 'em up and fit each one with a crisp story to measure about a thousand words. The stories have got to be very short, very crisp, and very aristocratic. Your city clerk doesn't care for anything in the way of a heroine under an Honorable Miss. And Ghoul and Scortcher, for whom I'm to do the book, cater especially for the city clerk; and I've got to deliver the stuff in three weeks, my boy; and I've had a cheque for half the money, and time is running short; so if you'll shoot 'em in as you do 'em, I can be getting on with the stuff. No Burn Jones's, my boy, mind that. Graceful rotundity and shoulders is what the city clerk admires, so Scortcher says; and the tastes of the city clerk have been the study of Scortcher's life, and he's made the study pay. Why that villain Scortcher keeps a steam-yacht, sir, and as for Ghoul he sends his boys to Eton." And *The Rose Garden of Girls*, by Francis Charnelhouse, author of *With Cupid's Eyes*, etc., with twenty-five full-page illustrations, and a coloured wrapper, had been a great success. And Walter had done a good deal of business with Mr. Jobson, and he had taken a little studio in West Hampstead, and he had begun to earn money; and the young fellow had worked like a horse, but he wasn't troubled with any superfluous cash; but he was able to have a decent coat to his back when he walked abroad, and to eat his three square meals a-day, and his chums at the Chiaroscuro Society said that if young Croft didn't spoil himself by over production he was bound to get on. And many of the men at the Chiaroscuro who had held aloof from Walter in his early days, because they suspected him of being a swell with money, were now quite thick with him; for young Wackles, the animal painter, had actually visited him at his Portsmouth Street studio, and had reported favourably as to the nakedness of the land. But Walter had done nothing for the Academy; the ideal heads that he had painted for Jobson he felt were not good enough, being mere pot-boilers. So Walter Croft, fired by the subtle poison that Milner had poured into his too willing ear, was burning to distinguish himself by immortalising the charms of



the mysterious young lady whose name he did not know, but who dwelt in Grosvenor Square.

Walter Croft was punctuality itself, of course he was. He drove up in a hansom cab with his easel and his new canvas, and his artistic paraphernalia in a neat little japanned tin box; and when he saw that the house in Grosvenor Square was of the most imposing appearance, he almost hesitated to knock at its tremendous door; but he screwed up his courage, and he did knock, but I am bound to confess that the knock was a failure. The door opened as though by magic, and one of Miss Sandown's gorgeous "flunkies" barred the way, and stared at the young fellow with supercilious scorn.

"Does Miss Sandown live here?" he said.

"She do, but she isn't at home," replied the man shortly.

"Not at home!" cried Walter. "Why, I came here by appointment. My name is Croft."

"Oh, she's at home to you, sir," said the man humbly, "if you're the artist gentleman;" and he threw the door wide open with a flourish.

"Just pay the cab, will you, and bring my traps out," said Walter, handing the footman half-a-crown.

The man did as he was bid, and then respectfully ushered the young artist into the drawing-room.

Miss Sandown didn't keep him waiting long; she entered the room, followed by Phillida.

"You're Mr. Croft, Mr. Milner's friend,

I suppose," she said; "I am Miss Sandown. This is the young lady whose portrait I am anxious to possess."

"He seems quite respectable," thought Miss Sandown, as she looked at the new tie. "Phillida, this is Mr. Croft, a friend of Mr. Milner's. Mr. Croft, Miss Fane," she added formally.

Now it was on Phillida's lips to welcome Walter Croft as an old friend, but she perceived that he did not recog-

nise her; so she merely smiled and shook hands with him. Walter had expected to see a young woman of prepossessing appearance: he beheld a glorious vision! "I can never do *her* justice, she is beyond my powers," thought Walter as he groaned in the spirit. Then his sleeping ambition awoke all at once; he remembered John Milner's words. "She is very, very beautiful," he thought, "and I've got the chance that comes to a man once in a lifetime. Why, if I can reproduce that face, and that dainty figure, they're



PHILLIDA SITS FOR HER PORTRAIT.

bound to hang it on the line, and I shall be a made man."

He found the very light he wanted in Miss Sandown's big drawing-room. He got his easel into position; his sitter fell into a graceful pose at once: there are some women whose every pose is graceful. Phillida was one of these.

"That's just what I want, Miss Fane," he said, and he set to work.

"You retain the pose wonderfully, Miss Fane, he said, "I must congratulate you." One isn't generally so fortunate in

one's sitters in that matter," he added airily.

Now, Miss Sandown had left the young people practically *en tête à tête*; she had retired to the further end of the great room, and had buried herself in the fashionable intelligence of *The Morning Post*. "I shall only distract his attention if I talk to him," she had thought; so she had taken up the newspaper, and had soon forgotten the very existence of Walter Croft.

"It isn't the first time I have sat for my portrait," said Phillida pertly.

"Who was lucky enough to have the honour of attempting you, Miss Fane?" asked Walter with some anxiety.

"Mr. Bland was the last person to immortalise me," replied the girl.

"What, William Bland the Academician?" cried Walter in astonishment and awe.

Phillida nodded, and as she nodded she smiled.

"I suppose the portrait was not exhibited, Miss Fane? I should surely have remembered it, had I seen it."

"Well, it wasn't exactly a portrait," said Phillida; "but it was exhibited at Burlington House, two years ago."

"That's very strange," said Walter, who was puzzled. "The only thing I remember of Bland's, two years ago, was that big picture of Iphigenia, that was commissioned by Caird, the ironmaster."

"Don't you recognise Iphigenia?" said Phillida with a smile, and she raised her eyes and suddenly assumed a woe-begone air.

"Of course I do, Miss Fane," cried the young man excitedly.

"Now I suppose you cease to wonder at my retaining the pose, Mr. Croft."

"My greatest wonder is that I could have forgotten; the face of Iphigenia dwelt in my memory. I fancy we must have met before, Miss Fane; I'm sure we must have."

"I remembered *you* at once, Mr. Croft, and we used to meet very frequently in Mr. Milner's studio; but I didn't even know your name, I only remembered you as Walter;" then the girl began to blush furiously.

Young Croft coloured too. "Of course I remember you now," he said. "Why, I was present at your very first sitting. But I really shouldn't have known you; you've — you——"

"Yes, I've grown older, if that's what you mean," said the girl maliciously; "and three years is a long time. You have changed too, Mr. Croft."

"I have had a good deal of worry," he said.

"I know, I know," said the girl; "Mr. Milner told me the story, and I was very, very sorry for your sake, Mr. Croft."

"I came to utter grief," said Walter explanatorily. "Milner always used to say that it would do me good to have to work for my living; I work with a vengeance now, Miss Fane. And now that I am beginning to earn a living, I can look upon the world with happier eyes. I was a dreadful cub when you knew me, you know; I needed a good deal of kicking, and I got it."

And so the pair chatted on, and they were both very much surprised to find how quickly the time had flown, when the footman entered the room and announced that lunch was on the table.

Then the young man took his leave and promised to return on the following day at the same hour. And as he walked across the Square, Walter Croft felt that he had lost his heart; he confessed to himself that he had loved little Miss Fane, the model, three years ago, *without knowing it*; he knew instinctively that he had now lost his heart for good and all; he knew too that he had found his ideal; that the dream woman, who haunts every young man's fancy, had come to him at last; that he had done for ever with the love that kills, and that the love that blesses and sanctifies, even though it may be a hopeless love, was brightening his life. Perhaps it is not to be wondered at that he did not attempt to struggle against this new-born love. It was *Kismet*; he felt that he had met his fate. And as he walked, he dreamt the happy dreams that come to all of us once at least in our lifetimes, and he felt ready to

"be up and doing,  
With a heart for any fate."

And in his excitement the young fellow forgot to lunch, and pottered about in the park aimlessly till it was closing time, dreaming of the girl he had loved unknowingly for three long years. Then he marched up to Spagnoletti's, and ate that wonderful Italian's wonderful Italian dinner, and he drank a bottle of his rough Barolo wine, and then he went home;



and that night he dreamt of her, of course he did, poor boy.

Girls are proverbially artful. Phillida acknowledged to Miss Sandown that young Mr. Croft was very pleasant, and agreed with that lady that his manners were most gentlemanly, considering his position in life: and both ladies sincerely hoped that the portrait would be a success. And then Phillida told the elder lady that the artist trusted to finish the picture in time for the Academy; whereupon Miss Sandown had remarked that five-and-twenty guineas was quite enough to pay for ten days' work by so very young a man. And Phillida had smiled; and, as is the nature of girls, she had been very sly and secret, and she didn't confide to her friend that Walter was an old acquaintance. But to tell the truth, it did not, as yet, dawn upon the girl, that she felt something more than pity for the young portrait painter.

The ten days came to an end. A beautiful new gold frame had come from Mr. Jobson's for the now finished picture. When I say that Walter Croft was satisfied with his work, and that John Milner, who had looked in to inspect it, approved of it, and that, above all, Miss Sandown did not grudge the five-and-twenty-guineas which she would have to disburse, and that she paid Mr. Jobson for the frame without a groan, you may be quite sure that the portrait was a success. There was no mistake about the likeness in the first place; and then, as you and I know, reader, there are some girls who are so pretty that it is impossible to flatter them.

"I shall never do her justice," poor Walter had thought, as he had worked away at the picture, putting his whole soul into it. And the two young people had talked and chatted a great deal during those nine sittings, for there was an intervening Sunday. And they had been

left a good deal to themselves; because, as Miss Sandown had said in her heart, "I know that Phillida isn't the sort of girl to make a fool of herself." And this I know, that Walter Croft was very much in love; and, perhaps I shall save trouble if I express what I think about the matter in a single sentence and leave the rest to the intelligence of the reader.

*I think that Walter Croft had made the very most of his time.*

He was perfectly justified in so doing, for these two good-looking young paupers had attained years of discretion, and, of course, they both knew their own business best.

No. 937: Portrait of Miss F——by Walter Croft, was a success; the picture was well hung, it got one of the recognised "places of honour;" it didn't get this place of honour, this happy coign of vantage, because it had been painted by a pupil of Milner's, who was a friend of Bland's, who was on the hanging committee for the year; but because the portrait was a good portrait and a genuine portrait; and when it came up before the committee it got a round of applause. "We are only too glad to see a real good thing and we all applauded it, except Soaper, who was jealous, the old fool, though he was a good man in his day; and Soaper has made any amount of money and ought to have retired long ago: but he sticks to his rights and hangs his four nightmare portraits on the line, because it is his right to, year after year; and foolish people are only too glad to be 'guyed' by Soaper at three hun-

dred guineas each; they think it's worth paying for the certainty of being exhibited," Mr. William Bland, R.A., had remarked to his friend, John Milner. A very beautiful face is sure to attract notice if it happens to be hung where the public can see it. On varnishing



A RIVER SKETCH.

day, Walter Croft's young friends had admired the picture and had envied him his good luck as to position: at the private view, the various "queens of beauty" had stared at it, and declared that they didn't admire the costume; and Mrs. Charmington had remarked that "the girl seemed an insipid sort of girl, and for my part, I don't care for curds and whey." But the men "plumped" for Phillida in a body as "the most beautiful face in the show." And the great Mr. Cocksure, the dealer, turned up Walter's address in the catalogue and made a black cross against his name, which means a great deal, as all artists know; and Lady Skimpington, whose fourth daughter, Edith Honoria, was to be shortly presented, also looked up the address of the painter of No. 937, which, as all artists know, doesn't mean much; and Lady Skimpington said in her heart, "Edith's a handsome girl, and as likely as not he'd be glad to paint her for the honour and glory of the thing; and we can show our gratitude by asking him down to Cheesparings, when the house is empty." And young Cacklebury of *The Tarradiddle*, who supposed Phillida to be an heiress, praised the picture, and dropped into poetry about "the fair sitter," as he called her; but the sub editor carefully blue-pencilled his

poetry, so it didn't do the picture any harm. And Logroller and Blackmailer and Sparkler Jones, all professional art-critics, lauded No. 937 to the skies: and, to tell the truth, Walter got far more than his deserts in the matter of favourable notices, and that is very easily explained: A pretty face helps a picture more than one might think, because everybody admires female beauty. Your experienced dramatic author always insists on a pretty face or two in the caste of his new piece, if he can get it. It's just the same at a concert, or at an opera; a "beautiful incompetent" may not be able to act, perhaps she cannot sing a note, but she is surely a pleasanter object for the eye to rest upon than the talented Miss Raddle, aged forty-nine, or eighteen-stone Madame Trilli, of the Royal Italian Opera and St. James's Hall, whose singing entrances us, but whom the wise man listens to with closed eyes for fear of destroying the illusion. And the picture owed quite as much to Phillida's beauty as to Walter Croft's skill: of this fact Walter was fully aware; and it is not to be wondered at that he was very grateful to little Miss Fane; and when a young man is grateful to a very pretty girl, we know how he usually shows his gratitude.

*(To be concluded next month.)*





B. J. N. PENTELOW.

**W**ITH cymbal-clash and trumpet-sound, amid applause that seemed to shake the very walls of the Colosseum, the gladiators marched into the arena.

At their head strode one, who seemed in very truth, a king among men, conspicuous above all others, by his handsome face, his brave bearing, his muscular, well-knit frame. Following him came some four or five hundred pairs of gladiators, marching four abreast.

A look of hatred convulsed the face of the Emperor Domitian as he gazed upon the leader of the gladiators. There was no hatred in the steadfast gaze which the slave returned, only

contempt and scorn. A strange contrast, truly: slave and emperor: and the slave far more truly free; for, while the despot was a slave to his vices and his fears, the gladiator was at least monarch of his own soul.

Only once again did the champion of the arena look upwards; and then it was to encounter the anguish-gaze of a pair of bright eyes, brighter for their unshed tears, and to smile reassuringly to their owner, whose fair, anxious face betrayed her love for him.

Once round the arena the gladiators marched; then, halting beneath the throne of Cæsar, they drew their swords and waved them above their heads. Pealing forth loud



"AVE CÆSAR."

and deep, above all the mingled noises of the amphitheatre, arose the grand death-song, full of a wordless pathos and passionate despair:

"Ave Cæsar, morituri te salutant!"

The vaulted arches of the Colosseum prolonged and cast back the echo. Scarce had the last sound died away when the gladiators marched out, leaving behind them but two of their number.

One of these was he who had marched at their head, the slave who had dared to meet with eagle gaze the imperial glance of the Cæsar—Fabius, the champion swordsman of the Roman arena. The other was a giant from the German forests, fair-haired and large-limbed, of ox-like strength, and in height fully a head taller than his Roman opponent. Each carried sword and shield; each wore full defensive armour.

"Who is yon gladiator—he who bears himself so haughtily and with such patrician grace? His face should be well known to me, and yet I cannot call to mind his name."

Thus spoke a handsome man of about the middle age, who sat in a prominent place in the benches allotted to the nobility of Rome. Many eyes were directed towards him, for this was Julius Agricola, erstwhile governor of Britain, whence he had been recalled by the jealousy of Domitian. Galba had been too good an instance of how formidable a rival a wise, brave and prudent general might prove to a slothful and detested emperor, to allow Domitian to look upon Agricola's popularity with serenity; and his gloomy brow darkened whenever he looked towards the great governor's seat.



JULIUS AGRICOLA.

"Thou hast been absent from Rome a long space, O Agricola, and perchance hast not heard of the feats of Antoninus Fabius, our patrician champion of the arena," answered his companion, a noble youth of three or four and twenty, dressed in the height of the prevailing fashion. "Yet methought that the deeds of Fabius had been sounded even in the land of the barbarous Britons."

"Even so, Cornelius: the fame of Fabius hath penetrated

unto the land of fogs; and often have I marvelled how it came about that one of that noble name should fight as a common gladiator in the arena. Dost thou know his story?"

"Ay, and when I have told it thee I warrant thou wilt say that Fabius hath as much cause to love the Emperor as thou hast."

"For what, then, was he sentenced?"

"I will tell thee. Know that some five years past, a conspiracy was formed against the life of the Cæsar. It was discovered by treachery, and the known plotters were put to death. But there were also those upon whom suspicion fell, though against them nothing could be proved. Among these was Antoninus Fabius. The tyrant had long hated him, but he dared not order him to execution, for he feared the vengeance of the Fabii. What then remained but to condemn him to the arena? 'Twas cruel injustice, for Fabius had no part in the plot. But Cæsar, great archer though he be, overshot his mark. Fabius has vanquished every foe that has come against him; he has been hailed The Champion of the Arena; and if he be not



conquered to-day he will receive his freedom. His opponents are the German with whom he is now about to fight, and my kinsman, Claudius Cossus."

"And for what cause doth thy kinsman dare the fight against him?"

Cornelius drew himself up proudly, the hot blood of his ancient race flushing his cheeks.

"There is naught that a Cossus would not dare," he said. Then he laughed lightly, as if half ashamed for his momentary resentment, and continued: "For what reason, sayest thou? 'Tis the old and ever powerful one—love! Fabius was betrothed to the fairest maiden in Rome, the Lady Valeria; and she hath ever remained faithful to him. My kinsman loves her. But hist!—the combat is about to commence. The Emperor has signed that the trumpet shall be sounded.

Even as he spoke, a solitary trumpet

Lightly the gladiator stepped aside, and received the blow on his shield. Then he lunged full at the heart of the German.

The giant was no untrained swordsman. He parried the thrust dexterously, and attacked so fiercely that the Roman was forced to retreat before the shower of blows rained upon him. One of them cut through the shoulder-clasp of his breastplate, and carved his flesh to the bone. But the wonderful power of endurance which Fabius possessed stood him in good stead now. The barbarian's furious attack grew weaker: it was impossible but that he must soon yield to fatigue.

And now the champion's time had come!

As the German lunged forward, his foot slipped; and Antoninus, with one lightning thrust, entirely disabled his sword-arm.

The giant dropped his weapon and cast down his shield at the conqueror's feet.

"I yield me," he said, sullenly.

And the shouts of "Habet! habet!" mingled with cries of "Euge! euge!" burst from the throats of a



ENTIRELY DISABLED HIS SWORD ARM.

blared forth. In an instant every sound was hushed, and all was suspense as the champion and his antagonist advanced one towards the other.

Scarcely ten feet separated them now. With a shout of fury, the gigantic barbarian sprang forward, and delivered a terrible blow full at the head of Fabius.

hundred thousand spectators.

The German cast around a mute, imploring glance for mercy. An angry murmur arose among the populace; but Julius Agricola, springing to his feet, extended the thumb of his right hand upwards, in token of sparing. Many of the patricians, who admired and loved the

brave general, followed his example; and the common people, sheep-like, followed where their superiors led.

Fabius bowed low, and left the arena. The German sullenly followed him. The games proceeded; pair after pair of the gladiators entered; corpse after corpse was

as they entered the arena by opposite openings. The Cossus was well known as one of the most accomplished swordsmen in the city; yet it was thought that at an ordinary time he would be no match for Fabius. But many predicted confidently that he would gain the victory now that



COSSUS WAS STRICKEN TO HIS KNEE.

dragged out by the hooks of the slaves. Yet still the people, mad with the thirst for blood, made hideous exultation as the death-blow was given to each fallen gladiator; and still the Cæsar sat, with unmoved face, but with heart that revelled in the awful scene.

And now the time for the combat between Claudius Cossus and Antoninus Fabius drew near; and the young patrician was seen to leave his seat to arm in readiness.

Loud applause greeted the combatants,

the champion, by reason of the wound he had received from the German giant, was incapable of bearing a shield.

The Lady Valeria sat almost frozen with terror. She knew well how fierce and deadly was the hatred of the Cossus for the man whom she loved; and she would have laid down her life willingly—nay, gladly—to save Fabius from what seemed the certain death awaiting him in this conflict. For she loved Antoninus Fabius with all the strength of her noble





VALERIA KNELT BY HER LOVER'S SIDE.

heart, which had never wavered in its love for him, though the Cossus and many another proud patrician had laid siege, and though she had had speech with her lover but thrice during all those five long years in which he had been a slave.

She knew well that this must be a combat to the death. Is it wonderful that, with all her confidence in the skill and strength of her gladiator lover, she should fear for him, wounded as he was?

The signal was given, and the swords met with a clash! Both fought warily, Fabius almost entirely on the defensive. But it was evidently only by an immense effort that Cossus controlled the passion of hatred that was eating out his heart.

For some time the champion, severely handicapped by the absence of his shield, was at a disadvantage. But soon the trained gladiator's strength began to assert itself.

Cossus was gradually pressed back. Both had already received several wounds; both were faint from loss of blood. But Fabius was battling for freedom and for love; and deadly hatred nerved Cossus. So, fighting desperately on, they recked not of their wounds.

The conflict lasted long. On every side the sand was trampled by their feet, and sprinkled with their blood. At last Cossus

forgetting all caution, made an attack which left open his guard, and was stricken to his knee.

"Yield thee!" cried Fabius.

"That will I never!"

And Cossus thrust with all his strength at the gladiator.

The sword of Fabius fell full upon his head, and clove him to the chin. But, faint and weary, the champion could not avert the thrust; and, even as he cleft his enemy's head, it pierced him in the side.

Blood gushed from the wound; red mists swam before his eyes; the sword fell from his nerveless fingers. He clutched spasmodically at the empty air, and fell forward on his face.

A shout arose from the populace; and the slaves, coming forward with a litter, carried out the bodies of the two combatants.

The patrician was quite dead; the gladiator yet lived, though the wound was a mortal one.

He opened his eyes as, very gently for them, the slaves set down the litter in a small chamber beneath the tiers of seats. An old comrade stood by his side, a pupil of the same Janista. This man caught the word that the slaves' dull ears heard not, and, with a reassuring smile, started to find the Lady Valeria.

She was already coming thither, on the arm of her brother, a grave senator; and under the guidance of Lansus, these two were quickly conducted to Fabius.

Lansus ordered the slaves out of the chamber.

Valeria knelt by her lover's side, and laid her queenly head upon his breast. For a moment he could not speak; but he lifted one hand, and laid it upon the raven locks.

"This is no place for us," said Lansus. And the senator suffered himself to be led out by the gladiator.

So the two and death were left alone. For Fabius was dying, and he knew it.

She did not. Though she had seen him

fall in the arena, though she saw him lying there unable to move, there was hope in her heart.

"Oh, my hero!" she said, while the tears flowed fast from her eyes. "Oh, my hero and my love, dearer than aught else the world holds, yet not dearer even now than when they called thee slave!—look up to me and speak thy joy, for thou hast won thy freedom!"

He could only speak in a whisper:

"Lay thy face to mine, Valeria," he said, "Ay, closer, closer—so, so! Now kiss me—again, again! Oh love, my love, this is a recompense for all the weary years! And this is all we are like to have.

For indeed I have won my freedom; but I have paid the price. And the price is death!"

Even as he made an end of speaking, death came upon him; and Fabius the unconquered was beaten at last.

But when, alarmed at the silence within the chamber, Lansus and Valedius returned thither, they found Fabius dead, and Valeria by his side, sleeping like a child.

Her brother laid his hand upon her, but started back in terror, his eyes full of a wild surmise.

She slept indeed, but without breath, without movement; for she slept the last, long sleep.



SHE SLEPT THE LAST, LONG SLEEP.



# Leaves from the Life of Captain Tom Holybone.

By GUY CLIFFORD.

## No. 2.—THE STORY OF NELLIE.

**I**T was a lovely September day. I had been for a week's cruise along the Devon and Cornwall coasts with Captain Tom Holybone in his little yawl, and we were drifting slowly home past Torquay, which was about fifteen miles from our destination—the little village of Diphham. There was scarcely a breath of wind, it was so light that we had hardly enough way on the boat to steer. The lugsail flopped to and fro with the rise and fall of the boat on the swell of the sea. Drifting along thus, I lay at full length at the bottom of the boat, with my head pillowed on a piece of sail cloth, gazing up into the blue vault of heaven. I was doing nothing, thinking of nothing, looking at nothing. I was the incarnation of laziness.

My old friend, Tom Holybone, was too good a sailor to quite follow my example, but, when last I had sufficient interest in mundane affairs to cast a glance at him, I saw he was comfortably ensconced in the stern, with his arm hanging over the tiller, blinking first one eye and then the other; and although from this I presumed he was not asleep, I

think he would scarcely have declared he was wide awake.

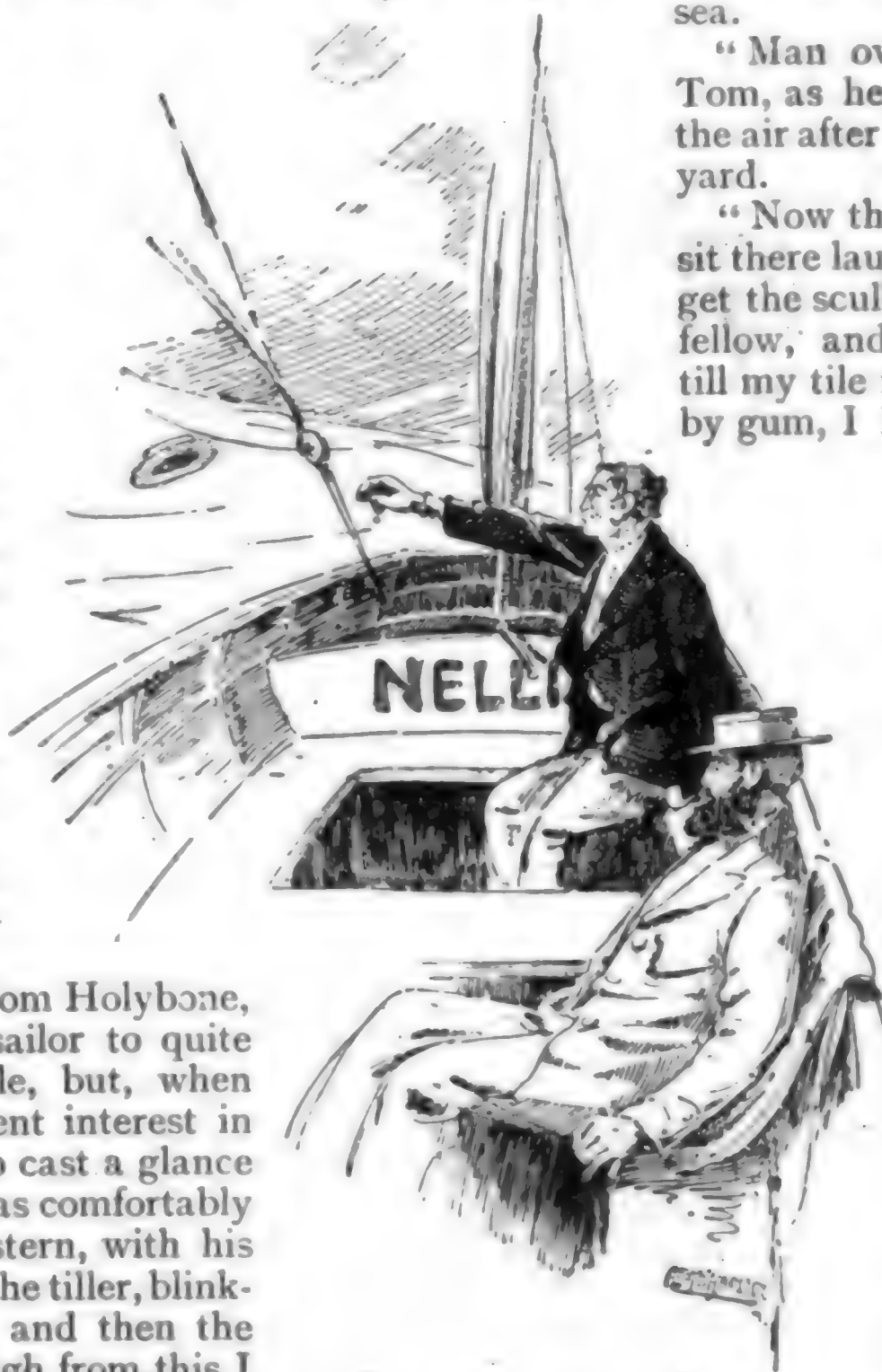
We had been thus for perhaps some thirty or forty minutes, and I had just roused myself, when an extra heavy lurch of the yawl sent the boom of the sail over to the other side, and the slack of the rope caught Tom's hat and jerked it into the sea.

"Man overboard!" shouted Tom, as he vainly clutched at the air after his vanished straw-yard.

"Now then," said he, "don't sit there laughing like that; just get the sculls out, there's a good fellow; and back water a bit till my tile floats within reach; by gum, I hope it won't sink; the sun's just baking up what little brain I've got left."

Thus adjured, I did as desired, and in a few minutes he had grasped his hat and, swishing out the water, clapped it on his head, "to cool his fevered brow," as he said.

These strenuous exertions had effectually roused us from our soporific tendencies, so, filling my pipe, I made myself comfortable in my old place, leaning my back against the side of the boat.



HE VAINLY CLUTCHED THE AIR.

"When do you think we shall get home?" said I.

"Why, you surely are not in a hurry, are you? It's one of the privileges of bachelordom to have no one waiting and watching for you."

"No, Tom, this suits me perfectly; there's nothing to do, and if there were, you couldn't do it on such a delightfully lazy day; one can only doze and dream or talk and smoke: we've tried the former, now we will do the latter. I am smoking, you do the talking. By-the-bye, talking of watching and waiting, how happens it that you never married—have you never cogitated such a step?"

"Yes, Guy, my boy; there was a time, it is long ago now though; but if you like I will tell you why I never called a woman wife. You asked me once why I had named this little boat the *Nellie*, and I replied, if you remember, it was because I had a dear friend once of that name."

I nodded my head as Tom paused, then he resumed:

"When I first went to sea, I started as cabin-boy, and I knocked about, rising to ordinary, then able seaman, until I got my third mate's certificate. I had been home on and off during this time to see the old folks down here; but when I passed as third mate, I thought I would have a spell with them at home for a bit, so I came down home for several months.

"I was a strong sturdy chap at that time, of about five-and-twenty years of age. You know my father was in the Customs, and lived a little way out of Sidmouth, and he and the mother were just glad, I can tell you, to have their vagabond of a son with them again. One day I accompanied my father over to Plymouth, where he had

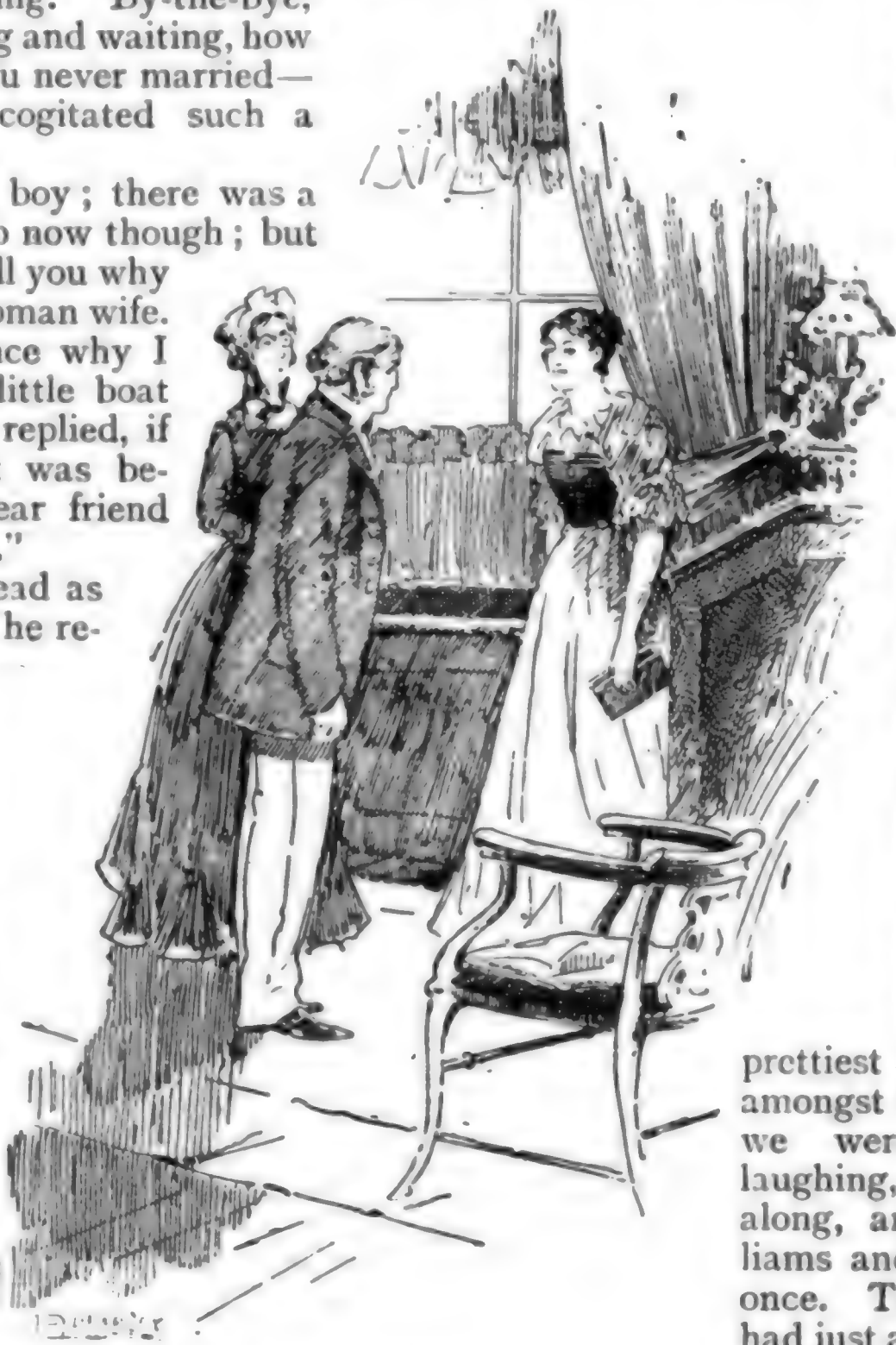
business to see to, and while he was attending to his affairs I strolled down to the harbour to have a look round, when I ran against a Captain Williams of the *Southern Belle*. I had been of service to him in Hong Kong a year or so back, and he hadn't forgotten me. He shook me heartily by the hand, and bade me come along with him up to his agents, where he was going to report his arrival. This done, he took me up to his sister's house, and on the way I left word at the Custom House,

to let my father know where I had gone. Captain Williams' sister was a spinster, and it was at her house I met my fate. The Captain had an only daughter, Nellie, who resided with her aunt: his wife had been dead many years. Nellie was then about twenty-one, and she captured my heart from the moment I saw her. I need not describe her to you, Guy, you have seen our Devonshire lasses yourself. Well, she was the

prettiest and dearest girl amongst them all. While we were chatting and laughing, my father came along, and Captain Williams and he hit it off at once. The *Southern Belle* had just arrived from Bombay, and was going on to London to discharge her

cargo. It had been an understood thing that when her father got home from the present voyage, Nellie was to leave her aunt and accompany him for one or two voyages on the *Belle*. You can guess, then, that when the Captain offered me the third officer's berth on the next voyage, I jumped at it.

"I was, sailor-like, tired of loafing about on shore, and should have hailed the offer



I MET MY FATE.



with delight anyhow, but now that I knew Nellie was to be aboard, why, there was not a doubt as to my answer.

"In a couple of weeks' time, I had bidden the old folks good-bye and joined the *Belle* in London, where Captain Williams confirmed his offer and duly installed me as his third mate.

The *Southern Belle* was a nearly new full-rigged ship of 1082 tons register, and Nellie's father was part owner. She was engaged in the Eastern trade, in which she had made three very successful and profitable voyages, and was sailing next voyage to Calcutta.

"As third mate I had to look after the loading and unloading of the cargoes, and consequently had very little time to myself when in port.

"Nellie had come up to London, and was staying with her father at his hotel in the Minories, and so I did not see very much of her until the time drew near for our sailing, a few days before which Captain Williams gave me orders to have the cabins well cleaned out, pointing out one large roomy cabin, situate next to his own, as the one his daughter was to occupy. Of course this one received my utmost care and attention, and I did what the limited means at my disposal permitted to embellish it for the reception of its pretty mistress.

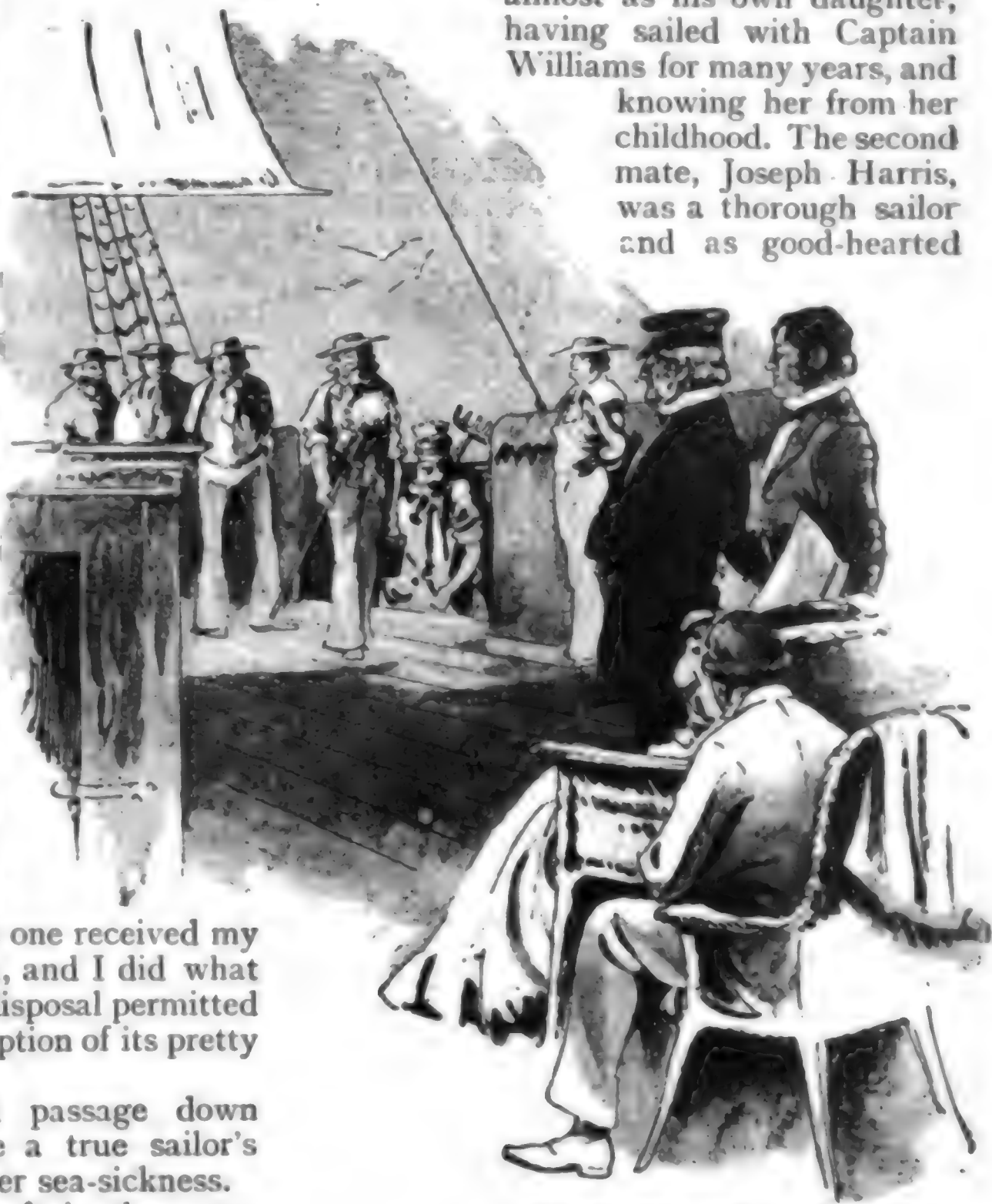
"We had a splendid passage down Channel, and Nellie, like a true sailor's daughter, soon got over her sea-sickness.

"The cabins were all aft in the poop. We, that is the three officers, took our meals with the Captain and Nellie in the saloon, so that we were thus always in familiar intercourse with each other.

"We continued to have splendid weather, and as the *Belle* got further south Nellie used to spend almost the entire day on deck, and you may be sure that I made as many opportunities as I could to get near her, to render any service she might require, and generally make myself her slave; and so my love grew firmer and firmer.

"The close relations into which we were necessarily brought by the confines of our little world, only brought out more forcibly the many lovable qualities of her sunny disposition. She was the light and life of our little circle, and the idol of the seamen as well as the rest of us.

"Mr. Allen, the chief officer, was a tall, powerful Scotchman of about forty-five years of age, a married man with children nearly as old as Nellie, whom he looked on almost as his own daughter, having sailed with Captain Williams for many years, and knowing her from her childhood. The second mate, Joseph Harris, was a thorough sailor and as good-hearted



KING NEPTUNE CAME ON BOARD.

a fellow as I have ever come across; he had worked his way up from the fore-castle, and was a bit rough, but liked and respected by all.

"I well remember Nellie's glee at her first introduction to Neptune and the vagaries the sailors got up to, when the *Belle* crossed the line. They had asked and obtained their Captain's permission to invite Neptune on board, and the proceedings were carried through in the

orthodox manner. All were invited, Nellie in particular, to view the performance, and when Mr. Allen announced that the *Belle* was then exactly crossing the equator, a hoarse voice hailed us from over the side to lay to while King Neptune came on board; the voice being followed by Neptune himself and two of his attendants. These were three of the sailors disguised with oakum wigs, beards, and whiskers, and decorated with seaweed, hanging in festoons round their shoulders and waists. Neptune carried the usual sign of his kingly rank, a trident, which in this case bore a suspicious likeness to a wooden rake.

"Neptune requested Captain Williams to inform him why it was that the *Southern Belle* was sailing through his domain, and where she was from and whither she was bound, with various other details, which being replied to to his satisfaction, and the usual tribute of grog having been served out, with a double allowance to his majesty, various buffooneries were entered into and enjoyed by the men.

"The usual shaving operation was not omitted; this time-honoured custom never seems to lose its zest with sailors. The victim this time was one of the crew who had made himself obnoxious amongst his fellow-seamen; he was seized and forced into a chair, where he was firmly held by a dozen willing hands; then his crimes were set forth by one of the men, and Neptune sentenced him to be shaved. The shaving-brush was a mop as big as a cabbage, and after being plentifully lathered with this monster-brush and a bucket of soft-soap, his face is scraped clean with a piece of hoop-iron, representing the razor. Rebellion is useless, any endeavour on the victim's part, at remonstrance, being promptly cut short, by a dab in the mouth with the soapy mop. In this instance, however, the painful process with the hoop razor was not carried to extremes, as Nellie begged Neptune, as a special favour to her, to release the captive after the first scrape or two. This request having been graciously acceded to, the visit terminated by Neptune advancing to Nellie and pre-

senting her with a beautiful little model of the *Southern Belle*, carved out of ebony, with masts and rigging, a perfect copy of the original; after which, with a wave of farewell, Neptune with his satellites disappeared over the side.

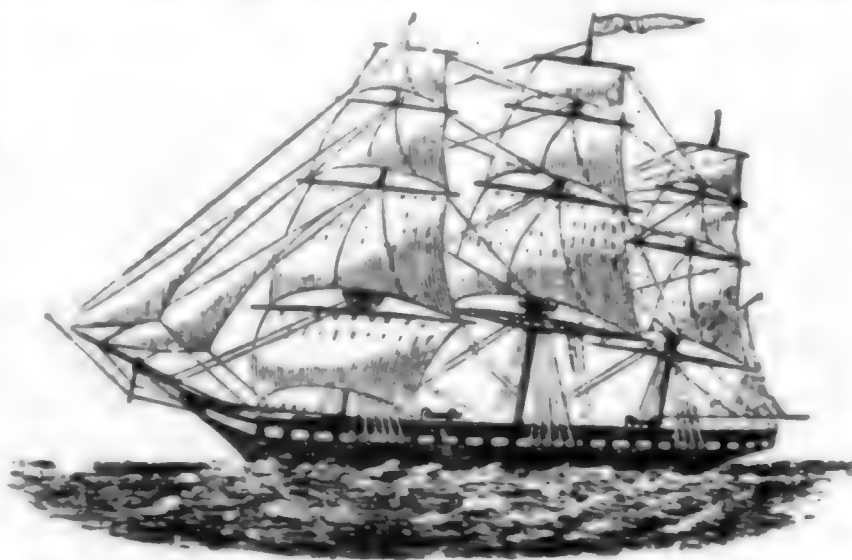
"We arrived at Calcutta after a pleasant and uneventful passage, and there loaded up for London again. On arrival in London I got leave of absence to attend my examination for a second mate's certificate and passed successfully.

"Joe Harris, our second officer, left at the termination of this voyage to go to America to take possession of some property left him by a brother in Boston, and Captain Williams promoted me to his berth; this was a great step for me, and as it released me from much of the routine incidental to the ship's business in port, I was enabled to escort Nellie about to various places of interest and amusement in London. We had never spoken of our affection for each other, but I was sure she knew of my love for her, and somehow I felt satisfied of the nature of her feelings towards myself.

"The *Belle* was now loading up for Java, and it was on this voyage that events were to happen which robbed me of her I loved best on earth.

"This voyage, in contrast to our last, seemed ominous from the first. On leaving London we encountered a heavy westerly gale, against which we endeavoured unsuccessfully to beat down Channel, and eventually had to run into the Solent for shelter; we were twelve days before we got west of the Lizard, and the bad weather continued to follow us almost uninterruptedly until we had rounded the Cape of Good Hope. Then it looked as if our ill fortune had changed, and we experienced a spell of lovely weather with a brisk sou'-westerly breeze. We boomed across

the Indian Ocean with royal sails set for days and nights together. The moon was at its full, making the nights as bright almost as day—the heavens were simply a mass of brilliant constellations, with meteors and shooting stars darting about in every direction.



WE BOOMED ACROSS THE INDIAN OCEAN.



"It was during one of these evenings, as Nellie and I stood by the rail gazing at the starlit vault above us, that I spoke the first words of love to her, and as she stole her little hand into mine, I had her sweet answer.

"I had an interview with her father the next morning, at which he was kindness itself. He said he had long noticed how matters were going, and when the time came, he should give Nellie to me with every hope for our future happiness.

"I hope I am not wearying you, Guy, with my story, but the times I am now recalling were the gladdest in my whole life and every little detail seems to come to me as fresh as when it happened."

"My dear fellow," I replied, "you know I never tire of listening to you; you have the true art of narration which, together with the varied experiences of your busy life, makes all you say interesting."

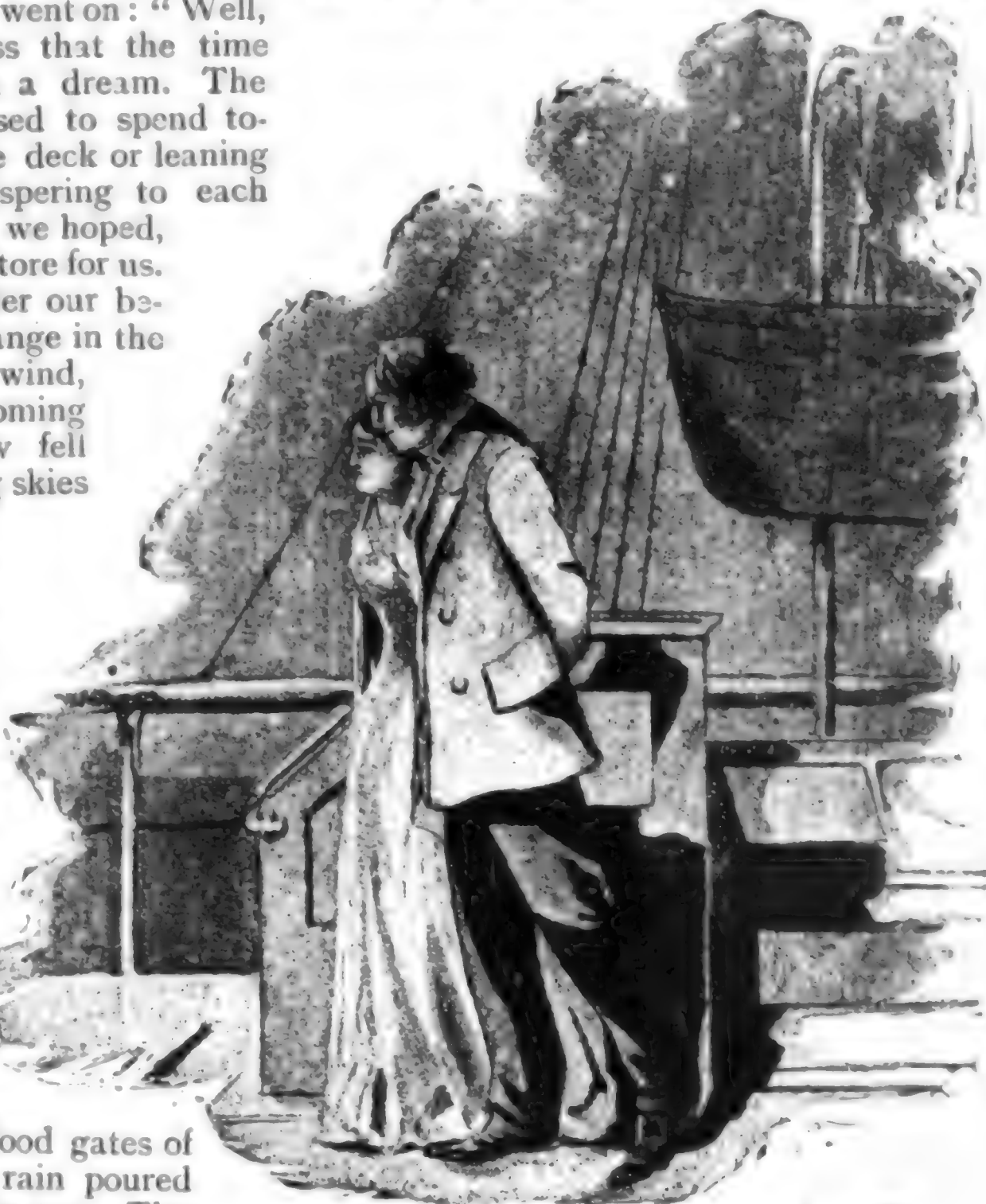
"It's very good of you, Guy, to put up with an old fellow's garrulity," answered Tom; then continuing he went on: "Well, I was so full of happiness that the time slipped by almost as in a dream. The beautiful evenings we used to spend together strolling round the deck or leaning over the bulwarks, whispering to each other of all the joys that, we hoped, the future might hold in store for us.

"It was a few days after our betrothal that signs of a change in the weather appeared. The wind, which till now had been coming strong and steady, now fell away, and with darkening skies it was evident a storm was not far off. As the mantle of night drew over us the rigging aloft sighed and sobbed as if in terror at the approaching fight of the elements. All spare sail was taken in and everything made snug and tight for the night. We were running along with sails close reefed, the night as dark as pitch, when from the inky pall of the dense black clouds above began to patter down great drops of rain; then the flood gates of heaven opened, and the rain poured down in solid sheets of water. The

wind increased, gradually backing right round to due east, and becoming so fierce that Captain Williams thought it advisable to let the *Belle* give up the fight and run before it.

"The lightning was now dancing round us in a continuous shimmer, dazzling our sight and lighting up the whole horizon with its electric glare, the previous blackness of the night giving way under its brilliant illumination. For hours the storm hovered round us in all its grandeur, the heavens seeming to rip from end to end as the thunder cracks burst and volleyed in every direction around us. So far, we had not yet passed through the centre of the storm, and we were almost beginning to congratulate ourselves on our escape, when a blinding flash of lightning, followed almost instantaneously by a terrific peal of thunder, burst from right overhead; all who were on deck were thrown down like skittles.

"I was standing aft with Captain Williams by the man at the wheel. Jumping up immediately, for I was not



THE BEAUTIFUL EVENINGS WE USED TO SPEND TOGETHER.

hurt, I felt for Captain Williams, whom I found close by my side, bruised, but otherwise uninjured. Pulling ourselves together, we called to Jack, who was at the wheel, without getting any answer, so I began to grope about for him, and presently came across the poor fellow, lying motionless on his face. Leaving Captain Williams to hold the wheel, I went forward as fast as I could, when, calling out to the men forward, I was joined presently by several who poured into my ears fresh casualties.

"The lightning had, it appears, struck the foremast, splintering it into atoms to within a few feet of the deck; the fragments of the mast and yards were strewn about in all directions, and the splinters of the lightning had killed seven men outright, and several more were seriously injured. I told two of the men to get aft and see to the Captain and Jack, whilst I hastened down to the cabin to rouse the first and third mates, and see how Nellie was doing. I found Mr. Allen had called the third officer and was soothing Nellie, who was sitting up dressed in the main cabin.

"Assuring Nellie of her father's safety, I desired her to brace herself up, as several of the men were hurt by broken spars, and she might be of great service presently in attending to their injuries. The dear girl at once said she would do whatever she could; so telling her to get bandages and other simple appliances ready, I begged Mr. Allen to stay by her for a few minutes longer, while I ran up on deck again.

"I met Captain Williams as I was coming out of the companion-way, the men had told him of the disaster to the mast and the loss of life, and I informed him that Nellie was all right. We then went forward and got the wounded carried below, where the Captain, Nellie and the others did what they could to ease the poor fellows; there were five badly hurt and several others less seriously.

"Meantime the *Belle* was still running before the wind, but the storm was sensibly abating, although the wind and sea were still very high. This continued for forty-eight hours, when the wind having sufficiently moderated, we got some sail set and resumed our course.

"The wounded were doing well and the dead had been committed to their ocean grave. We now set to work to repair damages, and soon had the ship in a workable condition, and with easy sail our voyage was renewed. The weather con-

tinued very threatening, but we hoped the worst was passed; this, however, was not to be, for during the next night the wind commenced to rise again, this time from the sou'-west, and very shortly the gale was upon us again with unabated fury; the wind increased to a hurricane, and there was nothing for it but to run before it.

"We had not been able to get our position for a week now, as the sun, moon and stars had been invisible all that time; we could only guess our position by dead reckoning. The look-out was doubled and the lead kept going.

"Early next morning, the look-out reported breakers ahead, and rushing forward we peered into the gloom, where sure enough broken water was just visible. The helm was put hard down, but in ten minutes we struck the sunken rock or reef with such force that the main and mizzen masts both broke off and the *Belle* went over on her beam ends. The falling masts went over the side, carrying seven or eight poor fellows with them entangled in the cordage, the first and third officers being amongst them.

"There we lay at the mercy of the gale, with the seas sweeping over us. It was not long before several ominous signs told us that the *Belle* was being torn to pieces by the cruel reef on which she was being pounded. Presently a monster wave lifted the stern up and slewed the ship broadside on to the reef. We could see there was no hope of her holding together much longer, and although it seemed like courting death to attempt to launch the boat, for we had only one boat left us, there was certain death staring us in the face when the ship went to pieces.

"So with the utmost difficulty, we got the long boat, which was not much damaged, ready for lowering. A keg of water and some biscuits and beef were stowed in it, and Nellie was brought along by her father, who, beckoning me to him, gave her into my charge with a pressure of the hand which spoke the words he could not utter. He then desired Jack (who had recovered) to get into the stern of the long boat and help Nellie in, and directed me to follow. The *Belle* being broadside to the sea, the lee, close under the ship's side was, comparatively speaking, smooth water. The boat was then lowered, and held by the painter by a couple of men, while Jack and I kept her off the ship's side; then, as the swell of the sea allowed,



she was pulled in by the painter sufficiently close for one or two of the men to jump into her, until all were got off, Captain Williams being the last to leave. We remained under the protection of our poor ship as long as we dared; suddenly Captain Williams called out to cast off, and the men having the oars out, backed water, and pulled round. We were only just in time: the last moments of our good ship had come, and in a few minutes all that remained above water was a timber sticking out here and there. We were now at the mercy of the raging elements—twelve souls in a mere cockle-shell of a boat, without knowledge as to our position. For two days and two nights we struggled to keep our frail craft from broaching to and being swamped. We were so low down in the water we could not see anything about us except when we were mounted on the crest of a wave. We were drenched to the skin time after time by the breaking seas, and our strength was slowly giving out. Several of the men who had been hurt on board the *Belle* were practically helpless, so

guess, when we had two men pulling on each side, the bow oar caught a crab or fainted, we never knew which, and before we could realise what had happened, the boat broached to and was swamped. I was sitting next to Nellie in the stern sheets, and as the boat went over I seized her round the waist and sprang clear of the boat as it turned over; coming to the surface I raised my darling's head as high as I could, and gazing round as I rose on the top of a wave, I caught the dim

outline of the capsized boat a dozen yards or so ahead of me. I now nerved myself to reach it, and after almost despairing of success, I at last managed to get alongside and grasp the keel; there I hung on exhausted for some minutes. Presently I felt something close over my hand, and

looking up I saw a face peering down at me.

"Hullo mate! Hold on! Who are you?"

"And I recognised the voice as Jack's.

"Tom Holybone," I replied, "give me a hand if you can, Jack; I've got Miss Nellie here and perhaps we can get her

up on the keel."

"With that I gently lifted my dear one until Jack could take hold of her, then pulling myself up astride the boat I raised her up and held her in my arms. She was breathing, but that was all; I think she had fainted, but after a bit she lay still in my arms, her breath rising and falling naturally, and evidently in a kind of doze. Day was now breaking, and as the upturned boat rose on the waves, Jack and I searched the waste of waters for any signs of our crew, but nothing was visible and



I HELD HER  
IN MY ARMS.

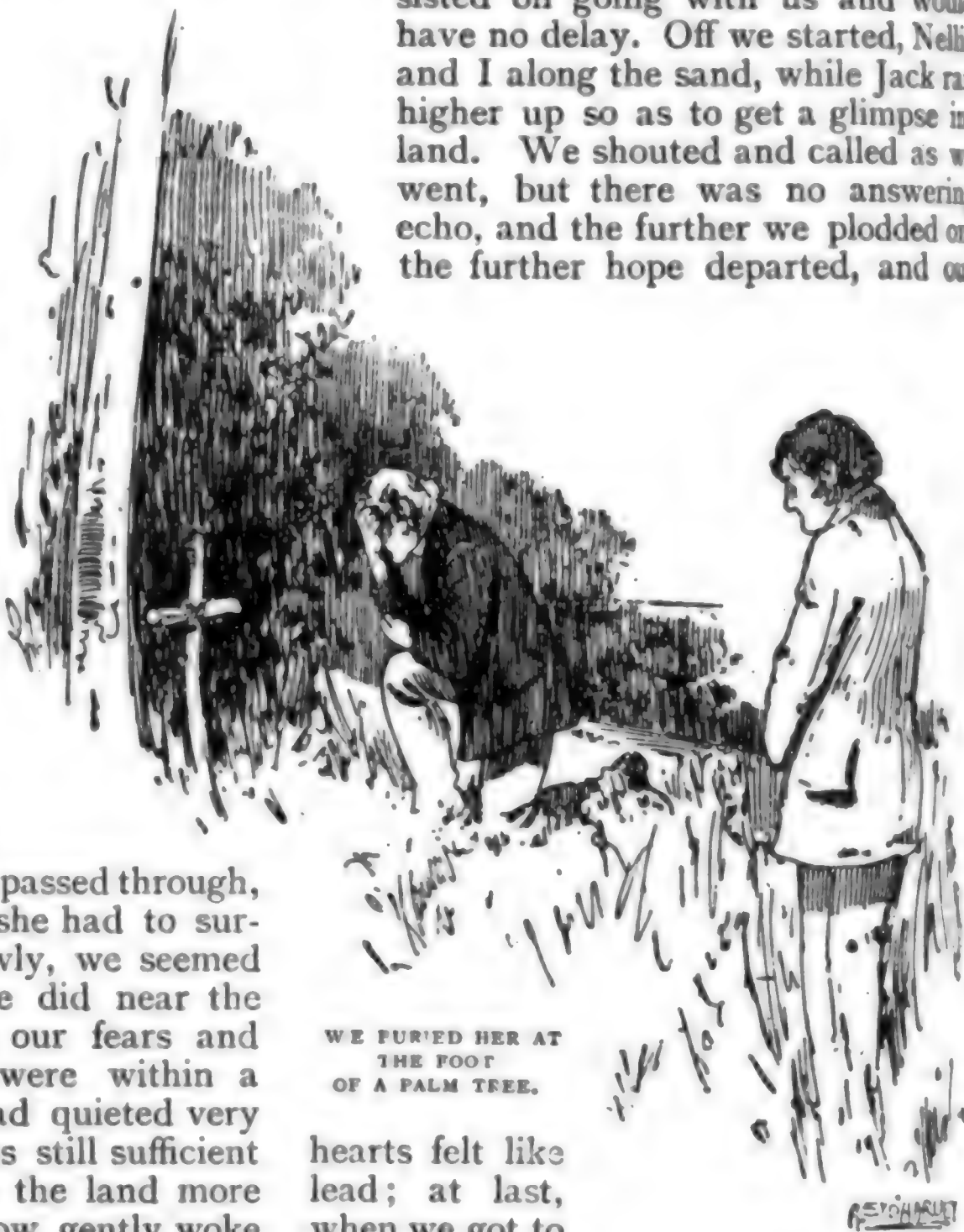
that the rest had but little leisure between their labours. All this time the sea kept running with but little decrease, if any, but the wind had moderated somewhat. We were now beginning to feel the cold of the continued exposure. Nellie, poor girl, bore up as bravely as the best of us; we had covered her up as well as we could with oilskins, but as some of the wounded men gave up she insisted on their having a share of her covering. We had struggled through the third night, when just about daybreak, as near as we could

we feared that all were gone. I was only too pleased that Nellie had gone off to sleep, for I feared that when she awoke and realised that her father and the rest of the poor fellows were no more, her grief, in her present weak state, would be more than she could bear.

"We were still keeping an anxious lookout, when Jack whispered to me to look due east, where the sun's light was fast breaking through the mists of the early morn, and as we peered we fancied we could discern a little to the south the loom of land. As the light increased, this became a certainty, for there, right in the way we were drifting, gradually broke through the haze a tree-covered island. We were going straight towards it and we were now scarcely half a mile off. Was it possible that some of the crew may have already been carried there? We were now full of suppressed excitement, and commenced paddling our craft along with our feet. I did not want to disturb Nellie till the last moment, as I felt that the longer she slept, the more chance there was of her surviving the terrible ordeal she had passed through, and the still greater one she had to surmount. Slowly, most slowly, we seemed to scarcely move, still we did near the shore, and now, at last, our fears and doubts were ended, we were within a stone's throw; the sea had quieted very considerably, but there was still sufficient to make the surf break on the land more than we could wish. I now gently woke Nellie; she opened her dear eyes and gazed at me with a wondering smile. 'Where are we, Tom, dear? What are we doing?' she said. Then the memory of the past night rushed before her and she started up, saying, 'Are we saved? Where's father?' To put off the dread moment for awhile, I replied that I hoped to find him on the island, pointing to the shore we were now almost on. 'Now, Jack,' I said, 'we must get ready; we shall have to make a bolt for it immediately we touch.' Taking Nellie on my right arm I slipped down the side of the boat, holding

on by the keel, Jack doing the same on the opposite side, and directly we felt the ground we plunged forward, Jack coming to my aid to help Nellie; we fortunately gained the sand without being swept back.

"My tale is nearly done now, Guy," remarked Tom. "Nellie would not rest till we had searched the island for her father and the others, and, although, I tried to persuade her to rest a little and dry her clothes while Jack and I went to search for them, she would not listen to me, but insisted on going with us and would have no delay. Off we started, Nellie and I along the sand, while Jack ran higher up so as to get a glimpse inland. We shouted and called as we went, but there was no answering echo, and the further we plodded on, the further hope departed, and our



WE BURIED HER AT  
THE FOOT  
OF A PALM TREE.

hearts felt like lead; at last, when we got to the further end of the island, for it was only a little bit of a place, Nellie broke down entirely, and sitting on the sand with her face to the sea commenced to moan and sob with tearless eyes, 'Father, dear father; father, dear father,' over and over again. After awhile we half-led, half-carried her up amongst the trees, and while Jack went to gather some cokernuts which he had seen growing, I got some of her wet things off her and put them to dry. Then we set to work to make a hut of boughs and ferns to form a cover for her for the night. With much



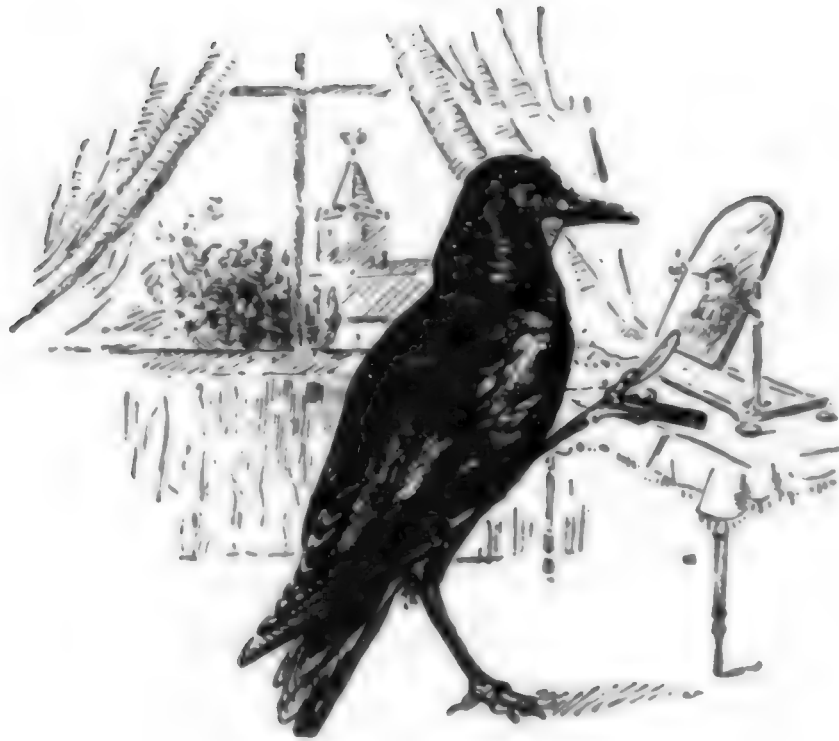
difficulty we got her to take a little of the cokernut-milk. For days she remained in a kind of stupor, eating nothing, but drinking a little of the milk occasionally, and I could see she was gradually sinking.

"I could do nothing to rouse her from her lethargy, the exposure and shock were too much for her strength to overcome; she simply lay in my arms, like a sleeping child, and I was powerless to help her. The end came after we had been on the island five days. I thought she was taking a turn for the better; she had recognised me and listened to me as I talked, attempting to distract her thoughts from brooding

over the past. She murmured my name several times, saying 'Poor dear Tom, keep me in your arms,' and put up her poor wasted arm to draw my face down to hers—and so she passed away.

We buried her, at the foot of a palm tree, and put a rough cross over her last resting place. Poor Jack had then to turn to and nurse me, for I knocked under for a bit; but he pulled me through, and some months after we were taken off the island by a small trading vessel, which we had attracted by our signals.

"And that's how it comes, Guy, that I have never married."



# LOST IN AFRICA.

By C. L. STOYLE,

Author of "A Memorable Christmas," &c.



## CHAPTER I.

### NEWS OF HAROLD PEMBERTON.

"**J**ACK, will you come into the study?"

As I proceeded to comply with this request of my friend, Tom Hilton, I noticed his usually genial face appeared more serious than its wont.

When we were duly seated in the den Tom styled his study, he commenced:

"You remember Harold Pemberton was supposed to have been killed at Isandlwana during the Zulu war? It appears, from these papers I have this morning received, that he still lives; by a strange combination of circumstances they came into the possession of my sister, Ella, to whom he was engaged, and she has sent them on to me."

Taking the letter out of Hilton's hand, I read the following:

"Kimberley Hospital,

"Thursday, May 16th, 1888.

"Dear Tom,—You know I always had a strange presentiment that Harold was

still alive, and you will see by the enclosed that my surmise was correct.

"An old Dutch hunter, named Jansie, came down to the hospital some time since for an operation, having been badly hurt while elephant hunting. One night, when we thought he was going to die, he told me a strange tale about some white people he had met far up country, and that one of them had entrusted him with the papers I am sending on to you by this mail. I promised Jansie to forward the packet, but did not notice the address at the time, as I was very busy, and never imagined it was of interest to us.

"Write and tell me what you think of doing; in the meantime I will try and discover Jansie's whereabouts, though I fear it is rather a hopeless task, for, if alive, he is sure to be up country—these old hunters can't rest long quietly at home.

"You will see, Harold mistook our cousin's marriage for mine—the announcement must have been badly worded.

"If possible, do come out and see what can be done to find him.

"Your affectionate sister,  
"Ella Hilton."

\* \* \* \* \*

The roll of paper accompanying Ella Hilton's letter was of considerable size.

"Have you read Pemberton's papers, Tom?" I asked.

"Yes, my boy, I have," he replied; "here they are, read them yourself, and we will then see what is best to be done."

Taking the bulky roll, I seated myself in a favourite nook by the window, and this is what I read:

"*My Life and Captivity since the Massacre of Isandlwana.*

"For the last ten years I have been a prisoner—for that is what I virtually am—and as in all likelihood I shall end my



days here, I intend writing a slight sketch of my life, hoping it will fall into the hands of some of my old friends, thereby acquainting them with my true fate. Of course, since the Zulu war, I have been considered dead, and so I have been to the outside world.

"How well do I remember the feelings of delight with which we received the news that our regiment was ordered out to Africa, and the excitement caused over our various preparations, rashly considering the expedition likely to prove more of an amusement than anything else; yet I doubt if many of my comrades lived to see their native land again. No misgivings troubled any of us during our delightful voyage, all were in the highest spirits.

"As soon as we landed at the Cape we started for the scene of trouble.

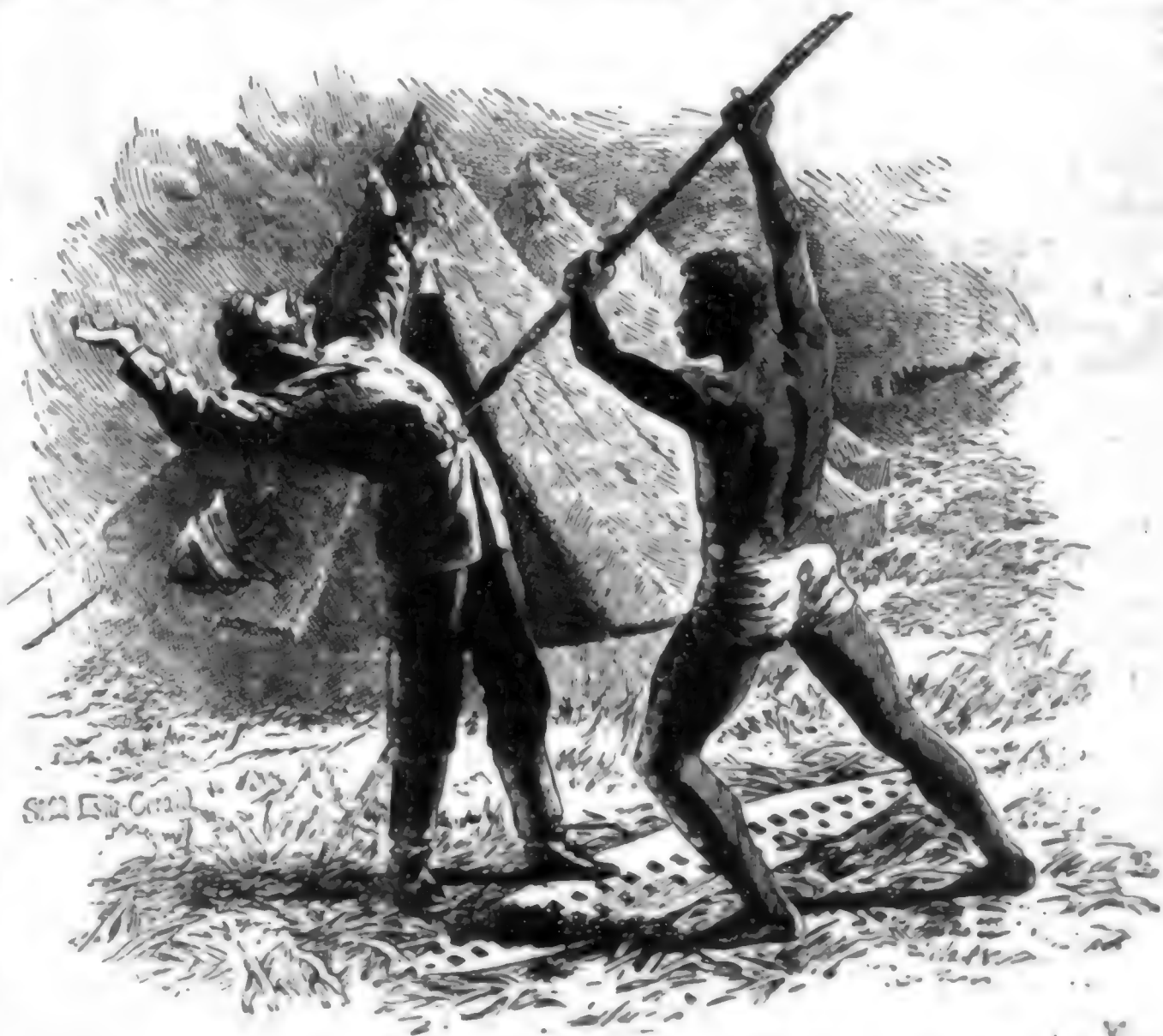
"On our journey up country I fell in with a Kaffir boy, trudging along, evidently with great difficulty. In reply to my enquiries as to his lameness, he, much to my astonishment, answered in very good English that he had been badly treated by his boss, who had beaten him because the wagon had stuck in the mud. Dropping his rag of a blanket, he showed me his back and legs; the whip had been used with such effect that in many places it had cut through the flesh. How he walked at all was past my comprehension.

"The poor little beggar was suffering such pain that I gave him a lift on my horse, and, when he had told me his troubles, I asked him to remain with me as my boy. At first he seemed undecided, fearing his old boss might overtake us, and that I should give him up. This I promised I would

not do; moreover, I showed him clearly that his late boss, if stuck in the mud without a leader, two days' journey at our rear, was very unlikely to overtake us; but I think what settled Gumtu—for that was the lad's name—to remain with me was that he felt too sick and weak from loss of blood and want of food to continue the journey alone.

"When the others arrived—for I had ridden ahead to pick a good camping-ground—they were somewhat surprised when I informed them I was going to retain such a ragged object as my personal servant. However, he made himself so useful, helping with the horses, and doing all sorts of odd jobs, that next morning, when he mounted one of the wagons, not a word of dissent was uttered.

"We saw little or nothing of our enemy, the Zulus, and we gradually ceased to have any fear of a surprise. Then the news of the Prince Imperial's sad death was brought to us, and threw a most depressing gloom over all. From that time things became more exciting, and we were constantly on the move until our regiment arrived at Isandlwana; then came the carnage of that awful morning. I often fancy now I can hear the cries of



AN ASSEGAI WAS THRUST THROUGH MY ARM.



IT RAISED ITS PUFFED-OUT HEAD.

our men as they were suddenly roused from their sleep, to find the Zulus standing in their very tents, the whole camp being thoroughly taken by surprise.

"I had but a short time since returned from visiting the watch, and had then neither seen or heard anything to denote the enemies' approach. Gumtu was not waiting for me as was his usual practice; so, after posting up my diary, I set about closing the tent, and at the same time sprinkled the ground with carbolic acid, to keep away snakes and other unwelcome visitors, when I was suddenly startled by hearing the most unearthly yells coming from all directions. I rushed out, carbolic in one hand and my sword in the other, but I tripped up and fell, smashing the bottle and scattering its contents around and over myself. When I was again on my feet, I saw tents falling all around me, and our men fighting hand to hand with a horde of yelling, screaming Zulus. Then an assegai was thrust through my arm, and at the same time I was struck on the back of my head. I fell, and lay unable to move, yet I remained dimly conscious of the horrors going on around me until, from loss of blood, I fainted, and my ears became deaf to the fiendish yells of the natives as they rushed on their unarmed and helpless victims."

## CHAPTER II.

## A NIGHT IN THE SNAKE CAVE.

"My senses were restored in a very forcible though unpleasant manner: I received a

terrific bump off a huge boulder, for I was skimming the ground on a rough sort of sleigh, composed of a thick forked branch of a tree, fastened by "reims" to a couple of oxen — evidently young, by the way they ran and made light of the rough road. How I was kept on, or

for how long I had travelled in this uncomfortable way, I do not know; sometimes I was conscious, sometimes not; all I recollect is, that I fancied myself on some infernal machine, invented for the purpose of smashing all my bones, and I envied the fate of my comrades who had been killed outright.

"At last, with a terrible jerk, the oxen pulled up, and through a buzz of voices I distinguished Gumtu saying:

"Drink this, boss," and some brandy was poured down my throat. Then I was taken off the sleigh and pushed and pulled into a cave, and left in solitude. Presently I came to my full senses, and I opened my eyes, and, oh! horror, I thought I must be mad, for, peering into the gloom of the cave, a cold sweat broke out all over me as I saw, at a little distance, a seething, surging mass of loathsome snakes, so coiled one within the other that at first they appeared like one huge monster, with countless heads and arms.

"The thought that Gumtu had helped to place me there was a bitter thought; I had become attached to the boy, and thought he would have been faithful and true to me. Could they have devised anything more inhuman or dreadful? I was powerless to move, and had it been otherwise, the horrible fascination might have kept me still.

"Presently I saw one uncoil itself from its slimy fellows, and crawl slowly towards me, as if for more careful inspection. Could I only have become unconscious again, how thankful I should have



been; but my mind and senses were wrought to the fullest pitch as the dreaded reptile drew nearer and nearer, enjoying, as I fancied, my shuddering horror, until it reared its puffed-out head by my side, hissing and darting out its forked tongue. Why it did not bite me, I could not imagine; it went round and round, but

denly all began to rear their heads, with concentrated anger flashing from their wicked black eyes. I thought they intended to make one general onslaught. I had endured so much that I was almost past feeling further pain or horror, when, to my utter astonishment, I saw them all clear off into the dark recesses of the



TELLING MY SWEETHEART, ELLA.

never touched me, always keeping its head away, as if in disgust. Again it seemed anxious to settle down, first coiling itself up in one place, then another; but for some unseen reason it could not rest, and presently it started off to rejoin the rest, turning every moment to give me an angry look and parting his. Sud-

cave, hissing with increased venom as they went.

"I believe now it was the strong smell of carbolic acid, which had been spilt all over my clothes when I fell, that they could not stand; strange to say, with the hissing still sounding in my ears, I went off into a refreshing and happy sleep. I

was back in old England, telling my sweetheart, Ella, about the war, and all the world seemed fair; then I awoke.

"When I awoke, my dream seemed so real, that even when I still found myself in the cave, the remembrance so cheered and comforted me that my terror of the snakes passed away and I felt like a new man; still I could not move. My long fast and loss of blood had so prostrated me, that I felt it would be some time before I could get about; my nerves were now restrung and I fell into a dreamless sleep. I was rudely awakened by apparently the same frightful shouts and yells I had heard at Isandlwana, and then, I was suddenly dragged out of the cave by a rope of hide, which I afterwards ascertained had been fastened round my body by one of the Zulus. The glare of the bright sunshine after the hours of darkness in the cave seemed to blind me; and for many days afterwards my eyes were painful and sore, from the exposure to the fetid and poisonous breath of the snakes, which had been quite overpowering.

"When I was drawn out of the cave, more brandy and some mealie pap was given to me. The natives' shouts increased, and from the little I could understand of their language, they said 'I was indeed the great white chief, or god, for I had come forth alive from the abode of the most deadly of snakes.' I heard afterwards that the cave was supposed to be the habitation of the great snake, which they declare no ordinary man can look upon without falling dead; and, though they dread it, they also worship and peti-

tion it for favours, especially when they want rain, or disease breaks out amongst their herds; then they take offerings to appease its wrath, and leaving them near the cave, they retire to a safe distance and shout out their requests.

"It was on account of the dreaded disease, known as 'red water,' which had destroyed hundreds of their cattle, that they had been induced, by their medicine man, to come down in such large numbers to fight the white man. The thought of gratifying the snake had given them courage to unite with the Zulus in attacking and destroying our camp. To save their cattle they will do anything, even to the sacrifice of their lives; and so they fought like demons. Their witch-doctors had imbued them with the idea that, until the white man was destroyed or driven out of the country, the disease would increase, until all their herds were consumed.

"After awhile I was lifted into one of our captured wagons, and with a few hundred followers, we started away, for where I could not tell, but by the stars at night I judged it to be in a North-westerly direction."



A GRACEFUL LITTLE THING.

### CHAPTER III. ENMITY OF QUANZA, THE WITCH DOCTOR.

"AFTER weeks of travelling we arrived at the Chief's Kraal. I was at once presented to Ettuawa, the King. Though old, he was a tall, noble-looking savage, with a keen, but pleasing expression. I took a liking to him at once, and I may say here that from him, personally, I always received the greatest kindness. He was a relation of Cetywayo, and had sent a large impi, or band, of his warriors, to help that well-known chief. A few had returned with me, to report the victory at Isandlwana, the rest had marched



on to Rorke's Drift to join the main army.

"By Ettuawa's command I was given a very comfortable hut, and soon my strength returned and with it my eyesight. I lived in constant hope of obtaining my freedom, as I trusted in time I should fall in with some hunting party, and, with their help, escape. With that hope in my breast I did my utmost to regain my usual strength, so that, when the chance came, I should be fit to endure the hardships and fatigue of the return journey. Until then I determined to make the best of a bad job and be as happy and comfortable as I could.

"One of the Chief's daughters was appointed to cook and wait upon me; she was a graceful little thing, and, for a native, really pretty.

"I knew something about the treatment of cattle, and so was able to doctor and save many of the sick ones. My reputation consequently grew, and spread to such an extent that natives came from far and near to consult me, paying for my veterinary services in cattle or gold, so that I soon became well off.

"The rains were late the following spring, and, in consequence, the spruits, as the smaller streams are called, ran dry. The people, whenever they require rain, or disease attacks their herds, immediately apply to their witch doctors to supply the rain or exorcise the dreaded disease. Now Quanza, their present witch doctor, was jealous of my popularity, and told them to come to me to get their rain, or go and face the big snake alone, for he would not help them. As time went on and no rain came, those who had looked up to me and were hitherto friendly, now began to avoid me. I used to watch that cloudless sky with feverish



POOR LITTLE CARA WAS IN GREAT DISTRESS.

anxiety, hoping against hope that a cloud would spring up. At last I was taken by force to the snake cave, and had to deliver the offerings with which they wished to propitiate the great snake that they worshipped and dreaded.

"I feared I was to endure another night of horrors, but happily for me, as soon as I had thrown the offerings into the snake cave, and had retreated, half sick with the offensive smell, I heard the people shouting out joyfully,

when gradually, but surely, from the opposite hill, clouds commenced to spring up, and the sky became overcast. This was, of course, put down to the efficacy of the offerings. Then the people were most jubilant, and as anxious to return to their own kraals as they had been to leave them, and begged me earnestly to restrain the rain until they got home. We now started on our return journey. It will be remembered that the snake cave was many days distant from the village. Every day it looked most threatening, but never a drop of rain fell. At last our journey came to an end, and so did the promise of rain, for next morning we arose to observe the sky as clear as it was when we started, and the ground parched. We heard they had had grand rains up country, which we could see for ourselves by the increased flow in the rivers.

"Poor little Cara, my little housekeeper, was in great distress, and, falling upon her knees, besought me to make rain if I could, or, she assured me, I should be tortured to death, as Quanza was busy stirring up the wrath of the already angry people against me.

"He informed them that he had had compassion on them, and had done his best to bring the rain; but that the snake was so angry with them for letting a

white man be their doctor, that he, in punishment, had refused their requests, and sent the rain up to their enemies, on the hills, so that they might wax fat, and come down upon them and eat them up, when they themselves were weak from hunger.

"I told Cara I could do nothing, and if I had to die, I must.

"When I walked abroad, I noticed the people continued to regard me in a threatening manner, and spat on the ground as they passed my door.

"I tried my best to appear unconscious of these angry signs. I could, of course, do nothing to avert the evil, and was forever speculating as to what way they would kill me. I thought of every torture I had heard of, but came to the conclusion that nothing could be worse than my night spent in the snake cave.

"My doom was sealed at last. One morning it was found that the clouds were again rising in the distant horizon, and Quanza, fearing if it rained I should be forgiven, began to incite the people to torture me at once, before the rain was again driven away by me.

"Early next morning, Gumtu, whom I had hardly seen since I had been captured, came into my hut. I flew out upon him in a perfect fury of rage. I thought he had come to gloat over the misery to which he had brought me. After I had spent my anger and somewhat relieved my pent-up feelings, I sat down, exhausted with my passion. I fancied I saw him give a grin of delight. I restrained myself with the utmost difficulty from springing at him. I determined to die as a brave man should, and show no fear. Turning, I quietly said, 'what is it you wish of me?' He calmly replied, 'You must take off your clothes, and let me rub you with this,' holding out a pot of filthy fat. 'So they are going to roast me this time,' I remarked, 'and think I am not fat enough.' I flung my things off, and at Gumtu's head, one after the other. It was very childish, I know, but I felt I must do something. From a tin in my jacket pocket he received a blow on the head from which he bore the marks for many a long day. Without a word, he wiped the blood from his face and proceeded to turn the pockets out, transferring their contents into a little bag he carried, hanging from his neck. I saw him mix

some powder with the fat, then he rubbed me with it, making little Cara help, though she was crying all the time.

"I looked on and watched them. I could not make Gumtu out; he did not taunt me as I expected, but worked hard and fast, not leaving a spot of my body uncovered with fat and powder; all the time the blood was streaming down his face from the blow I had dealt him. When I was covered to his satisfaction with the horrid mixture, he sprinkled me well with the remains of the powder, until he had covered my hair and every part of my body. Producing a flask he bid me drink. I hoped, perchance, a feeling of remorse had come over him and that the drink, if poisoned, was intended to end my sufferings before the roasting commenced; feeling somewhat grateful, I took a good pull at it."

#### CHAPTER IV.

#### CONDEMNED TO BE EATEN BY THE HUGE TREE ANT.

I WAS then marched up the slope to the bush or forest, and bound hand and foot to a large thorn tree. I had been followed by crowds of natives. The drug Gumtu had given me, soon began to take effect, and I lost all physical feeling, and the fear engendered at my perilous position left me, yet my senses were alive to the glorious beauty of the panorama of nature around me. Never had the earth appeared so fair, as it did on the eve of my leaving it. The tree to which I was fastened overlooked a rolling prairie, reaching to the far-off mountains, which towered one above another. My imagination carried me over them and the sea beyond, to my own native Island. I was recalled from my day-dream by hearing Quanza relating all the imaginary evils I had brought upon the people. With fiendish glee, every now and again, he chanted forth the words:

"'To-night we shall see what manner of god he is.'

Then the warriors joined in the chant, at the same time uplifting their assegais as if about to strike me, then again quickly withdrawing them as they touched my flesh. From the song I gathered that I was to be kept standing in the burning sun until it set. Quanza's animosity I could understand, for to him I was an evil, and his influence over the people had been, for the time, lessened:



he had some reason for his actions; but Gumtu I had befriended and always treated well; yet there he was, yelling, dancing, shouting, and, if anything, apparently more delighted and excited than Quanza himself. Ettuawa alone looked grave, and I thought sorrowful, but even he could not save me now: the people were far too excited at the idea of the coming sacrifice to listen to anything he might say in my favour.

"At last that dreadful day drew to its close, and the people quieted down with expectation. I watched for the bundles of wood to be brought and piled about me, but they did not come: was burning too quick a mode of death for their liking? Would the smoke hide my tortures too quickly from their anxious gaze? Yes, they had prepared a slower and more painful death. At a given signal Gumtu sprang up the tree to which I was fastened; Quanza followed quickly on the other side. Presently showers of dry earth fell and nearly blinded me; then down came swarms of the huge tree-ant. I was to be eaten and stung, until I died of madness and pain. How long it would take to kill me, I did not know; perhaps days. I had never seen any one so put to death, though I had heard of it as one of the most dreaded of punishments, and only resorted to for the worst offences.

"I groaned in spirit. It was impossible to contemplate such a death with fortitude. What had I done to deserve such a fate as this?

"The ants were now running all over me. I was black with them—yet from some inexplicable reason, I felt no pain. They ran down me and on to the ground, or remained stuck fast where they fell. I was pondering on this strange result, when such a flash of lightning struck the ground in front of me as I never hope to see again. It killed Quanza's favourite son and some dozen of the natives, standing near; then down came the rain

with a vengeance. Some one shouted that the snake was appeased. Ettuawa rose, first saying a few words to his counsellors, who delivered an order to Gumtu, and then all fled as fast as they could to their huts for shelter. The lightning and thunder were terrific and incessant; it was the grandest, as well as the most awful storm I have ever beheld; the heavens seemed a blaze of light; the crash of the thunder shook the earth.

"A few minutes after the frightened people had fled, my reims were cut, and I was dragged along through the blinding rain. I was so stiff, that walking was extremely painful. On regaining my hut, Gumtu and Cara scraped the fat and dead ants off me; then I was given some



RETURNING FROM HUNTING.

brandy, and rolled up in my blanket; I at once fell into a profound stupor, in which I remained three days and nights.

"When I awoke, Gumtu informed me the rain had continued with such unremitting violence that the country was flooded, and that the people now feared unless I recovered and forgave them they would be washed away.

"I tried my utmost to stifle my groans, that Gumtu might not add to my sufferings by showing, as I thought, the pleasure my pain gave him; but on turning round, a cry of pain escaped me; in a moment he was by my side, and in a tender voice said:

"Boss, what is it? can I do anything for you?' and then, without waiting for permission, he rubbed some Kaffir ointment into my joints, which soon gave me relief. I was overwhelmed with astonishment at Gumtu's apparent solicitude. Had I done the boy an injustice?

"Gumtu,' I said, 'what does it all mean? One day you wish me dead and now you appear glad that I still live?'

"Yes! yes! much yes,' he replied. 'I had to pretend not to care for you, so that when you required my services, unsuspecting, I could render you all the assistance in my power; I put the powdered flower of the pyrethum plant with the fat, so the ants were poisoned before they had a chance of attacking you.'

"What about the snake cave?' I asked.

"Oh, that was bad,' he replied; 'but to save your life I had represented you to be a great medicine man, and that was the only way they would be convinced. I surrounded you with charms, so I knew the snakes would not dare to touch you.'

"I still think the carbolic acid had more to do with keeping them off, than all Gumtu's charms. I thought my troubles were now over, little dreaming how soon and sorely I should require his help again.

"Quanza, finding I had, if anything, regained greater power than before, thought it safest to disappear.

"The continual rain had caused a small fountain to spring up through the floor of my hut, and though sluits were dug for it to run off, it kept the place very damp. Ettuawa ordered me to be removed to another hut, as I was suffering from acute rheumatism, brought on from being so long without my clothes that memorable day. Gumtu made me a wonderful con-

coction, from pouring boiling water on willow leaves, a few doses of which drove the rheumatics quite out of my system.

"When I could get about, I became anxious to make my escape, and used to rove about the country on the chance of falling in with elephant hunters or travellers, trusting they would let me join them. Alone, I knew it would be almost impossible to traverse those vast African plains, even had I an idea of the way. Each day I rose with renewed hope, until I received an unexpected blow, and the wish to leave was extinguished for ever. I had quite overlooked the fact that long since I must have been reported as dead, grieved over and most likely forgotten, until it was most forcibly brought to my notice.

"One day, on returning from a hunting expedition, I saw Gumtu, who was in my confidence, advancing with a very smiling countenance. I guessed the cause and hurried on ahead of the others.

"What's up now?' I shouted, forgetful of every precaution in my impatience, but he, without answering, came on, nodding, dancing and smiling until he had joined me.

"Boss, white men and wagons,' he whispered. At those magic words my heart bounded with delight, all my troubles were forgotten. My anxiety to be off was so great that I did not wait to question Gumtu, but desired him to return, catch his horse and mine, and take them on to the other side of the hill, where I promised to join him at sundown.

"On reaching home I made myself as respectable as possible, and then started for the meeting-place, where I found Gumtu impatient to be off. We sighted the wagons at break of day.

"The party consisted of two Englishmen, a Dutchman and his two sons. They were very reticent on the subject of their own affairs, and on hearing my history, appeared anxious to put me off from joining them, saying that on their return journey, if I wished, they would make for our village and take me on. Their entire want of sympathy and kindly fellowship, so different to what I had expected, made me very miserable. Before parting, one of the Englishmen gave me a bundle of old newspapers; I gladly accepted the gift, little thinking the misery they would bring. I would not trust them out of my hands, and so great was my anxiety on



their account, that for want of proper attention, my horse in crossing the river was washed out of the drift into deep water, the poor brute had a long and difficult swim before we regained the shore, and was so exhausted that I had to leave him under Gumtu's care, to rest, while I took his, and hurried back before my absence became noticed. All looked so peaceful and happy in the fading sunlight. The cheerful greetings of the people, as I passed them, were so different to that received from my own countrymen, that I was almost reconciled to the fact that my plans had failed."

CHAPTER V.

UNEXPECTED NEWS.

"NEXT morning I desired Cara to pack me some food, as I was going out for a day in the bush.

My intention was to get away to read my papers undisturbed. Curiosity drew me to have a look at the ant tree, under which I had suffered such torment of mind some months previously. I found it had been struck by lightning, and was split clean down the middle. I could not help pondering on the uncertainty of things. There stood the riven trunk of a tree that had been

venerated for ages past, and had looked likely to be in existence ages hence, at the time when I was bound helplessly to its sacrificial stem. Yet now, here was I, in the pride of my manhood, and the old tree stricken unto death; under its shade poor humanity would never more be tortured, for if report were true, many a man, aye, and woman too, had breathed their last while enduring that most cruel of cruel deaths—being stung and eaten by ants. How different were my circumstances now to what they had been, when I was last in the same spot: then my heart seemed dead within me, and a yelling, surging crowd was excitedly anticipating my death. Now, the only sounds I heard were the twitterings of the birds and gentle hum of the ever busy bee and gorgeous flies, as they flittered, hither and thither. Under these different circumstances the world looked very fresh and

beautiful: peace and plenty reigned around. I alone appeared discontented, wanting what I was denied, willing to give up everything for a sight of Ella. I never for a moment doubted her. Her last farewell words were still in my ears: 'Harold, I shall be true to you; remember that always.' I recalled the days of our first meeting, when we were boy and girl sweethearts,



"WAS I TO ENDURE NOTHING BUT SUFFERING?"

and my mind roved over the various incidents which had drawn us together still closer in our mutual affection. Her brother Tom was my chief playmate in those far-off times. Ah, for a glance at them now. At last I turned to my papers, which by a happy chance contained much news of the Zulu war. I became quite excited over the accounts given of the attack on Rorke's Drift. Would that I had been there to help those few brave men. I almost forgot how long ago it all happened; to me it was fresh news; I had heard from the natives of Cetewayo's capture, but their accounts of the fight had been so exaggerated, that I hardly knew what to believe. Very little was written about Isandlwana, so I feared few, if any, but myself had escaped. Then turning to other events I was attracted by the notice of the sad fatality of the owners of Abbey Croft. My father's death was spoken about, and amongst the killed in Zululand my own name was given.

"Hugh was master of the old home now. I felt sure though, he would be glad to have me back, even if he had to share the estate with me.

"Casually glancing down the columns of births, marriages and deaths, I saw the names of many friends figuring; I had come to almost my last paper, when I read and re-read the, to me, overwhelming announcement of the marriage of Major Bagshaw to Ella Hilton on the

23rd of January 1880, a little over a year after the massacre of Isandlwana.

"Oh, why had I not died before this blow came! To be eaten by ants or stung by serpents, was better than this cruel death-blow to all my hopes. Was I to endure nothing but suffering and disappointment to my life's end? Broken hearts fortunately don't kill, or I should have died long ago. The world no longer seemed bright and fair, and now all wish to leave the wilds of Africa left me; I would not have returned to England had I been taken down to the coast, and only had to step on board ship homeward bound. Hugh was welcome to Abbey Croft, for I never wanted to see it more. From henceforth my life must be one of forgetfulness, or at least patient endurance. No mortal pen can describe the anguish I endured. I forgot time and place; night passed, and I still sat there crushed with my grief.

When morning broke I was astonished to see a dark object a little distance off, which, when I approached, proved to be Cara. She told me she had been there all night: here was one at least who loved me. I gently raised her and led her home, my home, as I then thought, for ever. On entering the hut I noticed with what care everything had been prepared for my comfort. Turning to her I took her hand in mine and said: 'Cara, I shall never leave you; your people shall be my people and my God your God.'

*(To be continued.)*



# Editor's Gossip.

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With the advent of the present number of **THE LUDGATE MONTHLY**, we bid farewell to the old and well-known issue with which we have been so long familiar, and on which our work has been as a labour of love.

The new era opens brightly and full of promise; well-wishes and congratulations continue to be showered on us, by every post, by friends from far and near: from sunny France and distant Canada, from rock-bound Gibraltar and pine-covered Norway, come those meads of praise and kind expressions which gladden the hearts of your editor and his willing staff.

\* \* \*

It is such spontaneous sympathy that makes one believe in the fairness and better qualities of this world of ours, and helps us to forge ahead, in the hope that some of our work and endeavour is appreciated beyond its intrinsic value in "filthy lucre."

\* \* \*

In placing this number in the hands of my readers, I am conscious of some of its shortcomings, which, however, I hope to overcome as time goes on. Presuming on the kindness and response with which my former appeals have been received, I shall continue, in future, to put before you such questions as can be best decided by those who are interested in the welfare of our magazine; for, after all, who are more competent to judge on the desirability or otherwise of its contents than those who read it?

\* \* \*

I cannot reply individually to all those who have written me with regard to their opinion on the music question. I, however, take this opportunity of thanking them collectively.

By far and away the majority of my writers plump for Songs and other musical pieces, especially during the winter months; speaking roughly, the proportion

in favour of the music is about thirty to one.

The ayes certainly have it on this question, and I am now making arrangements to provide for the carrying out of the verdict.

\* \* \*

During the next few months, a piece of music or song will be published regularly; and I hope to induce some of our most celebrated Composers to contribute their help in this department.

\* \* \*

I have received many interesting letters, touching on the Football series set out in my last notes. The first article appears this month, and the series will be continued throughout the winter. I want to make these articles as complete and interesting as possible, and I shall much appreciate any hints on this subject, from those who have any special features or knowledge to impart.

I intend publishing, one month, a very complete article on London football, with Photos. of the big Metropolitan clubs, such as Ilford, London Caledonians, Casuals, Clarence, Crouch End, Olympic, Minerva, Vulcan, West End, &c. The game is growing in favour in the South in the most rapid manner; and, so far, in the County of London, football has had but little attention paid it.

\* \* \*

**SPECIAL FOOTBALL COMPETITION.**—As the interest in the game is now so universal, I propose to offer a Presentation Gold Watch for competition amongst my readers, on the following conditions:

Competitors for this prize must write on the back of an ordinary post-card, first his or her name and address, then names of the League Clubs, in the order they anticipate they will stand at the expiration of the football season after the last match is played.

The names of the Clubs which are con-

testing the League Championship are as follows :—

Preston North End.  
Aston Villa.  
Sunderland.  
Wolverhampton.  
Sheffield Wednesday.  
Bolton Wanderers.  
Blackburn Rovers.  
Derby County.  
Stoke.  
Burnley.  
Everton.  
W. Bromwich Albion.  
Notts County.  
Newton Heath.  
Notts Forest.  
Accrington.

The competitor who places most of the above Clubs in the correct order will be declared the winner of the watch. All post-cards must be addressed "Football Competition. THE LUDGATE MONTHLY, 1, Mitre Court, Fleet Street, London," and must be sent in by the 31st of January, 1893. The winner will be duly announced in the month following the final match of the League. And the crest or monogram of the winner will be engraved on the back of the watch, with a few words in commemoration on the inner case.

This Competition is open to all, and I shall esteem it a favour if you will make it known amongst all your friends who take an interest in the game.

\* \* \*

The author of the article "The Southern Counties Cycling Camp," in last month's LUDGATE, writes me as follows: "In my notes on Champion Cyclists, you make me say, 'F. W. Shorland rode, in 1889, from London to Edinburgh in ten hours:' this should have been followed by the words, 'under record time,' and read 'in ten hours under record time.' Marvelous performances are continually being beaten, but our friend Shorland has not yet attempted to beat the London and North-Western Railway's expresses, whatever he may do in the future."

Referring to my remarks in last month's gossip on the discount question, as applied to Magazines and Books, I am informed by the secretary of the Newsagents and Booksellers' Union that the trade are discontinuing the practice of selling under published prices, and he asks me to correct my statement on this point.

This I most willingly do, and I trust my readers and the trade will pardon me for the mistake I have unthinkingly made.

The enlarged issue of THE LUDGATE MONTHLY will be obtainable at all railway bookstalls and booksellers' at the published price of sixpence.

That "the labourer is worthy of his hire" is as true to-day as ever, and I think my readers will agree that "our Newsagent" works about as hard as any man we can name. I am afraid that eight hours a-day would only represent about half his usual *day's* work. Therefore, let us recognise his merits in a sympathetic and practical manner.

\* \* \*

It seems rather "taking time by the forelock" to write or talk about Christmas Numbers at this early date; but our next issue will be the December Number, and my publishers ask me to notify all whom it may concern "to kindly send their orders in to their Booksellers as early as possible." I am further requested to state that the Christmas Number will be published at Sixpence, the same as an ordinary month.

\* \* \*

I intend devoting one or two pages per month to puzzles, arithmetical and other conundrums, and problems of an interesting nature. Personally, I am extremely partial to a good knotty problem, and I think there are many who take a delight in working out and unravelling a clever and well-constructed enigma.

I propose to offer various prizes for competition for the solution of these puzzles, which will doubtless give more zest to those who enter.

Full particulars will be given next month.